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- ART. I. 1. *Histoire Littéraire d'Italie*, par P. L. Ginguené,
Membre de l'Institut de France, &c.
2. *De la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*, par J. C. L. Simonde
de Sismondi, &c. Paris, 1813.

WE have placed together the titles of two works which, though every way deserving of distinct commemoration, are yet so nearly allied by their subjects, that it would in some measure be an injury to both to consider them separately. In their origin and design this affinity is further remarkable. The first was undertaken in 1802, for the *Athenæum* at Paris, as the commencement of a series which should embrace the whole range of modern literary history. The extent of this plan may be estimated from that of the portion before us; which, in six volumes, distributed into two parts, comprehends the annals of Italian literature, to the end of the sixteenth century. Its history during the seventeenth and eighteenth, is to be the subject of a third division. It is not surprising that the vastness of the original plan excluded, by degrees, all hope of its accomplishment; and that the author abandoned to others the remainder of a task, undertaken in favour of that nation 'with which he is best acquainted, and which, perhaps, is the object of his warmest affection.'

Of M. Sismondi's work, two volumes only are yet before us. They are the substance of public lectures, delivered by him at Geneva, and comprise the sketches, rather than the details, of the literary history of the Arabs, the Provençaux, the writers in the 'Langue Romane,' and the Italians. In two more we are to be conducted through Spain and Portugal. This author, like the former, had proposed to himself a plan of much greater magnitude than he has since found it convenient to execute. It extended, he says, to the whole of Europe, and indeed, if we understand him rightly, it is not to be considered even now as absolutely abandoned. The name of M. Sismondi has long ranked very high in our estimation, and being taught not to expect any immediate continuation of his work on the Italian Republics, we were not a little gratified to find that his attention had in the mean time

been turned to other subjects so nearly connected in interest, and to which his competency could admit of no question. The labours of M. Ginguené demand our first consideration, in a general view of Italian literature; but we shall occasionally recur to the professor of Geneva, whom we may at some future period have to follow, exclusively, as our guide to the literary treasures of the Western Peninsula.

The origin and formation of the Italian language must naturally be the first object of inquiry to those who are desirous of attaining a just notion of Italian literature; and it undoubtedly adds to the interest of this inquiry, when we reflect that the very language which first, of all the modern dialects of Europe, served as a vehicle for any great and lasting efforts of human genius, was the last in order of birth, and actually burst into the full splendour of maturity, while yet the world was almost unconscious of its existence. A whole generation of Italian poets intervenes between the age of Dante and that of Chaucer: yet the latter was but 'the morning star' of English poetry; the former is the meridian sun which rivals in splendour the brightest luminaries of all ages and nations. On the other hand, the language of Chaucer had been that of the people of England, and of English writers, for ages; while the first faint and imperfect articulations of that speech which Dante raised at once to perfection, are with difficulty to be distinguished before the thirteenth century, to the conclusion of which he himself belongs.

The solution of this remarkable phenomenon has long employed the conjectures, and directed the researches of the learned. They bid us ascend to a period of the remotest, even of unknown antiquity, when the Celtic nation, ('whose language, if not primitive in an absolute sense, is so at least relatively to almost all known languages,') divided itself into two immense bodies; the one occupying the western shores of Asia, the other spreading through the northern countries of Europe, and following the course of the Danube from its mouths to the source, passing the barrier of the Rhine, and establishing itself at last in the regions that lie between that river, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, the northern and the Mediterranean seas; in short, between those which have of late years been humourously denominated the natural boundaries of the French republic. In process of time, the increase of population forced them, we are told, to infringe these sacred barriers; and the Celtic nation, together with the Celtic language, (already contaminated by its mixture with the forgotten dialects of forgotten people,) poured itself, with little resistance, through 'the fair fields of Italy,' till it met, mid-way in its course, another torrent flowing from a totally different source; for the Greeks had in
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the mean time colonized the south eastern extremities of the same peninsula, and the superabundance of population impelled them towards the Alps, just as the same cause drove the others in a contrary direction. What convulsions may have attended the first shock of the two nations, are beyond the reach of history. Wars there were no doubt, 'car tel a toujours été l'abord de deux peuples qui se rencontrent;' but judging from the natural progress of human events, it is reasonable to imagine that these wars were terminated by the principle of mutual convenience. To cut short the romance, (for, after all, it is no better,) the conflicting nations at last amalgamated together, and thus was formed the new society of the Latin people, and the new dialect to which they imparted their name; a dialect compounded therefore of Gallo-celtic and Greek, combined with a variety of unknown ingredients, the reliques of the various indigenous idioms, which it is not to be imagined the new settlers took the pains to eradicate. In this mixture, the Celtic had a vast advantage. The Greek (as yet far from being the language of Homer and Plato) was in itself no better than a compound to which the Phœnicians, the Macedonians, the Phrygians, the Illyrians, and even the Celts, (those of the great Asiatic division,) had contributed certain unassignable proportions.

'From so multiplied a combination as this, arose the Latin; which, coarse in its origin, but polished and perfected by time, became at last the language of Terence and Cicero, of Horace and Virgil; and it is this same language, which, after so brilliant an empire, terminated by so long and dismal a declension, mingled itself anew with its ancient Celtic, the common source of all the barbarous dialects of Goths and Lombards, Franks and Germans; to become at length that of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio.'

Of the three hypotheses now submitted to our election, we may safely smile at the national partiality which dictated the two former. That which was first asserted by Leonard Aretin, and afterwards maintained by Bembo, supposed the Italian to be co-eval with the Latin itself;—that the one was at all times the 'lingua volgare,' the dialect of the common classes,—while the other was the chosen vehicle of learning and state-affairs. The Marquis Maffei was the author of the second opinion, scarcely more probable than the former; and evidently suggested by the same national bias. Unwilling to admit the too probable pollutions of barbarous idioms, he imagined that the Latin, without aid from any external cause, gradually corrupted itself, by receiving from time to time into the regular forms of composition, all the slang of the illiterate vulgar. However gratifying such dreams may prove to the vanity of a native, the third and last is the only hypothesis that can be seriously entertained by an impartial inquirer. It is that which, even with-

out proof, would be universally adopted for its probability, and which Muratori has established on internal evidence.

'Invasions,' observes a learned Frenchman, (the president de Brosses,) 'invasions are the scourge of idioms, as well as of nations; but not altogether in the same order. Of nations, the strongest always takes the lead. So it is with languages, but the strongest language is often that of the weakest people; and therefore takes place of that of the conquerors.'

It was thus with the Latin language, which the barbarous conquerors of Italy successively agreed to take in exchange for that which they had brought with them: but though its original strength enabled it to survive a first, a second, and a third collision, it was gradually weakened by each following shock; and received in its turn the inflexions and phrases, the pronunciation (perhaps) and much of the vocabulary, even of the idioms which it despised, and which were ready to acknowledge their inferiority. From the age of Constantine to the 12th century, that which by courtesy was called the Latin, still continued to be the only *public* language of Italy; but the public records sufficiently prove its rapid degeneracy, and the writings of the learned, though of a standard of purity somewhat superior to that of the men of business, conspire to prove that, in common use, the ancient idiom was wholly superseded by a jargon which, towards the end of the period we have mentioned, gradually assumed the form of a distinct language, and in that state awaited only the powers of a creative genius, to mould it into the regular and beautiful symmetry which it has ever since retained. It would seem a sufficient confirmation of this doctrine, (if it wanted any,) that each dialect, in proportion as it approaches the assigned limits of separation, most strongly partakes of some of the characteristics of the other. The Latin records of the 12th and 13th centuries are full of Italian terminations and phrases; while the poems of Dante, and of the few writers in Italian who preceded him, abound in latinisms, which we find only gradually to wear away as we descend to Petrarch and Boccaccio, who may be considered as the finishers of the modern structure. At the same time, so distinct were these kindred idioms, that when the Patriarch of Aquileia, towards the end of the 12th century, pronounced a Latin homily before the people, the Bishop of Padua thought it necessary to translate it into the '*lingua volgare*,' in order to render it generally intelligible.

The first efforts of all languages have been poetical. It was thus even with the Italian, late as was the period of its formation. — The first written specimens extant are the verses of a few obscure Sicilian poets, about the beginning of the thirteenth century. After ascertaining the origin of the language, therefore, the next most important

important object is to fix the genealogy of its poetical sentiment and diction. In prosecuting this examination it soon becomes evident that the poetry of Italy derives itself in a much more direct line from that of the Provençaux, and, through them, from the more distant source of Arabian literature, than from ancient Rome, of whose lyre the last faint and discordant sounds had scarcely been heard for ages.

The history of the Provençal language, considered as a literary dialect, affords two objects of contemplation equally striking, in its sudden rise, and its as sudden extinction.

‘ Lorsque, dans le dixième siècle,’ says M. Sismondi, ‘ les peuples du midi de l’Europe essayèrent de donner de la consistance aux patois informes qui avaient été produits par le mélange du Latin avec les langues du nord, un langage nouveau parut dominer pardessus tous les autres. Le premier formé, le plus généralement répandu, le plus rapidement cultivé, il sembla devoir prendre la place du Latin qu’on abandonnait; des milliers de poètes fleurirent presque en même temps dans cette langue nouvelle; ils lui donnèrent un caractère propre, celui d’une littérature tout à fait originale qui n’empruntait rien aux Latins et aux Grecs, ou à tout ce qu’on nomme classique: ils étendirent sa réputation des extrémités de l’Espagne à celles de l’Italie; ils servirent de modèles à tous les poètes qu’on vit bientôt après se former dans toutes les autres langues, même dans celles du Nord, chez les Anglais, et les Allemands. Mais tout à coup cet éclat éphémère s’évanouit, les troubadours se turent, le Provençal fut abandonné: cette langue, en subissant de nouveaux changemens, redevint un patois, et après trois siècles d’une existence brillante, toutes ses productions furent rangées avec celles des langues mortes; on cessa d’y rien ajouter,

‘ La haute réputation des poètes Provençaux, et le rapide déclin de leur langue, sont deux phénomènes également frappans dans l’histoire de la culture de l’esprit humain. La littérature qui a servi de modèle à toutes les autres, et qui cependant, parmi des milliers de poésies agréables, n’a pas produit un chef-d’œuvre, pas un ouvrage de génie dont le nom soit arrivé à l’immortalité, est d’autant plus digne de fixer notre attention, qu’elle est toute entière l’ouvrage du siècle, et non celui des individus; elle nous révèle les sentimens, l’imagination, l’esprit, des nations modernes, à leur naissance; ce qui était partout, et non ce qu’un génie supérieur à son siècle a pu inspirer à un seul homme. Ainsi le retour des beaux jours nous est annoncé au printemps par l’éclat des fleurs des champs, par le luxe des prairies, mais non par quelque prodige des jardins, pour lesquels l’art et la puissance de l’homme ont secondé la nature. — Tom. i. p. 78.

Without ascending to the origin of the *Langue Romane*, that singular language which, produced by successive and ill-defined combinations of the Latin and Celtic, had gradually spread over the whole of Gaul after the declension of the Roman power; and contenting ourselves with barely noticing its first great separation

tion (usually assigned to the period of the accession of the Capetian race) into the *Roman Wallon*, or *Langue d'Oïl*, and the *Provençal*, or *Langue d'Oc*; it will be sufficient for our present purpose to take a rapid survey of the rise, progress, and decline, and the striking qualities of the Provençal poetry, as detailed to us at considerable length and with great ingenuity by both the writers whom we have chosen for our guides.

The capture of Toledo in 1083, by Alonso VI, king of Castile and Leon, and the succession of Raymond Berenger, count of Barcelona, to the county of Provence, about fifty years later, have been respectively assigned by different writers as the periods of the birth of Provençal poetry. Whatever may be the true date of its earliest efforts, (which have undoubtedly perished,) both these events must be considered as contributing in a very immediate degree to the character which it assumed in its progress. Toledo, at the time of its conquest, was one of the principal seats of Arabian literature, nor did it wholly change its condition by passing into the hands of the Christians. With a liberality which reflects disgrace on more civilized ages, its former inhabitants were encouraged to remain, their religion was protected, their national customs preserved inviolate, and above all, their national schools maintained in all their ancient privileges. It is not to be supposed that conquerors, so wisely magnanimous, failed to improve the circumstances in which their own policy had placed them; and if we recollect, on the one hand, that the poetical art was the most widely diffused and cultivated among the conquered people, so that (to use the strong expression of M. Ginguené) it formed the very essence of their character; and, on the other, that among the followers of the Castilian monarch at this celebrated siege, a very large proportion consisted of adventurers from the southern provinces of France, of which his queen was herself a native, we can hardly hesitate to acquiesce in the conclusion, that the first poetical attempts of the Spanish nation are *probably*, those of the Provençaux *certainly*, to be referred to this epoch.

With regard to the second period, the commercial intercourse of the Catalans with the nations of the East had, long before the accession of Raymond Berenger, co-operated with the less amicable relations produced by the neighbourhood of the Moorish kingdom of Valencia to inspire the polished court of Barcelona with the spirit of freedom and chivalry, and a relish for the refinements of luxury, the elegance, the arts and sciences of the Arabs. The language of the Catalans was itself a dialect of the *Langue Romane*, differing but slightly from the Provençal in structure and accent. The removal of this gay and splendid court to Provence then, even if we hesitate to fix it as the period of the *origin* of the national poetry,

poetry, must be admitted to have been highly favourable to its improvement, and calculated to confirm and exalt the character impressed upon it by a variety of previous circumstances.

But if the true parentage of the Provençal poetry is to be traced with so much apparent certainty through the medium of historical evidence; coupled with the internal proofs afforded by its peculiarities of subject as well as structure, the fact becomes quite convincing. The first of these traces of filiation is the adoption of rhyme,—a comparatively modern invention, which, though attributed by different theorists to a Scandinavian, a Gothic, and even a Latin origin, is most probably ascribable, in the case of the troubadours, to the Arabians only. Another peculiarity in the structure of both is the turn of thought and expression which almost uniformly marks the conclusion of their compositions of love and gallantry, which, in the Provençal poetry, is termed the *envoy*, and in which the bard suddenly breaks off his train of narrative or reflection to apostrophize ‘either himself, or his song, or the jongleur whose business it is to sing it, or the lady for whom it is composed, or the messenger who is to bear it to her.’

The first great revolution noticed in the literary history of the Provençaux is the division which took place between the office of Troubadour and Jongleur, of composer and reciter. We have no monuments extant of the time in which these two professions were united in the same individual. The poetical genius was probably improved by the separation; yet is it noticed as one of the principal causes which operated towards the discredit and ultimate overthrow of the art. It is unnecessary in this place to follow those causes closely or describe them with minuteness. William IX, count of Poitou, is the first acknowledged troubadour in the list of those who have transmitted any remnant of their compositions to our times. That prince died in 1127, and in the space of less than a century after, we have the names, and some remains of the works, of a very numerous body of his poetical successors, among whom are four kings, and a proportionable number of sovereign counts and barons. The gay and gallant court of Provence expired early in the 13th century, together with the dynasty of its ancient princes. About the same period, religious fury and the horrors of inquisitorial vengeance desolated all that lovely portion of the world which had hitherto been the favourite land of the muses; and, when tranquillity was restored, it found them already in possession of an empire whose splendour far eclipsed the short lived brilliancy of that from which it had been expelled. The language itself, as a literary language, had expired; and one only relique of the *science gaie* appears to have survived the lapse of ages in the singular institution of the Floral Games at Toulouse, which

which was in its origin no other than an academy or college of troubadours.

We would gladly follow our guides through those interesting divisions of their works in which they estimate the merits, and describe the characteristic qualities of the Provençal poetry; but we feel that it would divert us too long from our main object, though it is possible we may revert to this part of the subject before we have done with those early Italian poets in whom the imitation of the Provençaux is most conspicuous.

Of these, the list of obscure sonneteers and *canzonieri* who preceded Dante, shall not detain us longer than is barely sufficient to mark the nature of the obligations which they owed to their poetical predecessors and of those which they conferred on the illustrious 'Father of Tuscan song,' who succeeded them. The latter must be confessed to be as nothing in the comparison.

The name of the Emperor Frederick II is usually placed at the head of this poetical band, although posterity has retained only a single composition of his, called by M. Ginguené an 'Ode, ou chanson galante,' of which it is enough to say, that, 'ce n'est pas mal pour le temps, et pour un roi qui avait tant d'autres choses à faire que des vers.' Peter de Vineis, the celebrated chancellor of this accomplished sovereign, was likewise a poet, and to him appears to be traced the first rude outline of the Petrarchal sonnet.

Brunetto Latini of Florence, and Guido Guinezzilli of Bologna, are counted among the first who introduced on the continent of Italy the new poetry which had hitherto been confined to the island that gave it birth. Both are handed down to immortal fame (the first to immortal infamy also) by their great pupil and follower;* but Latini seems to have deserved more honour as a grammarian and logician than as a poet, while Guido merits the higher praise of having brought to perfection that species of poetry which is termed the Canzone, and of having at the same time exalted and refined the poetical sentiment by the mysticism of the Platonic philosophy.

Another Guido, usually called Guittone d'Arezzo, is noticed as the perfecter of the sonnet; and a third of the same name, and of the noble family of Cavalcanti, merits the more singular praise of

* The name of Brunetto is well known as the preceptor of Dante, who recognizes him in that quality in a celebrated passage of his *Inferno*. Some of his commentators have assigned a similar office to Guinezzilli, of whom it is certain that Dante speaks with the highest veneration, bestowing on him the appellation of 'massimo' and accosting him as

Il Padre

Mio, e d'altri miei miglior, che mai

Rime d'amore usar dolci e leggiadre, &c. *Purgat. c. 26.*

having

having courted the truth and simplicity of nature in the composition of the ballad.

It is the absence of this, the first and most indispensable charm of poetry, that has consigned to deserved oblivion almost all the earliest efforts of the Italian muse.

‘ Quel dommage, qu’un peuple si sensible, et en général si susceptible d’affections vives et de passions fortes, environné d’une nature si riche et placé sous un ciel si beau, n’ait pas songé à célébrer les objets réels, les mouvemens et les vicissitudes de ces affections et de ces passions; à peindre ce beau ciel, cette riche nature; et, si ce n’est dans les descriptions suivies, à s’en servir au moins dans des comparaisons et dans les autres ornemens du style poétique et figuré!’

Even in the brightest days of Italian song, and notwithstanding the many illustrious instances of exception which its annals can produce, this want of natural feeling and expression, together with the substitution of false refinement and metaphysical mysticism, has always been the sin that most easily beset its votaries; it is, therefore, on account of their general applicability to the subject of which we are treating that the following reflections appear to be most valuable.

‘ Les Arabes, malgré le désordre de leur imagination déréglée, au milieu de leurs rêveries et de leurs contes extravagants, eurent de la passion et de la vérité; ils peignirent admirablement les objets naturels, et racontèrent de la manière la plus vraie et la plus animée, ou les grandes actions, ou les moindres faits. Les Provençaux eurent, à peu près, les mêmes qualités, autant du moins que le leur permettaient des mœurs moins simples et moins grandes à la fois, une langue moins riche et encore inculte, une galanterie plus raffinée. Ils chantèrent les exploits guerriers, les aventures d’amour, les plaisirs de la vie. Ils furent louangeurs adroits, satiriques mordants, conteurs licentieux, mais pleins de sel et de vérité. Les premiers poètes Siciliens et Italiens ne furent rien de tout cela. Un seul sujet les occupe, c’est l’amour, non tel que l’inspire la nature mais tel qu’il était devenu dans les froides extases des chevaliers, passionnés pour des beautés imaginaires et dans les galantes futilités des cours d’amour. Chanter est une tâche qu’ils remplissent; toujours force leur est de chanter, c’est leur dame qui l’exige, ou c’est l’amour qui l’ordonne, et ils doivent dire prolixement et en canzoni bien longues et bien traînantes, ou en sonnets raffinés et souvent obscurs, les incomparables beautés de la dame et leur intolérable martyre. De temps en temps, ils laissent échapper quelques expressions naïves, qui portent avec elles un certain charme; mais le plus souvent, ce sont des ravissemens ou des plaintes à ne point finir, et des recherches amoureuses et platoniques à dégoûter de Platon et de l’amour. Ils ont sous les yeux les mers et les volcans, une végétation abondante et variée, les majestueux et mélancoliques débris de l’antiquité, l’éclat d’un jour

* *Ginguené*, tom. I. p. 453.

brûlant, des nuits fraîches et magnifiques : leur siècle est fécond en guerres, en révolutions, en faits d'armes ; les mœurs de leur temps provoquent les traits de la satire ; et ils chantent comme au milieu d'un désert, ne peignent rien de ce qui les entoure ; ne paraissent rien sentir, ni rien voir.

If ever a poet, in any age or country, has elevated himself by his natural genius to a height which disdains the application of all the ordinary rules of measurement, it is assuredly Dante. His poem, that amazing monument of unrivalled powers, can be judged by itself alone ; and while the critic laboriously traces a few faint marks of imitation in the spirit of the age, in the works of worthless and forgotten contemporaries, or lastly in the more splendid and durable models of antiquity, he must confess with some surprise, at the close of his examination, how little he has been able to meet with that is not exclusively ascribable to the creative genius of the author.

It is true that the popular superstition of the age naturally led the imagination to dwell on the self-embodied visions of an indistinct futurity.—The institutions of Francis and Dominic had just before rekindled the zeal of fanaticism which appeared to have slumbered for centuries, and its tendency in the people at large, was discernible even in the taste which regulated their public festivals and pageants. On one of these solemn occasions,* we are told of a most fearful spectacle designed to exhibit, for the edification of the populace, a lively portraiture of the infernal regions, with its rivers of boiling pitch, its gulphs of fire, and mountains of ice, 'all of which were brought to act upon real persons, who by their shrieks and groans rendered the illusion complete to the spectators.' Whether, as some will have it, the first notion of the *Inferno* was founded on this incident, or, according to others, it was in compliment to the poem that the spectacle itself was invented, it affords the most curious and direct evidence as to the spirit of the times and of the people which inspired alike the poet and the directors of the infernal pastime. But it is in the style and sentiments of the poet that his true originality consists ; and where, in the works of preceding and contemporary versifiers, such as we have described them, could Dante have discovered any specimens of that severe, yet energetic tone, the voice of nature herself, by which the reader is irresistibly struck even on approaching the vestibule of his immortal fabric?

It is in language like this, (of which we should be happy to persuade ourselves that we have been able to retain even a feeble impression,) that he apostrophizes his 'mighty master.'

* At Florence, on the 1st of May, 1304. Sismondi, Tom. I, p. 352.

' Or sei tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte,' &c. (INF. c. 1.)

Art thou that Virgil then? the fountain head
Whence roll the streams of eloquence along?
—Thus, with a bashful front, I humbly said—
Oh light and glory of the sons of song!
So favour me, as I thy page have sought
With unremitting love, and study long!
Thou art the guide and master of my thought;
Sole author thou, from whom the inspired strain
That crowns my name with deathless praise I brought.—

The terrible inscription on the portal of hell,

' Per me si va nella città dolente, &c.*

is another passage which arrests the reader so forcibly by the austere sublimity of its style, that we believe the present critic is the first who has discovered in it a fault of conception, which we are not altogether disposed to admit. It is in the lines,

' Fece mi la divina potestate,
La somma sapientia e il primo amore.'

Divine power and supreme wisdom may, observes M. Ginguené, be allowed to combine in the construction of this terrible fabric; 'but it is impossible without repugnance to allow in it the explicit co-operation of *primal love*.' Yet a severe theology would, we conceive, reconcile this seeming repugnance; and the doctrines of those modern divines who have represented the eternity of punishment as inconsistent with the merciful and benevolent attributes of the Deity, were most assuredly neither those of the poet nor of the age in which he lived. In fact, the lines may be regarded merely as presenting a periphrasis of the Deity; and in this case, no special agency need be given to the Amore. Or, the word may be interpreted by contrast. Primal love constructed the place of punishment, as, without this, there would have been no place of future happiness.

We next turn to a passage, singularly illustrative of the stern spirit of republican faction, which was exalted in the character of Dante by the keen sense of wrongs inflicted by a beloved and

* This has been rendered by M. Sismondi with a greater degree of force and majesty than the language of French poetry is generally esteemed capable of admitting.

Par moi l'on entre en la cité du crime,
Par moi l'on entre en l'affreuse douleur,
Par moi l'on entre en l'éternel abîme.
Vois! la justice animait mon auteur;
Pour moi s'unit à la haute puissance
Le sage amour du divin créateur.
Rien de mortel n'a pu voir ma naissance,
Rien n'a sur moi de pouvoir destructeur.

VOUS QUI PΑΣΣΕΙ, PERDEZ TOUTE ESPERANCE.

ungrateful

ungrateful country. The entrance to hell is thronged by myriads of spirits, of those who, in life, performed their appointed tasks equally without disgrace and without glory, and who are therefore classed as the fit companions of the neutral angels, who were neither rebellious nor faithful to their maker. In his strong and energetic language, he calls them

Those miserales, who never truly lived—

No record of their names is left on high,

Mercy and justice spurn them and refuse.

Take we no note of them—Look, and pass by!

The genius of Dante is in no respect less capable of being duly appreciated through the medium of translation than in the art which he so eminently possessed, 'of painting in words; of representing objects which are the pure creations of fancy, beings or actions out of all nature and out of all possibility, with so much truth and force, that the reader thinks he sees them before him, and, after having read the description once, believes, all his life after, that he has actually beheld them.' Still less credit, we fear, is given to the poet for beauties of a very different sort, and generally considered as the peculiar growth of an age of excessive sensibility—the delineation of the calm and peaceful scenes of inanimate nature, of picturesque objects, and pastoral images. The very nature of the poem seems to exclude ornaments of this description, and, from expecting only the supernaturally terrible and sublime, we are, perhaps, too hastily led to conclude, that nothing else can, by any possibility, have found admission into such a composition. The fact is, however, quite the contrary, and the reader, thus prejudiced, will be astonished to find the frequent opportunities embraced by the poet of introducing into passages, seemingly the most inauspicious for his purpose, such exquisite representations of natural objects, and of the feelings which they are calculated to inspire, as can hardly be equalled by those of any poets in the most advanced period of mental luxury and refinement.

The cloud of anger and indignation that for a moment obscures the philosophical serenity of his immortal guide, is thus illustrated by a comparison with the vicissitudes incident to the face of nature in early spring, which conveys, in a few words, to our senses all the freshness, together with all the uncertainty of the season. The miser, who is tormented with the thirst of Tantalus, is thus made perpetually to behold, without tasting, not water only, but

Rivulets, that from the verdant hills

Of Casentin into the Arno flow,

Freshening its current with their cooler rills.

So the flames, which illuminate the eighth circle of his infernal regions, are

Lights, numberless as by some fountain side
The silly swain, reposing, at the hour
When beams the day-star with diminish'd pride,
When the sunn'd bee deserts each rifled flower
And leaves to humming gnats the populous void,
Beholds in grassy lawn, or leafy bower,
Or orchard-plot, of glow-worms emerald bright——

So the evening hour is attended with all the circumstances of soothing melancholy, with which it is wont to inspire a poetical imagination, in a passage of which the last line probably suggested to Gray the opening of his elegy.

'Twas now the hour when fond desire renews
To him who wanders o'er the pathless main,
Raising unbidden tears, the last adieus
Of tender friends, whom fancy shapes again;
When the late parted pilgrim thrills with thought
Of his lov'd home, if o'er the distant plain
Perchance, his ears the village chimes have caught,
Seeming to mourn the close of dying day.*

On the entrance into Purgatory M. Ginguené thus eloquently expresses himself:—

‘Si jamais l’inspiration se fit sentir dans les chants d’un poëte, c’est certainement dans les premiers vers que Dante laisse échapper avec une sorte de ravissement, en quittant l’enfer pour des régions moins affreuses, où du moins l’espérance accompagne et adoucit les tourmens. Son style prend tout-à-coup un éclat, une sérénité qui annonce son nouveau sujet. Ses métaphores sont toutes empruntées d’objets riants. Il prodigue sans effort les riches images, les figures hardies, et donne à la langue toscane un vol qu’elle n’avait point eu jusqu’alors, et qu’elle n’a jamais surpassé depuis.’—‘Toute cette première division de la seconde partie du poëme est, comme on voit, fertile en descriptions et en scènes dramatiques. Les descriptions partout y sont d’une richesse, qu’une sèche analyse peut à peine laisser entrevoir; les cieus, les astres, les mers, les campagnes, les fleurs, tout est peint des couleurs les plus fraîches et les plus vives. Les objets surnaturels ne coûtent pas plus au poëte que ceux dont il prend le modèle dans la nature. Ses anges ont quelque chose de céleste; chaque fois qu’il en introduit de nouveaux, il varie leurs habits, leurs attitudes, et leurs formes!’—Tom. ii. p. 127—147.

Among the most beautiful of the episodes in this admirable part of the poem are the meeting of Dante with his friend, the musician Casella, which Milton has consecrated to the imagination of the

* Che pais l’ giorno pianger che si muore.

English reader,* and that with the painter Oderisi da Gubbio, who is condemned to purgatory for having indulged the overweening pride of art. It is into his mouth that the poet puts those celebrated reflections on the vanity of human endowments, in which he is suspected of having intended to introduce a boast of his own poetical excellence, somewhat at variance with the moral of humility which it is his object to impress.

Oh empty pride of human power and skill!

How soon the verdure on thy summit dies,

If no dark following years sustain it still!

Thus Cimabue the painter's honour'd prize

To Giotto yields; a happier rival's fame

Hath veil'd his glory from all mortal eyes.—

Who now repeats that elder Guido's name?

Another wears the poet's envied crown—

Perhaps this fleeting present hour may claim

One who shall bear from both their vain renown.

The world's applause is but a passing wind,

An idle blast, now this, now that way blown,

And changing name with every point assign'd, &c.

Our mortal fame is like the grass of hue,

That comes and goes, by the same sun decay'd,

From which it life, and health, and freshness drew,

When from crude earth burst forth the tender blade.

Whatever may be the sense of this allusion, Dante has not left us to conjecture what was his own opinion of his poetical merits in comparison with those of his contemporaries. 'Do I behold in thee,' exclaims Bonaggiunta, (one of those early bards who sang of love according to the fashion of the times,†) 'do I behold in thee the author who has written poems of a new style, beginning

'Donne, ch'avete intelletto d'amore?'

'I am,' replies Dante, 'one who write when love inspires, and give utterance to the thoughts which he imprints within me.' 'Alas, my brother!' returns the elder bard, 'I now see what it is that has withheld from myself and the poets of my own time, that new style, that style so sweet and soothing, to which I have listened this day. Your pen only set down the words which Love dictates. It was far otherwise with us; and the more we admitted of orna-

* Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured airs, &c.

Dante must give Fame leave to set thee higher

Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,

Met in the milder shades of purgatory.—MILTON—Sonnets.

† 'Qui avait fait, selon l'usage de ce temps, beaucoup de poésies amoureuses où il n'y avait point d'amour.'

‡ This is the first line of one of Dante's most admired *Canzoni*.

ment from the mere study to please, the further were we removed from that mode of expression which we so admire in you.'

Few, even among the warmest admirers of Dante, have had the enthusiasm to follow him, step by step, through the last division of his stupendous edifice. In the *Inferno*, the imagination is constantly kept on the stretch by that terrible machinery which the poet sets in motion and supports with unequalled powers. In the *Purgatorio*, hope is every thing and every where about us. In both alike, the number of interesting episodes, the pictures of human character, and of objects both real and fantastic, 'but which we fancy real because they invest ideal beauties with the qualities perceptible to sense,' employ by turns the feeling, the judgment, and the fancy.

'Le Paradis n'offre presque aucune de ces ressources. Tout y est éclat et lumière. Une contemplation intellectuelle y est la seule jouissance. Des solutions de difficultés et des explications de mystères remplissent presque tous les degrés par où l'on arrive à la connaissance intime et à l'intuition éternelle et fine du souverain bien. Cela peut être admirable sans doute, mais cela est trop disproportionné avec la faiblesse de l'entendement, trop étranger à ces affections humaines qui constituent éminemment la nature de l'homme, peut-être enfin trop purement céleste pour la poésie, qui dans les premiers âges du monde fut, il est vrai, presque uniquement consacrée aux choses du ciel mais qui, depuis longtemps, ne peut plus les traiter avec succès, si elle ne prend soin d'y mêler des objets, des intérêts et des passions terrestres.'—*Ginguené*, tom. ii. p. 197.

Nevertheless, it must not be believed that even the ineffable and fatiguing splendours, or the mystical theology of the *Paradiso* do not occasionally admit the introduction of such natural pictures and such moral reflections as we have already shewn to constitute some of the highest claims of the poet. Nor must we forget either the exquisitely graceful and simple delineation of the ancient manners of Florence, which is intended by him as the vehicle of censure upon those of the age then present, or the melancholy and affecting colours in which he has displayed the miseries of exile, in the poetical prediction of his own banishment.

Among the general observations which conclude M. *Ginguené's* critical analysis, we find a happy illustration of the principle with which we set out, that Dante is to be judged by himself alone.

'Le poëme de Dante,' he says, 'à cela de particulier, que, seul de son espèce, n'ayant point eu de modèle, et ne pouvant s'en servir, ses beautés sont toutes au profit de l'art, et ses défauts n'y sont d'aucun danger. Quel poëte aujourd'hui, ayant à peindre un enfer, y mettrait des objets ou dégoûtants, ou ridicules, ou d'une exagération gigantesque, tels que ceux que nous y avons vus, et surtout tels que ceux que je n'ai osé y faire voir? Quel poëte, voulant représenter le séjour céleste,

leste, figurerait en croix ou en aigle, sur toute la surface d'une planète, d'innombrables légions d'âmes bienheureuses, ou les ferait couler en torrent? Quel autre préférerait d'expliquer sans cesse des dogmes plutôt que de peindre des jouissances et d'inaltérables félicités? Il en est ainsi des autres vices de composition que l'on aperçoit aisément dans la *Divina Commedia*, et sur lequel il est par conséquent inutile de s'appesantir.—Tom. ii. p. 252.

The want of a principal action, of a leading point of interest, the continual conflict of images, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and the frequent admission of such as are either low and vulgar or even indecent and disgusting, are faults from which the warmest admirers among his own countrymen do not affect to exempt him. The hasty and illiberal judgments of Voltaire on all subjects of foreign literature are now too thoroughly appreciated to excite even indignation. It is seldom, however, that a French critic can be found so superior to the influence of his name and authority as to feel, like M. Ginguené, the real character of a poet whom he has affected to consign to the perpetual contempt of an enlightened age and nation.

‘ Il ne faut oublier que Dante *créait* sa langue ; il choisissait entre les différents dialectes nés à la fois en Italie, et dont aucun n'était encore décidément la langue italienne ; il tirait du latin, du grec, du français, du provençal, des mots nouveaux ; il empruntait surtout de la langue de Virgile ces tours nobles, serrés et poétiques qui manquaient entièrement à un idiome borné jusqu'alors à rendre les choses vulgaires de la vie, ou tout au plus, des pensées et des sentiments de galanterie et d'amour. Il faut se rappeler encore qu'en donnant à son poème le nom de *Commedia*, par des motifs que j'ai précédemment expliqués, il se réserva le privilège d'écrire dans ce style moyen et même souvent familier qui est en effet celui de la comédie, et que ce fut pour ainsi dire à son insu, ou du moins sans projet comme sans effort, qu'il s'éleva si souvent jusqu'au sublime.’

It is a just remark that the age of Dante was, by an extraordinary coincidence of circumstances as well as talent, the period at which almost all the liberal arts burst into life at once in the free country of Tuscany. Yet the fame of the first revivers of painting, sculpture, architecture, was surpassed by that of their immediate successors, and has been totally eclipsed by the greater glories of the following age, while the poetical art alone soared at once to a height which the Tuscan language can never hope again to attain. ‘ Dante starts up a giant among the pygmies ; not only effacing all that had preceded him, but filling alone a rank of which none that follow can hope to dispossess him. Even Petrarch, the tender, the elegant, the divine, does not surpass him in the graceful, and has nothing that approaches him in the sublime and terrible.’ M.

Ginguené

Ginguené has pursued the parallel further; but we must confine ourselves to the concluding observation.

‘Ce qui lui donne un grand et précieux avantage, c’est qu’il est toujours simple et vrai; jamais un trait d’esprit ne vient refroidir une expression de sentiment ou un tableau de nature. Il est naïf comme la nature elle-même, et comme les anciens, ses fidèles imitateurs.’

We now arrive at Petrarch; for in the vast field before us, we must be contented to select our objects, and it may be as well to confine ourselves, at least for the present, to poetry. We may hereafter find an opportunity of taking up our unfinished sketch of the historians of Italy.

The whole literary history of the 14th century, indeed, may in some sort be considered as included in that of Petrarch. His literary life occupies more than half of it; and, although his fame with posterity rests almost exclusively on his compositions in the newly created language of his country, in his own life he was at least equally celebrated for his ardour in the cultivation and revival of ancient learning, for his works on philosophy and morals, his oratorical eminence, and his skill in the political transactions of the day.

Of his numerous works in the Latin language, all of which evince more or less the extraordinary powers of his mind, there are none that can awaken an interest in any class of modern readers, with the exception of his correspondence and his curious dialogues *De Contemptu Mundi*, which will ever be valuable for the strong light they cast on his personal character and the incidents of his strange and diversified life. The confessions of St. Augustin furnished him with the idea of the last mentioned work, but, observes M. Ginguené, ‘ni Augustin, ni Montaigne, ni même J. J. Rousseau, n’ont découvert plus naïvement leur intérieur, ni fait avec plus de franchise l’aveu de leurs faiblesses.’ His epistolary correspondence is evidently founded on the model of that of Cicero, whom he affected to imitate in all things. But no principle of mere imitation could sufficiently account for its wonderful multiplicity and extensiveness, the causes of which are to be sought in the character of the individual. ‘Il avait,’ says the Abbé de Sade, ‘une amitié babillarde, et un cœur qui aimait à s’épancher.’ The poem of ‘Africa’ was that, of all his works, on which he had proposed to build his most exalted and durable reputation; but long before his death he had the good sense to see and acknowledge its incurable defects: ‘I would,’ he says in one of his letters, ‘if it were permitted me, efface even the recollection of this work, and nothing would be more agreeable to me than to burn it with my own hands.’—In spite of the faults which prevail in it, and greatly

exceed its beauties,' adds M. Ginguené, 'it is fortunate that it has been preserved, not for the reputation of the poet, but for the history of poetry.'

In comparing Petrarch with Dante, no doubt every reader of pure and uncontaminated taste must recognize the wonderful, we may almost say the immeasurable, superiority of the latter in all the higher qualities of the art, and especially in those respects in which the vices of Petrarch are most conspicuous. But enough is left to justify the applause of mankind, and to support him in the rank which the consenting voice of ages has assigned him.

We must not forget, in appreciating his Italian poems, the opinion which the author himself has repeatedly expressed concerning them, and the views in which he composed and transmitted them to posterity. 'This, he assures us, was but to gratify himself by the unpremeditated effusions of his momentary feelings, and to amuse that description of readers which was incapable of understanding the more exalted efforts of his genius, conveyed in a nobler and more durable language. The fame which they obtained even in his life-time was equally unsought and unexpected: nevertheless that fame which has been so amply confirmed by posterity, could not have been raised except upon sufficiently solid foundations.

The platonic refinement which has been imputed to him as the fundamental error of his poetical doctrines is thus converted by his admirers to a source of peculiar excellence; and, indeed, we think it is hardly within the province of criticism to maintain that the poetry so constituted could not, in the nature of things, be the genuine language of the heart.

* On voit qu'il ne voulut point, comme les poètes anciens, peindre les effets extérieurs de la passion et les plaisirs sensibles qu'ils out su rendre avec tant de fidélité et que l'on goûte d'autant plus dans leurs vers, que l'on y reconnaît davantage ses propres affections et ses faiblesses; mais qu'ayant élevé son ame par la contemplation du beau moral, et par l'espèce de culte que Laure obtint de lui, jusqu'à un amour dégagé de ses sens, il sut donner à cette passion le langage le plus naturel, puisqu'il est le plus convenable à sa nature presque céleste. Le cours des opinions et des mœurs a emporté loin de nous les passions de cette espèce; mais elles n'étaient pas sans exemple de son temps; et certain une fois, comme on doit l'être, que ce qu'il exprima d'une manière si ingénieuse et, si l'on veut, si extraordinaire, il le sentait réellement, on doit trouver un plaisir secret à reconnaître dans ses poésies, au moins comme un objet de curiosité, les traces de cet amour presqu'entièrement disparu de la terre. Elles peuvent même servir comme de pierre de touche pour juger et les autres et soi-même. Sans aspirer à la sublimité de ces sentimens, trop supérieurs à l'imperfection humaine, il est sûr que plus on aimera les poésies de Pétrarque, plus on

on aura en soi, si jamais ces passions pures revenaient à la mode, ce qui rendrait capable de les sentir.'—*Ging.* tom. ii. p. 562.

'We must be equally insensible,' M. Ginguené proceeds to assure us, 'to poetical and moral beauty not to perceive, in the poetry of Petrarch, an original and, if we may so say, primitive character, a pathos of a peculiar sort, but still real, and springing out of the intimate persuasion and deep affections of the poet; a richness of images which sometimes amounts to profusion, but which, even in its excess, is always superior to poverty; a great dignity of philosophical and moral sentiments, an erudition select in itself and always employed with advantage, and above all a style so pure, so harmonious, and so sweet, that, among a multitude of pieces which may be easily chosen for their superior beauty, there are scarcely any which do not, like the verses of Horace and Virgil, of Racine and La Fontaine, impress themselves without effort and as it were spontaneously on the memory.'

With regard to the points in which the Italian language may be considered as peculiarly indebted to Petrarch, it is observed that, 'even after Dante, something yet remained to be done in the choice of expressions and the *fixation* of the idiom, but by Petrarch nothing was left unfinished.' Denina assures us that, throughout the *Canzoniere*, there are hardly two expressions, even of those which the difficulties of rhyme forced upon the poet, that have grown old or are in any degree out of use. And this within a hundred years from the very infancy of the language.

The taste for false point and antithesis, in which he unhappily indulged so freely, was that of the age in which he lived.—'C'est encore son siècle qu'il faut accuser de ces idées froidement alambiquées, nées de l'espèce de fureur platonique qui régnait alors, et dont nous avons vu de malheureux exemples dès les premiers pas de la langue et de la poésie Italiennes.' Yet more to extenuate his faults and exalt our sense of his beauties, it is right to remember that Petrarch's genius was as strictly original as that of Dante. In that early age of literature the multiplication of copies was slow and uncertain, and we have the authority of Petrarch himself that the great work of his immortal predecessor was, to a considerable degree at least, unknown to him until a late period of his poetical career; so that, according to the ingenious expression of M. Ginguené, he may be called 'the second who had none before him.'

A few of Petrarch's best sonnets have been repeatedly imitated in every language of Europe, and in England they have, sometimes at least, met with translators who have done them as much justice as it is, perhaps, possible for one language to render to another. His 'Canzoni' are less familiar to the English reader, and yet, in the opinion of competent judges, they tend to raise the character of the poet much higher than those smaller compositions

of which the confined and embarrassing structure has not unaptly been compared to the bed of Procrustes. Of the Canzoni, that which begins 'Chiare, fresche e dolci acque' has been beautifully, though somewhat freely rendered by Voltaire.* Of another, 'Di pensier in pensier, di monte in monte,' M. Ginguené himself has offered us a poetical version, which appears to be possessed of considerable merit. There are three to which the Italians have uniformly given the preference;† but, in the opinion of our intelligent critic, 'the superiority of these over the rest, can only be understood relatively to the style, the delicacy of the expressions, and the harmony, the melodious *enchainment* of the words, the rhymes, and the measures.'

'I should not think,' he continues, 'any more than Muratori has thought, that I was committing a sacrilege in preferring to all three, for the truth of the sentiments, the richness and variety of the images, and for that soft melancholy which constitutes the principal attraction of amatory compositions, the *Di pensier in pensier*, the *Chiare, fresche e dolci acque*, the *Se il pensier che mi strugge*, the *In quella parte dove amor mi sprona*, and the *Nella stagion che 'l ciel rapido inchina*, so rich in comparisons drawn from a country life, and so poetically expressed.'

It is the last of these that we have selected in the hopes of giving some faint impression of its beauties.

In that still season, when the rapid sun
Drives down the west, and day-light flies to greet.
Nations, who wait, perhaps, the kindling flame;
In some strange land, alone, her weary feet
The time-worn pilgrim finds, with toil fordone,
Yet more and more speeds on her languid frame:
Her solitude the same,

* We make no apology for subjoining it.

Claire fontaine, onde aimable, onde pure,
Où la beauté qui consume mon cœur,
Seule beauté qui soit dans la nature,
Des feux du jour évitait la chaleur;
Arbre heureux, dont le feuillage,
Agit par les zéphyrs,
La couvrit de son ombrage,
Qui rappelle mes soupirs
En rappelant son image;
Ornemens de ces bords, et filles du matin,
Vous dont je suis jaloux, vous, moins brillantes qu'elle,
Fleurs qu'elle embellissait quand vous touchiez son sein,
Rossignol dont la voix est moins douce et moins belle,
Air devenu plus pur, adorable séjour
Immortalisé par ses charmes,
Lieux dangereux et chers où de ses tendres armes
L'amour a blessé tous mes sens,
Ecoutez mes derniers accens,
Recevez mes dernières larmes,

† The 18th, 19th, and 20th of the Canzoniere.

When

When night has closed around,
 Yet has the wanderer found
 A short, but deep forgetfulness at last
 Of every woe and every labour's past,
 But ah! my grief that with each moment grows,
 As fast and yet more fast
 Day urges on, is heaviest at its close.

When Phœbus rolls his everlasting wheels
 To give night room, when from high hill and wood
 Broader and broader yet descends the shade,
 The labourer arms him for his evening trade,
 And all the weight his burden'd heart conceals
 Lightens with wild discourse or descant rude;

Then spreads his board with food,
 Such as the woods of yore
 To our first fathers bore,
 By us disdain'd, yet praised in hall and bower;
 But, let who will the cup of gladness pour,
 I never know, I will not say of mirth

But of repose, an hour,
 When Phœbus leaves, and stars salute the earth.

Yon shepherd, when the mighty star of day
 He sees descending to his western bed,
 And the wide orient all with shade embrown'd,
 Takes his old crook, and from the fountain head,
 Green mead, and beechen bower, pursues his way,
 Calling, with gentle voice, his flocks around.

Then, far from human sound,
 Some desert cave he strows
 With leaves and verdant boughs,
 And lays him down, without a thought, to sleep:
 Ah cruel love! then dost thou bid me keep
 My idle chase, the voice, the steps pursuing
 Of her I ever weep,
 Who flies me still, my endless toil renewing.

Even the rude seaman, in some cove confin'd,
 Lays down his limbs, when day-light quits the scene,
 On the hard deck, with coarsest mat o'erspread:
 And when the sun in ocean wave serene
 Bathes his resplendent front, and leaves behind
 Those antique pillars of his boundless bed,

Forgetfulness has shed
 O'er men, and beasts, and flowers
 Her mild restoring powers;
 But my determin'd grief finds no repose,
 And every day but aggravates the woes
 Of that remorseless flood, that, ten long years,
 Flowing, yet ever flows,
 Nor know I what can check its ceaseless tears.

Some trifling liberties have been taken with the last stanza: but we have throughout faithfully preserved the artificial *interlacement* of the rhymes, and it has been our object (in which we hope we have not altogether failed) to retain some trace of the peculiar harmony which results from it.

A very different passion from that of Dante for Beatrice, or of Petrarch for Laura, inspired the works which Boccaccio composed in honour of the Princess Mary of Naples, whom he has celebrated under the name of Fiammetta, in the romance which bears that title, and for whom he also composed a second romance, in prose, entitled *Filocolo*, and two heroic poems, the *Theseide* and *Filosttrato*, besides other pieces of minor importance. It was a connexion of vanity on the one side and of voluptuousness on the other; and the want of interest which pervades all these works appears the natural consequence of the want of reality in the passion that is pretended to have inspired them. But, whatever may be their other merits, it is no small glory (if M. Ginguené is correct in so positive a statement) that, in the two latter compositions, the poet stands forward as the *acknowledged inventor* of the *ottava rima*, that majestic and harmonious stanza which has been adopted by almost all subsequent writers, as the only legitimate vehicle of heroic poetry, in preference to that unbroken *interlacement* of rhymes which, it must be confessed, is too apt to fatigue the ear in the *Divina Commedia*. The *Theseide* possesses a yet higher claim to distinction, as the first modern poem in which the author, abandoning the dull repetition of dreams and visions, imagined a regular action or fable, and conducted it, through different stages of adventure, to its close. To the English reader it presents the additional interest, of being the model of the 'Knight's Tale' of Chaucer, and the origin therefore of one of the noblest poems in our language, the 'Palamon and Arcite' of Dryden.

The Latin works of Boccaccio are estimable on many accounts; and his claims on the gratitude of posterity, as a reviver of ancient learning, are by no means inferior to those of his intimate friend, and fellow-labourer, Petrarch. But the source of his highest reputation, that which places him at once on a level with the former two, and ranks him with them as the third founder of his national literature, is his '*Decameron*.'

'The effort made by nature in favour of Italy,' observes M. Ginguené, 'in producing, almost at the same moment, these three great men among her children, was so much the more happy as they each received from her a different direction of genius. To ascend Parnassus, they took three roads so distinct from each other that they reached the summit without ever meeting; and we enjoy their productions at this day, without those of the one being capable of giving an idea of, or of being

being preferred, or even compared to, the rest. He who entered on the journey last of the three seemed to rise to a less point of elevation than his predecessors; but it is the style in which he excelled that is less elevated.'—*Ging.* tom. iii. p. 1.

'Whence has his renown proceeded? From a collection of tales which he held in no esteem, and which he composed, as he says himself, only for the solace of the ladies who, in those days, led a very dismal life; to which, in short, in his declining days, he attached no other importance than the regret with which religious scruples inspired him. Like Petrarch, he looked for his immortality from learned works, composed in a language which had ceased to be understood by the world at large: like him, he received it from the mere sports of imagination, the diversions of genius, in which he brought to purity and perfection a language yet in its infancy and till then abandoned to the people for the common concerns of life; to which he was thus the first to give in prose, as Dante and Petrarch had done in verse, the elegance, the harmony, the measured form, and happy choice of words, which make a literary and polished language.'—*Ib.* p. 70.

The jealous exactness of antiquarian research will seldom leave any author in peaceable possession of the honours of original invention, and the groundwork of the *Decameron* must, we fear, be admitted to be discoverable in the old Indian romance of *Dolopathos*, which early found its way into the national literature of almost every country in Europe, and is cherished by the black letter lovers of our own under the title of 'The Seven Wise Masters.' With regard to the origin of several of his tales which has been assigned to the fabliers and trouvères of the *Roman Wallon*, M. Ginguené, though a Frenchman, has ranged himself with the Italian avengers of their national literature, and established, in conformity with them, the probability, at least, that both Boccaccio and his supposed instructors drew, without reference to each other, from the same common sources, and those of oriental derivation.

From this unprofitable subject of inquiry we turn with pleasure to the just and sensible criticisms of M. Ginguené on the work itself. After dwelling with all the attention which it demands on its noble introduction, he characterizes the motley nature of its contents, and apologizes (so far as it is becoming to apologize) for its real and imputed faults. Still, speaking of his eloquent description of the plague of Florence, he thus continues:

'Nous ne pouvons apprécier aujourd'hui que le talent du peintre; mais, ce qui frappa le plus alors, fut la ressemblance et la fidélité du tableau. Les couleurs en étaient bien sombres, et paraîtraient au premier coup-d'œil assez mal assorties avec les peintures gaies dont on croit communément que la collection entière est remplie; mais en passant condamnation sur la gaîté trop libre d'un grand nombre de ces peintures, on ne doit pas oublier qu'elles ne sont pas, à beaucoup près, toutes de ce genre, et qu'il y en a d'intéressantes, de tristes, de tragiques

même et de purement comiques, encore plus que de licentieuses; Boccace répandit cette variété dans son ouvrage, comme le plus sûr moyen d'intéresser et de plaire; et ce qui est admirable, c'est que, dans tous ces genres si divers, il raconte toujours avec la même facilité, la même vérité, la même élégance, la même fidélité à prêter aux personnages les discours qui leur conviennent, à représenter au naturel leurs actions, leurs gestes, à faire de chaque nouvelle un petit drame qui a son exposition, son nœud, son dénouement, dont le dialogue est aussi parfait que la conduite, et dans lequel chacun des acteurs garde jusqu'à la fin sa physionomie et son caractère.

Les prêtres fourbes et libertins, comme ils l'étaient alors; les moines livrés au luxe, à la gourmandise et à la débauche; les maris dupes et crédules, les femmes coquettes et rusées, les jeunes gens ne songeant qu'au plaisir, les vieillards et les vieilles qu'à l'argent; des seigneurs oppresseurs et cruels, des chevaliers francs et courtois, des dames, les unes galantes et faibles, les autres nobles et fières, souvent victimes de leur faiblesse, et tyrannisées par des maris jaloux; des corsaires, des malandrins, des ermites, des faiseurs de faux miracles et de tours de gibécrière, des gens enfin de toute condition, de tout pays, de tout âge, tous avec leurs passions, leurs habitudes, leur langage; voilà ce qui remplit ce cadre immense, et ce que les hommes du goût le plus sévère ne se lassent point d'admirer.—Tom. iii. p. 97, &c.

We reluctantly pass over the numerous other points of this able criticism; but we cannot omit one observation which redounds to the credit of our own country. Of the many writers who have undertaken to relate Boccaccio's stories there are scarcely any who have not disgraced themselves by selecting from the *Decameron* the most reprehensible of all its various subjects for their purpose. Dryden alone, the greatest of all his imitators, possessed a taste too manly for so unworthy a task; and his selection accordingly does equal honour to himself and to his original author.

Among the followers of Boccaccio in the art of story-telling, Franco Sacchetti* and Ser Giovanni,† a Florentine whose family name is now unknown, but who distinguished himself by the whimsical appellation of 'Il Pecorone,' belong to the latter half of the same century, both, no doubt, greatly inferior to their master, but nevertheless deserving of the attention bestowed upon them by all lovers of early Italian literature for the services which they rendered to their native language, and for the lights which they contribute to throw on the spirit and character of the age. Zanobi da Strada, the rival of Petrarch in the honours of the laurel, and Coluccio Salutati, another of his most eminent contemporaries, did not deign to employ the vulgar dialect as the vehicle of their poetical compositions; and the consequence is, that, however they might

* 1335 to about 1400.

† About 1378.

have been extolled in their generation, they are almost unknown to posterity.

The *Dettamondo* of Fazio degl' Uberti, and the *Quadriregio* of Federigo Frezzi, are poems which evidently owe their birth to the *Divina Commedia*, and are in many respects servile imitations of their illustrious model. The hackneyed vehicle of a vision, an expedient of which the original insipidity can only be surmounted by the extraordinary and creative energies of the poet who adopts it, is probably the circumstance which more than any other has condemned these imitative efforts to an oblivion in many other respects highly unmerited. The *Dettamondo* possesses a force of style and expression, often not unworthy of Dante himself, and some passages (for example, the personification of the city of Rome) not only spirited, but even sublime. Nevertheless, it has enjoyed the honours of only two editions, both scarce, and the last, which is the least difficult to be met with, so faulty as to be almost illegible. In this latter respect, the *Quadriregio* has met with better fortune, and has consequently been more read. But, notwithstanding it also possesses a tolerable share of poetical merit, its mystical subject, encumbered with all the heavy dulness of the fashionable theology, appears to render it less worthy of preservation.

The list of poets of the fourteenth century is closed with the name of Antonio Pucci, to whom it seems we may ascribe the high honour of giving birth to that peculiar species of national pleasantry which, in a later age, Berni brought to perfection.

The century which, after the death of Petrarch, was consecrated by the Italians to the study of antiquity, that century during which their national literature was stationary, and their language even retrograde, was not however lost to the arts of imagination. Poetry, at its first flight, had not received a sufficiently abundant nourishment; the three great men of the 14th century, whom we have first presented to the reader's observation, had, by the single force of their genius, attained an erudition and elevation of thought which was far above the level of the age they lived in; but these riches were their own personal possessions, and all the rest of the Italian poets, like the Provençaux, had been reduced by their very poverty to those continual sports of wit, to those trifling puerilities of unintelligible ideas and incoherent images, which render them so tedious to the reader. The fifteenth century was entirely devoted to the extension, in every sense, of the acquirements and resources of all the friends of the muses; antiquity was unveiled before them, with her elevated characters, her austere laws, her energetic virtues, her graceful and amusing mythology, her subtle and profound philosophy, her attractive eloquence, and her ravishing poetry. A hundred years were assigned to the modelling anew the clay destined for the formation of great men. Towards the close of the century, a

- divine

divine Ray penetrated the inanimate statue, the soul was kindled again and life re-commenced its career.'—*Sism.* tom. ii. p. 41.

This seems to be the true account of the state of letters in Italy during the fifteenth century, and it affords the most satisfactory solution of the doubts which, in a former work of M. Sismondi,* are insisted upon with more eloquence and feeling, perhaps, than solidity of judgment, as to the real advantages derived to Italian literature from the cultivation of the learned languages. How highly, at the same time, must our estimate of the three great founders of the national school be exalted by the reflection that they at once soared to a height which could derive no support either from the age in which they lived, or from that which succeeded, from which it therefore became necessary to descend in order to enable their successors, at the distance of more than a hundred years, even to endeavour again to attain it!

The society of Lorenzo de' Medici was that in which a new career was first opened to Italian poetry, and the names of Lorenzo and his friend Politian are the most illustrious in the list of its revivers. To the same period, and to the influence of the same protecting genius, belongs the creation of a higher class of poetry than any yet ventured on in the Italian language, the heroic romance, which constitutes its national *epic*. The subject demands the greater part of the small space that remains to us.

For the origin of this species of composition we are led back to the grand division of the *Langue Romane*, already noticed, and presented with a review of the different theories relative to the introduction of chivalrous fiction, and its adoption by the writers in the *Langue d'Oïl*, the second branch of the parent dialect, and the progenitor of the modern language of France. This is not the place to enter on the learned and ingenious disquisition in which our countryman Warton has followed up these several theories, and reconciled the most apparently contradictory in a manner equally pleasing and conclusive. Whatever objections may occur to some of the details, or whatever room there may even now exist for the formation of new hypotheses concerning them, the groundwork of his system seems to remain unquestioned; that system which, making Persia the common and primitive source of romantic fable, deduces its progress through two distinct and widely distant channels to the same ultimate end, receiving, in its double course, the various impressions, on the one hand, of all the gloom of northern superstition and the enthusiasm of northern courage; on the other, of all the brilliancy and voluptuousness, the extravagance and caprice, and the occasional sublimity, also, of southern genius. It

* *Rep. Ital.* see our Review of that work,

is impossible not to be delighted with this mode of ending the hostility of two contending parties, whose difference of opinion must appear to every one, at first sight, as hopelessly irreconcilable; by assuring the respective advocates of the Scandinavian scalds and the Moorish minstrels that both are in the right as far as they go, and that the cause of their difference is merely this, that neither has ascended so high as to find the common principle from which both proceed. It is further to be observed (and this too is very important) that in this reunion of the two derivative streams of Romance, their several ingredients were mixed in very different proportions according to the genius and habits of the different nations of the west that received them, or of the times and circumstances under which they were received. This diversity has given rise to an infinite variety of conjectures; but, the great point once settled, these are comparatively trivial, if not of easy solution.*

Of this latter description are the doubts respecting the immediate origin of those venerable fictions (*Magnanime Mensogne*) which are considered by later writers as the parents of two distinct families of romance—the chronicle of Geoffry of Monmouth, and that of Archbishop Turpin. Our present concern is with the latter of these, as it was the first, and for a long while continued to be the only, source of Italian fable. With the Race of King Arthur it never seems to have meddled, and the third romantic family, that of Amadis, which had the honour of contributing to it some of its later ornaments, would, if we had time for it, require distinct consideration.

The ‘Magnanimous Lie,’ which bears with the name of Turpin the apparent impress of ecclesiastical authority, is generally supposed to have been really the invention of a monk of the eleventh century. Whether he had himself any foundation in yet more ancient legends for the fables which he has detailed it is useless to inquire. The earliest Italian romance on the subject of Charlemagne and his peers, must have been full two centuries later. It is not founded upon Turpin, but is supposed to be a translation from some Latin original now lost. The old romance of *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, and a few others connected with it, are pointed out as the concurrent sources of the Italian *Epopée*.

The earliest poem in the Italian language formed on this model, (the *Real di Francia* is in prose) is entitled *Buovo d'Antona*—it is written in the *ottava rima*, and, though the author is unknown,

* We are aware that we tread on tender ground, and that the names of Percy, Ritson, Leyden, and, above all, that of Ellis, among our own antiquaries, as well as of several ingenious French critics, may by some be opposed to an hypothesis which our author (M. Ginguené) adopts without appearing to know that it was ever called in question. But we are inclined to suspect that a certain confusion in the use of general terms is the principal, if not the only source, of the apparent diversity of theories, and so believe that Warton's, in the main, has never yet been invalidated.

it contains internal evidence which is thought sufficient to fix it at some period between the death of Dante and that of the historian Giovanni Villani.* Do we not here, then, detect M. Ginguené at least in a probable error, which it is singular enough that he repeats almost in the very passage that exposes it, in stating *Boccaccio* absolutely as the *inventor* of the *ottava rima*?

Later than the *Buovo d'Antona*, but still of an uncertain date, and by an unknown author, is the poem of *La Spagna*, which is framed upon the model of *Turpin*. Poor and meagre as it is, it yet presents certain points of interest which it almost necessarily derives from its original.

'Even in the coarse narrative of *Turpin*,' says M. Ginguené, and he says truly, 'there exists a fund of interest which nothing can destroy. The prodigious efforts of Roland, Oliver, and the other Paladins surprised in the defiles of Roncevaux to repulse, at the head of only 20,000 men, the successive assaults of three *corps d'armée* of 100,000 each; the calm and imperturbable courage of these intrepid warriors; their glorious deaths; that in particular of Roland, who consents not, until the last extremity, to blow his terrible horn in sign of distress; who expires surrounded with a heap of enemies slain by his hand, and after having broken on a rock his sacred Durandal that it might not fall into the power of the infidels; even his farewell to that formidable weapon, the companion and instrument of so many exploits—all these circumstances, and many others of this great and celebrated scene, in whatever manner related, are always secure of their effect.'—Tom. iv. p. 192.

The *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, which is chiefly valued by its national critics on account of the purity of its Tuscan dialect, and which almost all foreigners (M. Sismondi among the rest) have agreed in abandoning to unqualified condemnation on account of its tiresome and unmanageable prolixity, its grotesque mixture of jest and earnest, of superstitious reverence and shocking impiety, its flatness in the serious and vulgarity in the jocular, even this strange composition is occasionally impressed with the undeniable marks of high poetical genius; and, if in the general progress of the poem these are of too rare occurrence to rescue it from the anathema to which it is exposed, yet they abound in such profusion towards its close as to deserve a far different judgment. M. Sismondi must therefore pardon us if we imagine that the fastidiousness of a classical taste has, in this instance, frightened him from the discharge of his critical duty, and that he is in fact ignorant of the work which he passes over with so slight and contemptuous a notice. M. Ginguené, on the other hand, who has not shrunk from the task of examining and minutely analyzing a considerable part of the poem, confesses the pathos and even sublimity of the concluding scene, though he also,

we think, is rather too cautious in admitting all the beauties of its introduction and accompaniments. The fault of Pulci, even in the midst of these beauties, is that which is common to him with almost all the writers of a half-polished age—the not knowing where to stop: but by pruning the excrescences and abridging the details, we may often arrive at a foundation of something well worth the trouble taken in getting at it. It is thus with the oration which Orlando delivers to his little band of followers on the eve of the battle, the remorse of Charlemagne on witnessing the fatal effects of his blind confidence in Ganellon, and the solemn miracle which follows it; but we have already devoted more space to this poem than would be justified upon any other principle than a conviction that its merits have hitherto been undervalued, even by indulgent critics. Our own impression is, that the poet did not sit down with the intention of mere buffoonery, but that buffoonery 'lay in his way and he found it.' His design may be collected from the circumstances under which his heterogeneous fable was composed. He was gay or grave according to the temporary bent of his temper, or according to that in which he expected to find the company before whom he recited his occasional cantos. That he is more childish and more frequent in his burlesque humours than his great follower Ariosto, is to be ascribed perhaps to the coarser genius of the age, perhaps to the disposition of the writer, probably to both; but nobody ever called Ariosto a mere buffoon, or suspected that it was his design to laugh at all romantic inventions.

Shortly after Pulci had amused the guests of Lorenzo de' Medici by this half-comic and half-serious melodrame, another poet, whose true appellation, Francesco Bello, has been lost in the nick-name of 'the blind man of Ferrara,' (*Il Cieco di Ferrara*) undertook to entertain his patrons, the Gonzagas of Mantua, in a similar manner. His poem of *Mambriano* is not so well known as the *Morgante*, but, says M. Ginguené, 'mérite cependant de l'être.' We cannot call this judgment in question, having never met with the work; but we refer our readers to M. Ginguené's analysis which is not destitute of entertainment.

Both the poems last noticed owe, nevertheless, their greatest celebrity to the circumstance of being the precursors of the '*Orlando Innamorato*' of Bojardo, and its exalted offspring the '*Furioso*' of Ariosto. It is hardly possible, by any critical observations, to bring the English reader better acquainted with these productions of the romantic *épopée* than he is already through Mr. Hoole's version of the latter, or his prefatory remarks and frequent illustrations of the former, poem. We are, at the same time, sensible of the general languor which pervades that version,—so different from the spirit which animates the original; and we consider the *Orlando*

Furioso

Furioso as one of those few poems esteemed universally classical, of which we still want an adequate impression in the English language. All the romantic poems which preceded Ariosto were manifestly uninfluenced by any of the known and established laws of poetry. The art by which they were managed was little better than that of story-telling in verse; and even the 'Divine Orlando' is perhaps too generally considered in the same light, notwithstanding the assertions and arguments of his Italian critics.

'The poem of Ariosto,' observes M. Sismondi, 'is but a fragment of the chivalrous and amorous history of Charlemagne; it has no more either of beginning or end than any other period detached from the general course of time. This want of unity is essentially injurious to its interest and impression as a whole; but the avidity with which all nations and all ages read Ariosto, even when his fables are robbed, by translation, of the charm of poetry, sufficiently proves that he has been able to bestow on them, in detail, the interest which he has failed of communicating to the entire assemblage. Above all others, he has inspired that interest which is engendered by valour. In spite of the habitual absurdity of chivalrous combats, of the constant disproportion between cause and effect, and of the air of raillery which seems to accompany all his descriptions of battles, Ariosto always knows how to excite a sort of indescribable enthusiasm of bravery, of intoxication of heroism, which makes every reader burn to arm himself a knight. One of man's greatest enjoyments consists in the development of all his powers, of all his resources; the great art of the romance writer is that of awakening confidence in ourselves, of accumulating all the force of nature and even of magic in opposition to his hero, and displaying the superiority of individual will and courage over all the powers that are combined for his destruction.'

'The world into which Ariosto transports us is also one of our enjoyments. This world, essentially poetical, in which all the vulgar interests of life are suspended, in which the only laws are those which love and honour enjoin, the only actions those which they prompt and stimulate in which no factitious want, no cold calculation, benumbs the soul; in which all the pains and uneasinesses produced by variety, by the distinctions of rank or of riches, are forgotten; this world of our own creation forms an agreeable relief from the world of reality: we love to traverse it for the sake of withdrawing ourselves completely from the solitudes which are everywhere else our portion. True, it teaches us nothing, for the difference between chivalrous and real existence is so great that the smallest application can never be made from the one to the other: it even constitutes a remarkable characteristic of this description of poetry that it is impossible to derive from it any sort of instruction. Yet we may find a peculiar species of enjoyment, even in an occupation of the mind which does not pretend to the dignity of a lesson, and a "baseless vision" is most conformable to the very essence of poetry, which ought never to be the means, but is in itself alone its own proper end and object.'—Tom. ii. p. 67.

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Notwithstanding, however, this general accusation of want of method, M. Ginguené has pointed out a real unity of action, at least, in the *Orlando Furioso*. Its true hero is Ruggiero, and the poem therefore ends, in strict conformity with all the acknowledged laws of the epic, in the marriage of that 'fabled ancestor of the House of Este.'

'The secret end of the poet,' says M. Sismondi, (who agrees with M. Ginguené,) 'is thus explained, and brought before the eyes of the reader. Nevertheless, I regret the conviction which this explanation brings with it, these noble monuments of human genius shrink in the imagination when they convey to it only the idea of an ingenious flattery. It is enough for poets to consecrate a few verses, in the way of episode, to the celebration of their benefactors, without constituting the entire plan of their noblest works a mere scaffolding to display the praises of those who are undeserving of glory.'

Whether this remark does not savour rather of unnecessary austerity than of the spirit of indulgent criticism, we must leave to our readers; for ourselves, we shall only say that it would be undoubtedly just if the end of such a poem as the *Orlando* were ever in view of the readers. But since it has cost a great deal of critical labour to discover that it has any end at all, it seems to be a matter of comparative indifference what that end, in reality, is; and no reader, we apprehend, need be seriously disturbed in his enjoyment either of the gay or of the pathetic passages of his author by reflecting that the union of Ruggiero and Bradamante is the end of the poem, and that its object is a compliment to the Duke Alfonso or the Cardinal Hippolyto.

The other poetical qualities of this great artist are appreciated as they deserve, particularly his versification.

'That versification is much more remarkable for grace, sweetness, and elegance, than for majesty—its beauties are particularly eminent in the introductory stanzas of every canto, which are always ornamented by the richest poetry. For perfect harmony of language, no poet before or since can be compared to him. He paints whatever he treats of, and the eyes of the reader follow the poet in all his recitals. Since he is constantly sporting with his subject, with his readers, even with his style itself, he seldom attains, and never supports himself at the elevation of epic poetry. He even seeks the grace of facility in negligence. Often he begins a new stanza by repeating some of the phrases with which he finished the preceding, as in story-telling we go back upon our words to give ourselves time for recollection.* Often he throws about his expressions without caution, and as if by mere chance. We even feel that he has not chosen that which is most fit for

* Ma quivi giunse
In fretta un messagier che gli disgiunse.
Vi giunse un messagier, &c.

the occasion, that half verses are forced in merely for the sake of the rhyme, that the poet has made it his business to write as an improvisatore sings, who, possessed by his subject, thinks it enough to fill up the measure that he may arrive the sooner at the event or image that occupies his mind. These negligences would any where else be faults; but Ariosto, who laboured all his verses and left these irregularities in them by design, has, in his language, in his very abandonment, so inimitable a grace, that his *nonchalance* pleases us like real simplicity, and furnishes us, as it were, with a proof of the reality of his narrative.

We cannot find space even for the titles of the numerous poems in imitation of Boyardo and Ariosto, which issued from the Italian press during the sixteenth century. A general catalogue, together with some account of a few of them, which, though brief, appears to be fuller than they deserve, may be found in M. Ginguené's fifth volume. But we ought not to conclude the subject without bestowing some notice on the *Rifacimento* of the Orlando Innamorato by Francesco Berni, which has so entirely superseded the original that nobody now reads or thinks of the genuine Boyardo. With reference, however, to the space we have already occupied, we must content ourselves with the following slight but just observations of M. Sismondi on that peculiar style of humour which takes its name, though, as we have already seen, not absolutely its origin, from the writer now mentioned.

'Berni had made the ancients his study, and he composed Latin verses, himself, with some elegance; he had thus purified his taste, and accustomed himself to the labour of correction. His pleasantries have so much nature and comic truth that they allow us to conceive the enthusiasm with which he is still held up as a model by a powerful party of admirers; but under his management every thing was converted to folly; his satire was almost always personal; and, when he chose to excite a laugh, no respect for morals or decency restrained him. His Orlando Innamorato is reckoned among their classical poems by the Italians. Berni, even to a greater degree than Ariosto, thought it impossible to view chivalry under any other light than that of ridicule: he has not burlesqued the work of Boyardo; it is still the same romance; told in good earnest, but told by a man who cannot refrain from laughing all the while at the absurdities he is telling us. The versification is laboured; the wit is scattered profusely; the gaiety is more sportive than that of Ariosto; but for imagination, colouring, richness, all that constitutes true poetry, the two books never can be compared with each other.'

The heroic poem of Tasso is founded on models very different from those which produced the tragi-comic romance of Ariosto and Berni; or rather the *serious* of those last compositions mingled with other sources in the composition of that which alone deserves the name of epic in Italian poetry. We shall probably revert to this subject.

ART.

ART. II. *The Tragedies of Maddelen, Agamemnon, Lady Macbeth, Antonia, and Clytemnestra.* By John Galt. London; Cadell and Davies. 1812. Royal 8vo. pp. 262.

WE have reason to apprehend, that the observations which in a former number we found ourselves obliged to make upon Mr. Galt, have not been taken in such good part by this ingenious writer as our wishes had led us to anticipate. Warned by this failure, we should perhaps have declined recurring to this new work if we foresaw in it any seeds of a difference of opinion; but as we think these tragedies are nearly perfect in their kind, and as our observations can be little else than a stream of panegyric, we hasten to renew our acquaintance with Mr. Galt, and we trust with fairer prospects of mutual satisfaction.

The most distinguishing quality of Mr. Galt which strikes every reader on opening his book, and which has even so forced itself on his own modesty, that he notices it in his preface, is *boldness*; in one not so highly gifted, it would deserve another name; but in Mr. Galt we admit it to be the legitimate flight of genius, and we admire the happy audacity with which he challenges comparison with Sophocles, Euripides, Shakspeare, Racine, and Otway. These are undoubtedly the great masters of the tragic art, and every writer who aims at any degree of excellence in it, must have them before him as models for imitation; but it is not to this common praise that Mr. Galt aspires; he approaches them less as a scholar than as a rival,—he encounters rather than imitates them;—with a nobleness of soul above all praise, he dares them in ‘their most trophied fields,’ and the names of ‘Lady Macbeth,’ ‘Clytemnestra,’ and ‘Agamemnon,’ attest at once the rivalry and the confidence of Mr. Galt.

Mr. Galt is too acute an observer not to perceive, that, in a struggle with such champions, the spectators, from prejudices of education and habit, would be somewhat partial to them; but he was conscious, and indeed admits, that his manner of treating the subjects would be altogether different from Euripides or Shakspeare’s,—that it would be soon seen that he was no servile imitator—and that his style was one which could not be mistaken for that of any other author living or dead.

The plot of *Maddelen* is familiar to the stage,—the love of the son of an old husband for a young and blooming step-mother: this will remind our readers of Otway’s *Don Carlos*; but it is but justice to Mr. Galt to say, that except a line or two which he here and there condescends to transplant, there is nothing in *Maddelen* that will bring Otway to their recollection.

Indeed the fatal love,—the terrible trial of the strongest and tenderest of human feelings—was not, as Mr. Galt informs us, his impulse to write this tragedy; that would have been too common and vulgar an object.

‘The piece,’ he says, ‘was undertaken to try whither (meaning, perhaps, *whether*) such a person as the Dutchess, a character of *meaner energies* than the generality of those on whom the interest of the solemn drama is supposed essentially to depend, might be rendered capable of exciting a tragical degree of poetical sympathy.’—(Pref. p. vi.)

In other words, whether the meanest and least important character in a play, might not be made the most prominent and interesting. This, it will be admitted, is a novel attempt; but it has completely succeeded:—we think, (and our readers will presently be of the same opinion,) that whenever this play shall be acted, the good old Dutchess will be far the most entertaining person of the whole drama. Her Grace is, we know not how, the aunt of the son and of the bride, and a kind of confidant of their mutual love; about which, with great prudence, she never says a word till the ill-starred nuptials have taken place, when she suddenly becomes so ‘giddy and garrulous’ that she can talk of nothing else: and (what exceedingly increases the interest) meaning, and indeed suspecting no kind of mischief, she is particularly jocose on the subject with the poor father-husband, a worthy old gentleman, who, if the Dutchess’s fit of talking had come on at about nine in the morning instead of noon, would have been but too happy to hand over his bride to his son. This consistency in loquacity however, (though, according to Shakspeare and other tame copyers of the human character, it would have been more natural,) Mr. Galt has very properly neglected; we say very properly, because if the Dutchess had laughed, winked, or muttered, one minute too soon, there could have been no tragedy at all; the young couple would have been married, and the old folks would have retired quietly to their respective beds.

Her grace the Dutchess meets Count Valdini, the old bridegroom, and thus addresses him.

‘Joy! joy, my Lord! how does my Lady niece?
But why alone? True lovers, fresh like you,
Should be at other sport. Tut, musty parchments!
Go; go and rustle silks. Where’s my sweetheart?’

VALDINI.

Whom?

DUTCHESS.

Don Lorenzo, my dear nephew now.
O! how I long to tease the *snappish* dog.
He used to turn on me so snarling.

VALDINI.

VALDINI.

Why?

DUTCHESS.

I took such pleasure to disturb his wooing.

VALDINI.

Wooing!

DUTCHESS.

Desperate wooing. O he was mad!

Mad as Leander, who across the sea

Swam every night, while Ero, *cunning toad*,

Stood at th' uncurtain'd window with a light.

But love, sweet love, makes conjurors of all.

VALDINI.

I never heard of Don Lorenzo's passion!—pp. 7, 8.

There—that is the whole plot—the secret's out; the *snappish* dog is in love with the *cunning toad*: and you shall hear how she and the Duke discourse in the next scene upon this tardy indiscretion.

DUTCHESS.

'Fine work! fine work! a merry wedding-day!

The bridegroom here, with parchments in his hand!

Majestically grave: the bride, forlorn,

There, with a handkerchief dejected sits,

Wiping away her final virgin tears.

Were she in *process of a lewd divorce*,

Caught in the fact, she could not sob it more.

DUKE.

Your silly meddling and unruly tongue,

Is ever breeding trouble. What is this,

That you have loosely chattered to the Count?

DUTCHESS.

O! to be sure, all that mishaps is mine!

I put the odious parchments in his hand,

I put the dismal handkerchief in her's.

DUKE.

Woman! no more of this! Hear my firm will.

Never again speak you that e'er between

The Countess and her son, Lorenzo. Mark!

DUTCHESS.

O heart of me! I always thought no good

Could come of their nocturnal whisperings.

But lovers will be lovers, *certain sure*.

DUKE.

There is more hazard in your giddy head,

Than in your foolish tongue.—pp. 13, 14.

When the Dutchess complains of the altered temper of the Duke, she does it in the accents of high-born indignation.

'Between ourselves, the Duke's a—I know what.
He is so gruff and turkish in his way,
By Mary Virgin, I am more his slave
Than his true Dutchess, wedded by the hand.'

At other times, when put somewhat out of humour, she declares that she may as well turn devout, which she very correctly seems to consider as the lowest and last act of condescension.

'Well! by my troth, I have good cause to fret.
 Snubb'd and brow-beaten when I would make mirth,—
 As little heeded as a cuckoo clock,
 I may, as well, at once, go say my prayers.'—p. 18.

Again:

'I cannot speak, but flash and there's a storm;—
 Live silent; or but to say, yea or nay,—
 I may as well go lay me down to die.
I'm a repeater, by my maker made;
 And when I'm press'd, must tell how the time goes.
 But I can stay at home—lie on a shelf—
 See no one—nothing hear—sit like an abbess;
 I may as well, with hood and veil, at once,
 Go serve my God; and for this sprightly fan,
 Sigh to a fly-benastied crucifix.
 Was it for this, that I was made a dutchess?'—p. 36.

Though the *Dutchess* is, as Mr. Galt informs us, the true heroine of the play, yet the bride (who gives the drama her name of Maddelen) is a person from whom much entertainment must accrue to a discerning audience. She was educated, it appears, by the *Dutchess*; and here it is that we may safely observe the superiority of Mr. Galt over Shakspeare. Every body must be struck at the elegance and tenderness of Juliet—but it must nevertheless be confessed to be a most unnatural delineation. Juliet was educated by a gossiping vulgar old nurse, and it is contrary to all experience that she should not have been infected with the manners of her *gouvernante*. On the contrary, the Lady Maddelen is an admirably drawn character—just what one would expect a young creature formed by the *Dutchess* to be.

Her Grace, who is curious in these matters, declares, after the wedding, with a roguish air, that 'she'll to the bride and *feel her palpitations*.' The bride displays a great similarity of taste, and when she meets her lover-son, begs him to amuse her with some story of their early love,

'Or if you think
 My fickle heart will scorn the *baby tale*,

Describe

Describe some *transport* of our warmer passion,
Paint the secluded bower where last we met, &c.'—p. 4.

When she complains of her ill-assorted marriage it is in these noble terms, which must wring every feeling heart:—

'Was't not enough to foist the old one on me?
Think you I always will submit to this
And take for him (her lover) that *potsherd* of a man?'—p. 51.

After this Maddelen goes mad, miserably mad; and here it is that we are reluctantly compelled to qualify our recent admiration of Mr. Galt's originality, since we cannot but perceive an imitation of two heroines long since in possession of the stage. The reader has already anticipated us in naming Tilburina and Queen Dollalolla; and prejudice itself must admit that the supreme excellence of the models might justify an imitation of them in writers less alive to vivid impressions of the 'sublime and beautiful' than Mr. Galt.

Of the dramas of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, in which Mr. Galt surpasses Sophocles and Euripides, and of that of Antonia, in which he surpasses even himself, we shall say a very few words, before we proceed to 'Lady Macbeth,' in which he encounters and transcends the hitherto unrivalled Shakspeare.

In the treatment of the two classical subjects it is delightful to observe the successful effort of an *original* conception. The stories, as the Greeks and Romans have told them, are trite—we might almost say with Hamlet, 'musty.' It was a poet, doubtless, who first invented 'the tale of ancient Pelops' line.' Another poet has surely a right to alter such a fable (if he can) for the better. 'The stories of Agamemnon,' says Mr. Galt, 'are gross and detestable; of Clytemnestra, truly horrible;' but, in addition to the merit of choosing such difficult subjects, he modestly claims to himself 'no inconsiderable praise in having managed these delicate topics without disgusting,' (p. v.) a praise we must concur in thinking *not inconsiderable*, since our author is of opinion that Sophocles has failed in this point, and that *his* Electra is 'a hideous and inhuman exhibition.' Agreeing, as we generally do, with Mr. Galt, we, however, do not wish to speak too lightly of Sophocles, who, though he has been dead many years, is still a writer of some repute; but we can truly say, that nothing in the world can be so different from the Electra of Sophocles as the Electra or (as he more properly calls it) the Clytemnestra of our author.

It has been shrewdly observed, that if Shakspeare had possessed what is called school learning, the flight of his genius might not have been so bold and vigorous; this, which was heretofore only an in-

genious theory, is now substantiated by the evidence of fact—some of Mr. Galt's highest beauties arise indisputably from the lucky circumstance of his being no scholar. Ægysthus, the murderer of Agamemnon, for instance, is, with him, 'a base born fellow,' or, as Arsinoë elegantly expresses it,

'a slave,
A coarse, rank-smelling groom—a *neighing groom*.'

How does this enhance the tragic depravity of the lady's taste! This topic, which our author handles thoroughly, would have been lost to the world had he known that Ægysthus was the son of Thyestes, grandson of Pelops, and cousin-german to King Agamemnon himself. Several other instances might be adduced of this lucky ignorance. The name of Pylades, for example, has been, by all Greek and Roman writers, accented as, what the pedants quaintly call, an anapæst. Mr. Galt, however, felt, as every one must feel, how much more musically the name would flow if pronounced Pylâdes; and Pylâdes the name accordingly stands throughout the drama, and will henceforth stand, we suppose, at all the schools in England, 'auctoritate Galti celeberrimi.'

Of Antonia, the plot turns on a very simple fact; but we regret that the squeamishness of modern delicacy will not permit us to give our readers any insight into this amusing piece: we can only say, in Mr. Galt's own phrase, that 'it is no inconsiderable praise' to have enlivened tragedy by the introduction of an incident, towards which the waggish authors of *The Relapse* and the *London Cuckolds* have not approached nearer than a hint.

But we hasten to Mr. Galt's chef-d'œuvre '*Lady Macbeth*,' which we cannot better introduce than in his own words.

'For presuming to meddle with the awful mysteries of *Macbeth*, I have not one word to offer in extenuation. I thought the almost *satanic* character of the Lady possessed traits of *grandeur* which might be so represented as to excite *compassion*; and the frame of *Macbeth*'s mind afforded me an opportunity of introducing allusions to Scottish superstitions which Shakespeare has not touched; and which are still, in a great measure, new to the poetry of the stage. The play is, in fact, an experiment; and as such, I wrote it with some degree of audacity both in thought and phraseology. It is the best or the worst in the volume.'

—Pref. p. v.

This brilliant conception, 'that the *grandeur* of a *satanic* character is the properest engine to excite *compassion*,' is new, we venture to believe, to all our readers; and they will, we are confident, think with us that Mr. Galt needs to say nothing in extenuation of his attempt to prove, by experiment, this elegant theorem. They will also admire the modesty and true simplicity of soul with which he declares that he does not know whether his favourite play

play be 'the best or the worst of the whole.' We, however, will take upon ourselves to remove his doubt, and unhesitatingly pronounce it to be *both*. It will, doubtless, appear the *worst* to the critics whose tastes have been spoiled by the fervid irregularities and unnatural flights of Shakspeare; but, on the principles on which we admire the character of our author's muse, we must freely assert it to be the *best* of all. There are no witches and cauldrons, no prophecies and portents, no ghosts and goblins, no magnificence of passion, no flights of feeling or of fancy; all such *diablerie* Mr. Galt despises. He knows that a play to be interesting must 'come home to our businesses and bosoms.' He cannot read Horace, and is not, of course, aware of his precept,

'Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.'

But nature, the poet's best guide, has taught him the same lesson, and he has felt that no kind of interest can be excited for such wild folks as the Macbeths of Shakspeare, the weird sisters, and all their trumpery—'black spirits and white—red spirits and grey.'

In pursuance of this principle, Mr. Galt has brought the story down to the level of a London audience. He has reduced the colouring, the tone, the characters—he has left no irregularities to surprise, he admits no expression which can dazzle or perplex by its false brilliancy. He takes, if we may be permitted the use of a metaphor, from the storm its thunder and lightning, and reduces it to a heavy soaking shower of rain, an event of much more ordinary occurrence, and therefore of more general interest than a poetical tempest. Instead, therefore, of all the bustle and throng of characters in Shakspeare's Macbeth, Mr. Galt has but four actors in his drama. Instead of the infernal agency of the witches he has one Baudron, 'an old Culdee priest,' a kind of family chaplain. Instead of apparitions and spectres that shake the soul, he endows Macbeth with the faculty of second sight, or dreaming with his eyes open; but even this last attribute, though so common in Scotland, he does not venture to confer on him without taking care that when he talks of the objects seen in those trances, there shall be no unnatural or inflated pomp in the expression.

Thus when Macbeth has a mind to pry into futurity he does it in the good old way, and at the good old time, and expresses it in the good old terms,

'Tis hallow-eve, and I have cast my fortune.'—(p. 132).

Burns the plowman could not have expressed it more simply.

When he desires the attendance of the pious Baudron he only says,

'Send me the Culdee priest.'—(p. 137.)

as naturally as one would ask for the curate of one's parish; and when he would allude to his former military glory, he does it in no bombastic or thrasonical style,

'I was a famous soldier in my day.'—(p. 139.)

The king being so measured in his language, our readers will not suspect our judicious author of the inconsistency of giving the queen a lofty style; on the contrary, as women generally are more simple in their conversation than men, he has made the lady take a tone lower even than the laird.

When she inquires whether Macbeth believes that sensation can exist in the human body after death, she puts this terrific question in the most unaffected manner.

'Shall we in death, lie conscious of the rot?'—p. 121.

Contemplating with indignation the repentance which she sees growing in Macbeth, she exclaims, with a metaphor indeed, but one to which every good house-wife would naturally allude:

—'Shall we confess we kill'd the king,
And *mew* contrition like two silly urchins,
Sick with the surfeit of the pantry's spoil?'—p. 122.

But her death is the summit of all our author's art—there is an air of truth and nature about it which we cannot easily parallel: her Majesty complains of being 'deadly thirsty,' and asks for some drink; but Baudron, who attended her after she had dismissed the doctor, thinking plain water might be unfit for the patient, prudently, as one would have supposed, mixed a little wine with it; but alas! what are human precautions! the wine was unluckily red, and the mixture looked to her disordered imagination the colour of blood, and she screamed so loud that she frightened away all her maids and expired in an agony before the Culdee could induce her to touch a drop of the wine and water. We cannot refrain, much as we have quoted, from adding this touching passage; this true instance of what we may call domestic tragedy or household sublimity.

'What see'st thou, damsel, to look at me so?
Give me some drink, some strong restorative.
A clay-cold chill is creeping to my heart—
Where the parch'd devil of the fever sits,
And craves the cooling freshness. Give, O give.—
But all the welling fountains of the hills
Cannot allay the deadly thirst that's here.

BAUDRON.

This wat'ry bev'rage slightly tinged with wine—

LADY.

Ha! wretch—'tis blood!—

BAUDRON.

BAUDRON.

Alas! they all have fled,

In panic horror at the howl she gave,

And left her, dreadful doom! to die alone.—

Hither ye pale appall'd! This mighty dame

Is now as harmless as the *sludge* that's cast

From the brief trenchment of a baby's grave.'—pp. 156, 157.

We flatter ourselves we have now proved that the partiality which at the outset we avowed for Mr. Galt's system and style of tragedy-writing is amply justified to our readers; but there are yet a few circumstances which, notwithstanding the length of this article, our grateful admiration will not permit us to pass unobserved.

The first is, that—original and daring in all—his plays are divided only into *three* acts; because, as he says—and here again his happy ignorance of Horace is in our favour—'he knows no reason why five have been hitherto preferred.' He does not himself give any reason for preferring three—but *his* authority is enough.

The next is, that there are no stage directions, but 'his text will be found to indicate, without the aid of marginal notes, what should be the business of the stage.' It might have been apprehended that transferring the stage directions of '*exit*,' '*enter*,' '*takes out her handkerchief*,' &c. from the margin into the body of the poem, would here and there produce a prosaic line which might be avoided by adhering to the old manner; but in justice to Mr. Galt, we cannot say that this objection has any weight as applied to his dramas; the lines of this nature are not in any degree weaker than the rest of the poem.

The third and concluding observation we have to make is, that Mr. Galt, with laudable accuracy, has informed us of the place at which each of these pieces was composed. This is highly pleasing. It reminds us of Gibbon's interesting account of planning his history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire amid the ruins of the Capitol.

'Maddalen was written in the Lazaretto of Messina, to lighten the captivity of quarantine; Clytemnestra during a passage from Sardinia to Gibraltar; Agamemnon in the course of my voyage from that fortress to Ireland; Antonia, while obliged to perform a second quarantine in Cork harbour; and Lady Macbeth, at subsequent intervals.'—Pref. p. i.

This passage leads us to observe, that—since a strict confinement seems to quicken in so extraordinary a degree our author's tragic genius—our admiration of his talents, and our hopes of his obtaining that perfection, of which he wants so little, embolden us to suggest, that a kind of home quarantine—a seclusion for a certain period in some inland lazaretto—might be of incalculable advantage. It is, indeed, the only process by which, in our opinion, his poetical vein can be improved.

ART.

- ART. III. 1. *Théorie de la double Réfraction de la Lumière.* Par E. L. Malus. 4to. Par. 1810. Pp. 302; with 3 Plates.
2. *Mémoire sur de nouveaux Rapports entre la Réflexion et la Polarisation de la Lumière.* Par M. Biot. Lu à l'Institut le 1 Juin, 1812. Pp. 152; with 1 Plate.
3. *Versuche über Spiegelung und Brechung. Experiments on the Reflection and Refraction of Light.* By Dr. Seebeck. Schweigger's Journ. Nuremberg, 1813; with a coloured Plate.
4. *A Treatise on new Philosophical Instruments, with Experiments on Light and Colours.* By David Brewster, LL.D. 8vo. Edinb. 1813. Pp. 442; with 12 Plates.

THE intimate connexion of the subjects of these works with each other renders it unnecessary to make any apology for including our account of them in one article; since the greater number of the observations which they contain have arisen more or less immediately from the prosecution, in the different parts of Europe, of the important discoveries of Mr. Malus, respecting the properties exhibited by light which has been subjected to oblique reflection or refraction. Of these discoveries we have already given some account in our sixth number (p. 472); and the honourable testimonials of public approbation, which their author has since received, in particular from the Royal Society of London, as well as from the Institute of France, sufficiently show that our estimate of his merits was not exaggerated. Most unfortunately for the sciences, his career has been cut short by an early death, in the midst of his researches and improvements; but this event did not take place, as Dr. Brewster seems to imagine, so immediately after the adjudication of Count Rumford's medal, as to have rendered him incapable of being informed of the honour that was conferred on him, and of appreciating its value.

In the present work of Mr. Malus, there is less of absolute novelty than of minute and interesting research, upon a point, respecting which some doubt was perhaps entertained, by those who were not sufficiently acquainted with the few, but satisfactory experiments relating to it, which had before been made in this country; that is, upon the perfect accuracy of the Huygenian laws of refraction in the Iceland crystal, and other doubling substances; which, considered in itself, he thinks 'one of the finest discoveries of this celebrated geometrician.'

'Newton,' he observes, 'was acquainted with the investigations of Huygens; yet he attempted to substitute, for the Huygenian law, another apparently more simple, but absolutely contrary to the phenomena, as Mr. Haüy first observed and demonstrated. It is difficult to explain the disregard that Newton showed, in this case, to a law which Huygens had declared to be conformable to his experiments.'

Wollaston

‘Wollaston has examined the refractive power of the crystal, by a very ingenious method of his own invention, and has shown that the law is perfectly true in all cases of rays passing in the direction of any surface of the crystal. He is the *first*, that after the oblivion of a century, *thought of verifying*, by direct experiments, a law which Huygens had considered as incontestable, and which Newton had rejected without examination.’

It may not, however, be altogether superfluous to observe, that as Dr. Wollaston's experiments seem to have led to Mr. Malus's researches and discoveries, so Dr. Wollaston's *thoughts* were in all probability directed to the Huygenian theory by an *earlier* paper published in the same volume of the Philosophical Transactions with his own, in which it is asserted, almost in the terms that Mr. Malus has employed, that Newton, ‘without attempting to deduce from his own system any explanation of the more universal and striking effects of doubling spars,—has omitted to observe, that Huygens's most elegant and ingenious theory *perfectly accords* with these general effects in all particulars.’ Ph. Tr. 1802. 45. In short, whoever reads the account, which Huygens gives of his own examination of these substances, can scarcely fail to be convinced that his law must be extremely near the truth: Dr. Wollaston's experiments afforded additional evidence of its accuracy; and Mr. Malus, having diversified his calculations and observations in a still greater variety of forms, has left nothing further to be desired, for the complete re-establishment of this remarkable result of a hypothetical theory, the groundwork of which is still by no means unexceptionable, notwithstanding the wonderful simplicity to which, as we have shown on a former occasion (No. IV. p. 344), it is capable of being easily reduced.

Mr. Malus has prefixed to his experimental investigations an analytical treatise on optical phenomena in general, which will probably be thought, by most English readers, unnecessarily intricate, and which does not appear to contain any material novelty. He has examined the forms of the principal refracting substances by means of a reflective goniometer, resembling Dr. Wollaston's; and he has taken the mean of a considerable number of successive repetitions of the measurement. For the angle of the Iceland spar he obtains, in this manner, $74^{\circ} 55' 2''\frac{1}{2}$; and contents himself with $74^{\circ} 55'$, which is precisely Dr. Wollaston's measure: for the indices of refraction he gives 1.6543 and 1.4833 (p. 199), instead of Dr. Wollaston's 1.657 and 1.488, although the experiments on some specimens go as far as 1.658 (p. 105). For quartz crystal we have 1.5582 and 1.5484; for the sulfate of barite, 1.6468 and 1.6352; and for the arragonite, another form of the carbonate of lime, which some have suspected to contain strontia, 1.6931 and 1.5348.

1.5348. From the laws of extraordinary reflection within a crystal of doubling spar, Mr. Malus has very ingeniously deduced an explanation of a reduplication of images, long since observed by Martin, in particular specimens, which appear to have been interrupted by fissures, of such a nature, as to be capable of producing a subdivision of the rays, like that which takes place in the internal reflections: the colours observable in these images he refers to the thickness of the fissures, although it seems at least equally probable, that they are more nearly related to the colours of crystallized substances, since described by Biot and others.

Mr. Malus's calculations of the particular cases of refraction are founded on the Huygenian method of drawing a tangent plane to the supposed spheroid, from a point in the surrounding medium, at which the supposed original undulation would have arrived while the spheroid is generated. The steps of this mode of calculation are, however, extremely intricate; and it has occurred to us that the problem may be solved in a much more simple manner, by equating the velocities with which the supposed undulations must advance upon the common surface of the respective mediums: a condition which is obviously sufficient for the determination of the angular directions of the actual undulations; just as the velocity, with which a bird swims on the surface of a piece of water, is sufficient for determining the direction of the wave which follows it. Considering the velocity of the advance of the undulation with regard to the spheroid, it must evidently be identical with the velocity of increase or decrease of the perpendicular to the circumference of the section cut off by the refracting surface; and with regard to the surrounding space, it must be to the direct velocity, as the radius to the sine of the angle of incidence or refraction in that space. Hence, if r be the index of the greatest refractive density of the substance, s the sine of incidence or refraction without the crystal, x the semiaxis of the spheroid, and y the perpendicular falling from the point of incidence on the conjugate diameter of the section, we have the equation $rx:s=y$; which determines the physical conditions of the problem, and reduces it to a mathematical investigation.

Now if the ratio of the greatest and least refractive densities, or of the equatorial diameter of the spheroid to the axis, be that of n to 1, and the tangent of the angle formed by the axis with the refracting surface, p , it may readily be inferred, from comparing the ordinates of the ellipsis with those of the inscribed circle, and from the properties of similar triangles, that the semidiameter parallel to the given surface will be $n\sqrt{\frac{1+pp}{nn+pp}}x$, the tangent of the angle formed by the conjugate semidiameter with the axis, $nn:p$, and the length

length of this semidiameter $\sqrt{\frac{p^2+n^4}{nn+pp}}x$. From the known equality of all parallelograms described about an ellipsis, we have, for the perpendicular falling from the end of this semidiameter on the former, $\sqrt{\frac{nn+pp}{1+pp}}x$; and, taking the difference of the squares, $\frac{p(nn-1)x}{\sqrt{(nn+pp)}\sqrt{(1+pp)}}$ for its distance from the centre; and for the sine of the included angle $\frac{p(nn-1)}{\sqrt{(p^2+n^4)}\sqrt{(1+p^2)}}=t$. The perpendicular falling from the same point on the axis will be $\frac{nnx}{\sqrt{(nn+pp)}}=(u)$, and its distance from the centre, $\frac{px}{\sqrt{(nn+pp)}}=(v)$.

Proceeding now to the section formed by the given refracting surface, let q be the cotangent of the angle comprehended by its lesser axis and the plane of the ray's motion without the crystal, and let z be the distance of its centre from that of the spheroid: we shall then have, for the lesser semiaxis of the section, $\sqrt{\left(\frac{p^2+n^4}{nn+pp}x^2-z^2\right)}$, reduced in the ratio of the conjugate diameters of the spheroid, that is, $\sqrt{\left(\frac{p^2+n^4}{nn+pp}x^2-z^2\right)}n\sqrt{\frac{1+pp}{p^2+n^4}}$. The ratio of the axes of the section, from the known similarity of parallel sections of a spheroid, will be that of $n\sqrt{\frac{1+pp}{nn+pp}}x$ to nx ; or if we call this the ratio of 1 to m , we have $m=\sqrt{\frac{nn+pp}{1+pp}}$. Hence, in order to find y , we must substitute these values in the expression for the perpendicular $\sqrt{\frac{nn+pp}{1+pp}}x$, whence we have $y=\sqrt{\frac{mm+qq}{1+qq}}\sqrt{\left(\frac{p^2+n^4}{nn+pp}x^2-z^2\right)}n\sqrt{\frac{1+pp}{p^2+n^4}}$; and taking the fluxion, $rs:s=y=\sqrt{\frac{mm+qq}{1+qq}}\frac{p^2+n^4}{nn+pp}x\dot{x}n\sqrt{\frac{1+pp}{p^2+n^4}}:\sqrt{\left(\frac{p^2+n^4}{pp+nn}x^2-z^2\right)}$, z being supposed to remain constant; consequently $\sqrt{\left(\frac{p^2+n^4}{pp+nn}x^2-z^2\right)}=\frac{s}{r}\sqrt{\frac{mm+qq}{1+qq}}\frac{p^2+n^4}{nn+pp}x\sqrt{\frac{1+pp}{p^2+n^4}}$; and the semiaxis of the section, $n\sqrt{\frac{1+pp}{p^2+n^4}}\sqrt{\left(\frac{p^2+n^4}{nn+pp}x^2-z^2\right)}=\frac{s}{r}\sqrt{\frac{mm+qq}{1+qq}}n^2x\sqrt{\frac{1+pp}{nn+pp}}$, and the semidiameter of the section ending at the point of incidence, $\frac{s}{r}\sqrt{\frac{q^2+m^4}{1+qq}}n^2x\sqrt{\frac{1+pp}{nn+pp}}$: whence it is obvious that this semidiameter, which may be considered

considered as an ordinate in an elliptic section passing through the centre of the spheroid, is proportional to the sine of incidence, as Huygens has demonstrated; and it will appear that the tangent of the angle formed by the plane of this section with the plane of incidence is $\frac{p(nn-1)}{nn+pp} \cdot \frac{mm}{\sqrt{(q^2+m^2)}}$.

But in order to determine more directly the inclination of the ray within the crystal, we must find u , the perpendicular falling from the point of incidence on the lesser semiaxis, before expressed by $\frac{nnx}{\sqrt{(nn+pp)}}$ and now $= \frac{mmns}{r\sqrt{(1+qq)}} x \frac{1+pp}{nn+pp}$, and its distance from the centre of the section $v = \frac{qns}{r\sqrt{(1+qq)}} x \frac{1+pp}{nn+pp}$, and from the point nearest to the centre of the spheroid, $tz-v$; whence the distance of the point of incidence from this last point must be $\sqrt{([tz-v]^2 + u^2)}$: and adding to the square of this that of the perpendicular falling on the section from the centre of the spheroid, or $z^2 - t^2 z^2$, we have $\sqrt{(v^2 + u^2 + z^2 - 2tvz)}$ for the semidiameter at the point of incidence, expressing the velocity: and the sine of the corresponding angle of incidence or refraction will be $\sqrt{([tz-v]^2 + u^2)}$ divided by this radius, while that of the inclination of the plane to the axis will be $u : \sqrt{([tz-v]^2 + u^2)}$; z being $= x \sqrt{\left(\frac{p^2+n^2}{nn+pp} - \frac{ss}{rr} \cdot \frac{mm+qq}{1+qq} \cdot \frac{p^2+n^2}{nn+pp} n^2 \frac{1+pp}{nn+pp}\right)}$. It is also evident that the velocity, reduced to the direction of a perpendicular to the surface, will vary as $\frac{z}{x} \sqrt{(1-t^2)}$.

These expressions may be much simplified by further reduction, especially where they are to be applied to surfaces either parallel or perpendicular to the axis: since in these cases $p=0$ and $m=n$, and $p=\infty$ and $m=1$ respectively, and $t=0$ in both. Hence, in the first case, $z = nx \sqrt{\left(1 - \frac{nn+qq}{1+qq} \cdot \frac{ss}{rr}\right)}$, $u = \frac{qnsx}{r(1+qq)}$, $v = \frac{qsx}{r\sqrt{(1+qq)}}$ and $\sqrt{(u^2 + v^2)} = \frac{sx}{r} \sqrt{\frac{n^2+q^2}{1+qq}}$, whence the sine of the angle may be found, dividing it by $\sqrt{(u^2 + v^2 + z^2)}$; and the tangent will be $\frac{\sqrt{(u^2 + v^2)}}{z} = \frac{s}{n} \sqrt{\frac{n^2+q^2}{1+qq}} : \sqrt{\left(r^2 - \frac{nn+qq}{1+qq} s^2\right)}$; and in the second case, $z = x \sqrt{(1 - n^2 \frac{ss}{rr})}$, $u = \frac{n^2 sx}{r\sqrt{(1+qq)}}$, $v = \frac{n^2 qsx}{r\sqrt{(1+qq)}}$ and $\frac{\sqrt{(u^2 + v^2)}}{z} = \frac{nnx}{\sqrt{(r^2 - n^2 s^2)}}$.

It is not merely with a view of exhibiting a more convenient mode of solving a problem which Mr. Malus had solved before, that

that we have introduced this calculation, but in order to apply it to the explanation, which we shall attempt to give, of the very interesting phenomena described at large in Mr. Biot's memoir.

Mr. Arago had discovered, in 1811, that polarised light was resolved, by passing through thin plates of mica or sulfate of lime, or thicker plates of rock crystal, and of some kinds of flint glass, into two portions differently coloured. Mr. Biot has experimentally investigated the law, according to which these phenomena take place, and has reduced the results of his experiments into such a form, as to enable us to calculate from them, what colours will be exhibited by a plate of sulfate of lime, of a given thickness, and in a given situation with respect to the incident light.

The axis of the crystals of sulfate of lime is, either accurately or very nearly, in the plane of the plates which they afford, and makes an angle of $16^{\circ} 13'$ with one of the natural lines of fracture of the plates; while that of rock crystal is nearly parallel to the longitudinal surfaces of the crystal. Mr. Biot's method of exhibiting the colours in question, is to take a thin and smooth plate of sulfate of lime or Muscovy talc, or a well polished plate of rock crystal, cut as thin as possible, which affords no appearance of colour in the open air, except when some of the incident light has been polarised by reflection from the blue atmosphere, and to place it horizontally on a black substance; then, allowing the white light of the clouds to fall on it, at an inclination of about 35° , to receive this light, when reflected from it, on a black glass, making an equal angle with the reflected rays, in a plane perpendicular to the first plane of reflection; so that the plate may be visible by reflection in the black glass. In this manner the plate appears to be very brilliantly illuminated by the light of the colour which it is calculated to exhibit: when its axis coincides with the plane of incidence, no colour is visible; and the appearance becomes most distinct when the axis makes an angle of 45° with that plane. In this situation of the axis, Mr. Biot finds that the colour reflected by talc, and by rock crystal, is precisely the same as if the incidence were perpendicular, and the same as is transmitted by the extraordinary refraction; while the light transmitted by the ordinary refraction exhibits the complementary colour, as in the case of the ordinary colours of thin plates: these transmitted colours being separable, as Mr. Arago had found, by means of any doubly refractive substance, or by oblique reflection. In Mr. Biot's arrangement, the light reflected from the upper surface of the plate is polarised according to the general law, and is therefore not reflected by the black glass, but absorbed: and the same is true of the light reflected from the lower surface of the plate, and then transmitted back by the ordinary refraction: but that which has been transmitted

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[back from] the lower surface by the extraordinary refraction, [not to it, as Mr. Biot's words imply,] has acquired a contrary character, and when it arrives at the black glass, it is partially reflected. On the other hand, a black glass, of which the plane of incidence coincides with that of the plate, reflects the complementary tint, afforded by the light which had been reflected by the lower surface of the plate, and transmitted back by the ordinary refraction, but exhibits the colour more faintly, because it is mixed with the whole light reflected from the upper surface. A similar arrangement may also be very conveniently applied to the observation of the colours of natural bodies, independently of the glare occasioned by their superficial reflection.

The colours dependent on the extraordinary refraction Mr. Biot found to agree exactly with the colours of thin plates of glass as seen by reflection, and those which are derived from the ordinary refraction with the colours seen by transmission in the Newtonian experiments, supposing the thickness of the plate to be reduced in the ratio of 360 to 1; this ratio being constant for the same specimen of the talc, although the number varied in different specimens from 333 to 395. For mica, it appeared to be 450, but was liable to still greater variation: for rock crystal, it was exactly 360, at least in several plates cut out of the same piece. The measurements of the thickness of the plates were executed with the greatest care by Mr. Cauchoix's spherometer, which appears to be capable of great precision, although the pressure exerted by a fine screw, which is the immediate instrument of examination, must be a cause of considerable uncertainty, where the objects to be measured are extremely minute.

Mr. Biot observed, that when the axis of the crystal approached to the plane of incidence, the colours ascended in the scale of Newton's measures, as if the thickness were diminished; and that they descended when the plate was turned in a contrary direction. The difference thus produced appeared to be greater in plates of rock crystal and of mica than in those of talc; but the comparative measures have not been detailed; and it may be remarked, that the greater thickness of the plates of rock crystal employed may possibly have made the difference more apparent. When the axis made an angle of 45° with the plane of incidence, the change of the inclination of the incident light had no effect on the colour exhibited either by talc or by rock crystal: but mica, probably from the oblique situation of the axis of refraction, did not observe the same law. Mr. Biot has expressed the thickness corresponding to the tint, exhibited under these different circumstances, by the formula $1 + (.065 \zeta^2 H - .195 \zeta^2 H)s^2$; while in another series of experiments the coefficients appeared to be .00959 and .1428; H being

being the angle formed by the axis with the plane of incidence, and the sine of the angle of incidence: so that the greatest possible variation must have been from .87 to 1.26, or from .867 to 1.152. Mr. Biot has also improved Mr. Malus's expressions for the intensity of the light under different circumstances; but as the colour is wholly independent of the intensity, we omit to mention these expressions more particularly.

This intricate and laborious investigation appears to have been conducted with much patience, and with minute attention to the strictest accuracy; nor does the present memoir by any means exhaust the whole of the experiments which Mr. Biot has promised to the public. Dr. Brewster has remarked that he has 'the undivided merit of having generalised the facts,' and of having 'discovered the law of these remarkable phenomena.' This 'law' however is merely an expression of the facts considered as insulated from all others; and not an explanation by which they are reduced to an analogy with any more extensive class of phenomena; and we have no doubt that the surprise of these gentlemen will be as great as our own satisfaction, in finding that they are perfectly reducible, like all other cases of *recurrent colours*, to the general laws of the interference of light, which have been established in this country, and of which we have given an account in our sixth number (p. 475); and that all their apparent intricacies and capricious variations are only the necessary consequences of the simplest application of these laws. They are, in fact, merely varieties of the colours of 'mixed plates,' in which the appearances are found to resemble the colours of simple thin plates, when the thickness is increased in the same proportion, as the difference of the refractive densities is less than twice the whole density: the colours exhibited by 'direct transmission,' corresponding to the colours of thin plates seen by reflection, and to the extraordinary refraction of the crystalline substances, and the colours of mixed plates exhibited by 'indirect light' to the colours transmitted through common thin plates, and to those produced by the ordinary refraction of the polarising substances. The measures, which Mr. Biot has obtained, differ much less from the calculation derived from these principles only, than they differ among themselves; and we cannot help thinking such a coincidence sufficient to remove all doubts, if any existed, of the universality of the law on which that calculation is founded; notwithstanding the difficulty of explaining the production of the different series of colours by the different refractions. (See our No. XVII. p. 124.)

In the first place, it appears from Mr. Malus's experiments, that the extraordinary and ordinary refractive densities of the rock crystal, in a plane perpendicular to the axis, are in the ratio of 159 to

160; consequently the difference of the times is to twice the whole time in the ordinary refraction as 1 to 320, and to the time in a plate of glass of which the refractive density is 1.55, as 1 to 318. In Mr. Biot's experiments on this substance, the proportion of the thicknesses appeared to be 1 to 360, while in the sulfate of lime, the number varied from 333 to 395: and it must be observed that any accidental irregularities, or foreign substances adhering to the plate, would tend, in Mr. Biot's mode of measurement, to make the thickness appear greater: while, on the other hand, an error of a single unit in the third place of decimals of the index of refractive density, as determined by Mr. Malus, would be sufficient to make the coincidence perfect: and a greater degree of accuracy can scarcely be expected in experiments of this kind.

We have next to inquire what must be the effect of the obliquity of the incident light according to the general law of periodical colours; and we shall here find the agreement of the experiments with the theory equally striking. We must compare the excesses of the times occupied in the transmission of light by the respective refractions, above the time required for its simple reflection from a point in the upper surface, exactly opposite to the respective point of reflection in the lower; and the difference between these excesses will give the interval required for determining the colour. Calling the thickness unity, and the sine of incidence s , the excess for the ordinary refraction will be represented by the time within the plate, which is as the secant of refraction, diminished by the difference of the times without the plate, which is as its tangent, and as the sine of incidence jointly, (see Ph. Tr. 1802. pl. 1. fig. 3.)

or by $r: \sqrt{(1 - \frac{ss}{rr})} - ss: r\sqrt{(1 - \frac{ss}{rr})} = \sqrt{(r^2 - s^2)}$: and for the extraordinary refraction, when the axis is parallel to the surface, the former part will be inversely as $\frac{2}{s}$, and will be expressed by $r: n\sqrt{(1 - \frac{ss}{rr} \cdot \frac{nn+qq}{1+qq})}$ and the latter by $\frac{ss}{n} \sqrt{\frac{n^2+q^2}{1+qq}}: \sqrt{(r^2 - \frac{nn+qq}{1+qq} s^2)}$

whence the whole becomes $(r^2 - \sqrt{\frac{n^2+q^2}{1+qq}} s^2: n\sqrt{(r^2 - \frac{nn+qq}{1+qq} s^2)})$. Now since, in the substances which we are considering, n is little more than 1, we may put $n=1+l$, $n^2=1+2l$, and $n^4=1+4l$; then

$\sqrt{\frac{n^2+q^2}{1+qq}} = \sqrt{(1 + \frac{4l}{1+qq})} = 1 + \frac{2l}{1+qq}$, which will also be the value of $\frac{nn+qq}{1+qq}$; and if for $\frac{1}{1+qq}$ we write k^2 , the excess will become

$\frac{rr - (1+2kk)ss}{n\sqrt{(rr - (1+2kk)ss)}} = \sqrt{(r^2 - (1+2k^2)s^2)}:n$. Now the difference between

between $\sqrt{(r^2 - s^2)}$ and $\sqrt{(r^2 - (1 + 2k^2 l^2) s^2)}$ is $\frac{k k l s}{\sqrt{(r r - s s)}}$; and the difference between the latter root, and the same quantity divided by n , is $l \sqrt{(r^2 - (1 + 2k^2 l^2) s^2)}$, or very nearly $l \sqrt{(r^2 - s^2)} = l \frac{r r - s s}{\sqrt{(r r - s s)}}$ and the sum of these differences is $l \frac{r r - (1 - k k) s s}{\sqrt{(r r - s s)}}$, or if $1 - k^2 = h^2$, $l \frac{r r - h h s s}{\sqrt{(r r - s s)}}$, h being the cosine of the inclination of the plane of incidence to the axis: nor will the result be sensibly affected by taking into account the deviation of the refracted ray from this plane in oblique situations.

This expression will be found to include all the effects of a change of inclination observed by Mr. Biot, and to agree sufficiently well with the formula which he has deduced from his measurements. When the light falls perpendicularly on the surface, $s = 0$, and the difference becomes $l r$; when its obliquity is the utmost possible, s being 1, the expression becomes $l \frac{r r - h h}{\sqrt{(r r - 1)}}$ and its value varies in the ratio of r^2 to $r^2 - 1$, according to the position of the axis. Thus in the sulfate of lime, r being 1.525, according to Dr. Wollaston's table, the utmost possible variation is in the ratio of 2.326 to 1.326, and the equivalent thickness for perpendicular rays being called 1, the extremes will become .755 and 1.325, instead of .87, and 1.26 or 1.152, which are the results of Mr. Biot's different formulas: and the difference between these is as great as the variation of the first of them from our calculation. With respect to the singular fact of the indifference of the angle of incidence, when the inclination of the plane of incidence to the axis is 45° , our expression agrees exactly with Mr. Biot's observations: for when $h^2 = \frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{r r - \frac{1}{2} s s}{\sqrt{(r r - s s)}} = r$, very nearly: thus if $s = 1$, it only becomes 1.586 instead of 1.525, and does not vary sensibly while s remains small.

In a similar manner the result may be determined for any other relative situations of the axis and the refracting surface: if, for instance, they are perpendicular to each other, $\frac{x}{z}$ being $\sqrt{(1 - n^2 \frac{s s}{r r})}$,

and the tangent of refraction $\frac{n n s}{\sqrt{(r r - n n s s)}}$, the expression for the excess of time becomes $r: \sqrt{(1 - n^2 \frac{s s}{r r})} - \frac{n n s}{\sqrt{(r r - n n s s)}} = \sqrt{(r^2 - n^2 s^2)}$, while the excess for the ordinary refraction is $\sqrt{(r^2 - s^2)}$ as before; and the difference becomes $\frac{l s s}{\sqrt{(r r - s s)}}$, which vanishes with the angle

of incidence, and becomes ultimately $\frac{l}{\sqrt{(r-1)}}$. We cannot help thinking ourselves justified in looking forwards to a perfect coincidence between this formula and the promised experiments of Mr. Biot on substances placed in these circumstances. We understand that Dr. Brewster has lately made some observations of a nature nearly similar; but we doubt whether he has determined the refractive powers of his crystals with sufficient accuracy to allow of the application of our calculations with perfect precision.

A singular confirmation of the mode of explaining the colours of thin plates, which we have adopted, is afforded by the experiments of Mr. Arago, who found that the light forming the transmitted rings appeared to be polarised in the same direction with the reflected light, while the rest of the transmitted light was polarised in a contrary direction. It is a necessary assumption in the theory of periodical colours, that the rings seen by transmission actually depend on light twice reflected within the plate, and which must therefore be polarised like the rest of the reflected light; although, without these experiments of Mr. Arago, it would have been difficult to obtain so direct a demonstration of the fact.

The colours exhibited by thick pieces of rock crystal, cut, as in Mr. Biot's unpublished experiments, perpendicularly to the axis, might be expected to afford some explanation of those which Dr. Seebeck has observed in large cubes or cylinders of glass, placed between two oblique reflecting surfaces, or between two piles composed of thirty pieces of glass each, which produced the effect of complete polarisation on light transmitted at the appropriate angle. If, however, Dr. Seebeck's observations are correct, the analogy can be only superficial; for the effects of these pieces of glass seem to depend on their entire magnitude and outward form, without any particular relation to an axis of extraordinary refraction. Thus in the perpendicular transmission of the polarised light through any points in the diagonals of the surfaces of the cubes, or in the diameters parallel to their sides, the rays of different colours appeared to be differently affected according to the part of the glass on which they fell, and to exhibit one or the other only of the two images, which would have been visible through a piece of doubling spar, if the glass had not been interposed; so that when the whole cube was viewed at once under these circumstances, it afforded an appearance of diversified colours, arranged in very singular forms, which Dr. Seebeck compares to the figures assumed by sand on vibrating pieces of glass, and discovered some time since by Professor Chladni; but which appear to have a still nearer resemblance to those which Compagetti has described, as produced by the admission

mission of a beam of light into a dark room, through apertures of different forms; and we are much inclined to suspect that they depend on the twofold transmission of the light to the eye, perhaps after repeated internal reflections, from the different points in the lateral surfaces of the substances employed. The effects were most conveniently observed in cubes of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch, and better in white than in yellowish glass: in cubes of an inch only, they were indistinct: nor were they produced by fluor spar, rock salt, or by any kind of liquids: they were modified, and sometimes inverted, by the interposition of a plate of mica: and ice acted in a similar manner in depolarising the light transmitted through it. We find in these researches a full confirmation of the experiments which Mr. Malus had made some time before his death, to show, that the polarised light, which falls on a transparent medium at such an angle, as not to be reflected, is transmitted, with no material diminution of its intensity. Dr. Seebeck's language is a little enveloped in the mysticism of the school to which, by some singular caprice of fancy, he has thought proper to attach himself: but we cannot hesitate to believe, that as he continues his examination of the phenomena of nature, he will by degrees be persuaded of the futility of the objections, which Mr. von Goethe has advanced against the Newtonian doctrine of the composition of white light, and of the inaccuracy of the assertions on which some of those objections are grounded.

While the optical philosophers of France and Germany have been engaged in these researches, Dr. Brewster has been very laudably employed, in this country, in experimental investigations relating to the same interesting department of physical science. He has found that the agate, cut by a plane perpendicular to its laminae, transmits one only of the polarised portions of light: that the polarity of light may be destroyed by transmitting it in a certain direction through almost all mineral substances, and through horn, tortoise-shell, and gum-arabic; while in certain other directions its properties remain unaltered, whence he has distinguished, in these substances, different depolarising and neutral axes; and that the light reflected from the oxydated surface of polished steel is so modified, as to prove, in his opinion, that the oxyd is a thin transparent substance. His observations on the colours, sometimes exhibited by crystals of Iceland spar, seem to be identical with those of Martin and Malus.

Dr. Brewster has very ingeniously exercised his inventive powers in the contrivance of a variety of micrometers, goniometers, microscopes, and telescopes, several of which may very possibly be found useful in particular circumstances, although to others there appear to us to be many material objections: but, without referring to the test of experience, it would be of little utility for us to

discuss their particular merits. Some detached remarks, however, we shall take the liberty of submitting to our readers, on passages of the work which appear to require correction. The advantage which Dr. Brewster attributes to the use of a transparent fibre for a micrometer, (p. 71,) is merely imaginary; since, although it is true that the central rays 'suffer no inflexion,' this circumstance affords us no assistance whatever in judging when the rays are actually 'central'; and the light transmitted by such a fibre, whenever the luminous object is in its neighbourhood, could only create confusion. In speaking of a telescope for the measurement of angular positions, Dr. Brewster observes that 'the line, which joins any two stars, forms every possible angle with the horizon in the course of 23 hours and 56 minutes;' (p. 128,) but this is obviously a mistake; for at the poles of the earth the angle would not vary; and in other latitudes only within certain limits. The table of the variation of the focal length of a telescope, (p. 218) is wholly erroneous, from the employment of linear feet and square inches in different parts of the same formula. Dr. Brewster has misunderstood Professor Robison and Mr. Wilson, where they observe, that the focal length of an achromatic telescope must be lengthened, when it is directed to a star towards which the earth is moving, (p. 221): it was not from the different distances of the stars, but from the difference of the relative velocities of light, that they argued, according to the general opinions respecting light, the necessity of the occurrence of such a minute variation. In p. 424—5, the magnifying power is miscalculated, and we must read 4.9 for 5.6.

The most useful part of the whole work appears to be the series of experiments on the refractive powers of fluid and soft substances, performed by interposing them between the object glass of a microscope, and a plane glass nearly in contact with it, and then measuring the joint focal length of the combination. The comparative distances, thus obtained, are exhibited in several extensive tables: but we cannot help feeling some surprise, that the author has not attempted to deduce, from any one of his numbers, the direct refractive power of the substance concerned, as he certainly would have done if he had been aware how easily it might have been accomplished, after a preparatory investigation, dependent on the common laws of dioptrics. From such an investigation we have obtained formulæ for each of the two series of experiments; for the first (pp. 258, 268, 270,) f being the focal length expressed by the number in the table, and r the index of refraction, $r = 1.887 - \frac{1}{8f}$; and for the second, (p. 264) $r = 2.31 - \frac{1.31}{f}$. Thus we obtain for phosphorus 2.125, sulfur 2.008, aloes 1.643, balsam

balsam of Tolu 1.636, oil of cassia 1.625, gusiacum 1.609, and pitch 1.589. Dr. Wollaston's Table gives for phosphorus 1.579, and for pitch 1.53; and there can be no doubt that the accidental presence of some phosphoric acid, and some oil of turpentine, on the surfaces of these substances occasioned an error, in these instances, in Dr. Wollaston's determinations, however excellent his method may be in other cases; for we cannot agree with Dr. Brewster, in thinking that the acknowledged exhibition of the index appropriate to the extreme red ray is an objection to the method. It is remarkable, as our author has justly observed, that the assignment of so high a refractive density to phosphorus restores the inference of Newton, respecting the relation between refractive powers and inflammability, to its original universality and importance.

Dr. Brewster's mode of ascertaining the refractive powers of solids, by immersing them in a mixture of fluids of equal refractive density, is perfectly unobjectionable; and he observes that it is easy to discover, in this manner, the internal flaws and other irregularities of gems, without the labour of polishing any part of their surface. He does not, however, appear to have followed this method in determining the indices of refraction which are contained in his table, (p. 285,) having employed for this purpose 'the same prisms in which the dispersion was corrected,' and probably in the same manner: hence, from an erroneous mode of computation, his numbers are almost uniformly too large: thus we have phosphorus 2.224, sulfur 2.115, carbonate of lime 1.665 and 1.519, oil of cassia 1.641, and guaiacum 1.619, all of which exceed the more accurate determinations which we have already mentioned. In the same manner we find for diamond 2.487 to 2.470, instead of 2.439, the density assigned by Newton; and it is probable that the chromate of lead and realgar, both of which Dr. Brewster finds more dense than the diamond, are also rated somewhat too high at 2.974, 2.503, and 2.549: the former appears to have a double refraction more distinct than any other known substance.

For a similar reason, we can place no dependence whatever on the table of dispersive powers, which is calculated according to a coarse approximation, wholly inapplicable to the circumstances of the experiments. The mode of inclining a prism of a greater density, until it caused the image of a right line, viewed through it and in conjunction with a prism of smaller density, to be colourless, would be a very good one, provided that the apparatus were so arranged, that the rays should be perpendicular to the common surface of the prisms; but even then Dr. Brewster's mode of calculation would be only applicable to prisms with very small re-

fracting angles. In the only experiment which is related with precision (p. 306), the result implies an impossibility: for if we trace a ray of light through its intricate progress from the water to the glass, the angle of incidence upon the last surface will come out $41^{\circ} 5'$, while the utmost obliquity, at which it could have been transmitted is $36^{\circ} 14'$, consequently the index of refraction assigned to the prism, 1.616, must be extremely erroneous, if the angular measurements were correct. And since various errors of this kind may have affected the different results in different degrees, we cannot depend on the tables, even for the order of the different dispersive powers.

Dr. Brewster appears, however, to have been more successful in confirming and extending the observations of Dr. Blair on the different proportions in which the prismatic spectrum is divided, according to the diversity of the substances which afford it. He has shown very clearly, both from theory and by experiment, that the violet rays must be proportionally more expanded by a prism with a large angle than by a smaller one of the same substance; while he has found, on the other hand, that a smaller prism of a more dispersive substance almost always expands the violet rays more than a larger prism of a less dispersive substance; and that when two such prisms are combined, they exhibit a green fringe in the usual place of the red, and a 'wine coloured' fringe in that of the violet. The substances most expansive of the violet are oil of cassia and sulfur; the least expansive, sulfuric acid and water, although water has not quite so low a dispersive power as fluor spar. It seems to follow from Dr. Brewster's estimate, that the proportions of 2 red, 3 green, 4 blue, and 3 violet, which are nearly those of Dr. Wollaston's determination, are changed, when sulfuric acid is employed, at least as much as to 4 red, 3 green, 3 blue, and 2 violet; but we feel great difficulty in believing that so great a variation as this could have escaped the notice of any attentive observer. We have no doubt, however, that if Dr. Brewster continues to pursue his ingenious investigations, he will by degrees acquire a habit of introducing greater accuracy into his measurements, and what is of still more importance, more mathematical neatness into his calculations; and, with these improvements, we doubt not that his future labours may be productive of material benefit to those departments of physical science which have engaged his attention.

ART. IV. *Letters on the Nicobar Islands.* 8vo. pp. 64. London. 1813.

THIS little book is another proof of the zeal with which the Moravian missionaries have laboured in the vineyard; even when their benevolent exertions have produced no other fruit, they have contributed to our knowledge of remote countries and savage tribes.

The Nicobar islands are a small cluster situated at the entrance of the Bay of Bengal. Navarrete says that there is a spring in one of them which gilds iron, copper, and wood; but he knew not whether the gilding were permanent. If this account have any foundation in truth, it seems to indicate good copper mines. Such a report was easily improved. The Portuguese assured Gemelli Carreri, that this water had the property of transmuting iron into gold; and that the Dutch, ambitious of possessing a country where nature thus effected what the alchemists of Europe had so long laboured in vain to discover, endeavoured to conquer it; but lost about eight hundred men in the attempt. If the Dutch made such an attempt they have not recorded it; at least we have sought in vain for any notice of it in the great historian of their exploits and discoveries in the east. Long since the days of Jason and the golden fleece, wilder expeditions have been undertaken. Juan Ponce de Leon, the discoverer of Florida, sent a ship in search of the island of Bimini, where the Spanish conquerors as well as the Indians firmly believed there was a fountain which possessed the virtue of Medea's kettle, and restored to youth whoever bathed in it. The Indians of Cuba made a voyage to Florida, in quest of a river of the same marvellous quality. But the most remarkable of all voyages of discovery was that which the kings of the Maldives repeatedly undertook to a certain island called Pollovoys, for the purpose of attempting its conquest from no less a personage than the devil; not metaphorically, by a spiritual warfare like that of the missionaries: they believed that the devil was in actual possession of the island; and they sent an expedition of conjurors to propose terms to him, and negotiate for a cession on his part.

There may have been another motive for the Dutch expedition, if it were really made. The two largest islands Nancawery (from which the whole group is sometimes denominated) and Comarty form a harbour which is sheltered to the westward by the island of Katsoll, and to the east by Trikut, a long, narrow, flat island, abounding with cocoa-trees. Both entrances have a clear deep channel, through which the largest ships may pass, both with a N. E. and S. W. monsoon; the harbour is capacious and excellent;

lent; Mr. Fontana says it is one of the safest in India. Ships may ride there in perfect security about half a mile from shore, sheltered from all winds. This natural advantage did not however induce the Dutch to make a second attempt, and the next adventurers who tried their fortune in the Nicobars, were of a very different character. In 1711, P. Faure, a Jesuit, and P. Bannet his companion, were landed here with a sack of rice, and their religious utensils in a little box. As soon as they were set on shore they knelt and prayed, and kissed the earth, *pour en prendre possession au nom de Jesus Christ*, says the editor of the *Lettres Edifiantes*.

In 1756, the Danes from Tranquebar attempted to form a commercial settlement here, and in that spirit of gratuitous innovation, of which geographers so often have cause to complain, they new named the group, after the reigning king, the Frederic Islands; and Kar-Nicobar, on which their settlement was placed, New Denmark. The court of Copenhagen was at that time distinguished by a spirit of literary and religious zeal; and the Ordinary of the Moravians (or United Brethren as they call themselves) was officially informed that it would give the king singular pleasure if some brothers would settle on these islands, and endeavour to bring the inhabitants to the knowledge of Christ. The invitation was readily accepted by a society of whom it may truly be said, that they possess the zeal of the Jesuits, unalloyed by any worldly motives. While they were preparing to send out their colony, tidings arrived that the settlement had been given up, almost all the colonists having fallen victims to the climate. Disheartening as this was, the brethren informed the government that they were still willing to undertake the mission, but that as it would be neither advisable nor sensible to settle a colony in so distant and wild a country immediately from Europe, it was necessary that they should previously have an establishment at Tranquebar, in order to support the mission in the islands from thence. There were no persons in Denmark who thought that the Hindoos might as well worship Jagannaut as Christ, and that christianity was not calculated for the latitude of India: the Danish Asiatic Company therefore granted them a settlement, with permission to preach the gospel to the heathen, and to embody them into the christian church by baptism; according to the laudable example of their brethren in Greenland and the West Indies.

The colony arrived at Tranquebar in 1760, carrying with it those orderly and industrious habits which have made the Moravians respected wherever they are known. Their artificers and their physician found abundant employment; they cultivated the land with success, and excited much surprise by planting a vineyard. Such indeed

indeed was the good repute which they obtained while waiting there for an opportunity to begin their settlement in the Nicobars, that their historian Crantz assures us the English governor of Bengal wished them to form an establishment at Chatigan on the Ganges, but they did not think it right to change their original purpose. In 1768, the Danish government made a second attempt at settling in the islands; six brethren accompanied the establishment, and fixed their residence in Nancauwery. The same deadly climate which had frustrated the former attempt, proved fatal to this. The servants and soldiers of the company died so fast that, in the year 1771, two Europeans and four Malabars were all who survived. The missionaries had not suffered in equal proportion; their temperance probably rendered them less susceptible of the diseases of the country, yet they lost a third of their number. The commercial settlement was now, as might be expected, finally abandoned, but the brethren persevered under the most difficult and disheartening circumstances. They were even dependent for subsistence upon supplies from Tranquebar. An Englishman, by name Holford, who resided in that city, rendered the Moravians the most essential service, by joining them for several years in chartering a small vessel, which carried out necessities for the mission, and returned with produce; the sale whereof however fell far short of the expenses of the outfit. A French privateer searched one of their ships; a few old English newspapers were found in a trunk belonging to an English gentleman on board, who had escaped from Hyder-ally,—and this, says M. Haensel, was pretence sufficient for a Frenchman to seize upon a neutral Danish vessel! It reduced the missionaries to the greatest immediate distress, nor were they ever able to obtain restitution. The mission was continued till 1787; the expense of life and money which it required was then properly thought too great to be afforded longer; and its only fruits are to be found in the little book before us,—the recollections of the last surviving missionary, John Gottfried Haensel. We are indebted for it to the venerable Mr. Latrobe, to whom literature, as well as his own community, is beholden for many and useful services. In consequence of the inquiries of Mr. Wilberforce concerning the mission, he prevailed on Mr. Haensel to embody and preserve the knowledge which had been so dearly purchased; and this translation of Mr. Haensel's original letters is his work. By combining the information here contained with that which other writers have communicated, a connected view may be given of the state of these islands.

The fullest accounts are those which have been given by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Fontana, and Lieutenant Colebrooke, in the Asiatic Researches. There is little to be found in earlier writers, and that
little

little at first sight seems fabulous. Navarrete describes the natives as almost black, with red hair, which he naturally observes is very remarkable, *es cosa bien particular*; and he adds that they are cannibals. The present race of inhabitants are certainly among the gentlest and most humane of all savage tribes, yet his account is perhaps not so erroneous as it appears.

The Andaman islands, the nearest group to the Nicobars, are inhabited by a fierce and intractable race of black cannibals, from whose coast no shipwrecked mariner has ever returned. They are said to be descended from some Mozambique negroes, wrecked there in a Portuguese ship early in the sixteenth century. If this account of their origin be authentic, they may have acquired the habit of eating human flesh as they fell into wilder habits of life; or they may have brought it with them, if any of them, which would be not unlikely, belonged to the execrable hordes of the Gingas. Lieutenant Colebrooke* however questions the authenticity of the tradition, not having been able to discover in what early author it is noticed. The colour and the woolly hair of the Andaman islanders may refer as probably to an Australasian as to an African origin. The natives of Papua are black, and woolly-haired, and both Sonnini and Rochon tell us that they use a powder which makes the hair appear of a fiery red. Now the cannibal race in the Nicobars may easily be believed to have come from the nearest group, and if they retained the customs and fashions of their ancestors, upon this supposition, Navarrete's account would be as true in all its parts, as it appears erroneous. At present the inhabitants of the two groups are hostile to each other, and Captain Hamilton tells us that in his time, (the end of the seventeenth century,) the fiercer tribe used annually to invade their neighbours. One singular custom seems to imply a connection between them at some former time: both preserve the skulls of wild boars in their houses; Mr. Fontana says that in the Nicobars they form the most valuable article of furniture, and Lieutenant Colebrooke observes that the Andamaners suspend them from the roofs. This custom, for which no reason is assigned, must originate in some superstition, and that superstition must have been common to both people.

The Nicobars are said by Mr. Hamilton to have been peopled from Pegu; persons, he says, who are acquainted with both languages, recognize a great resemblance. Dr. Leyden could perceive little or no connection in the short vocabulary which Mr. Fontana has given; but he did not notice Mr. Hamilton's observation, that the words are pronounced with a kind of stop or catch in the throat, at every syllable. This, which the traveller considers

* Asiatic Researches, vol. iv. 8vo edition, p. 405.

to be a mode of syllabic speaking, (like the *syllabic reading* of the Madras schools,) seems rather to imply that the language is monosyllabic, and the people, according to Dr. Leyden's classification, of Indo-Chinese race. The proof therefore of their extraction from Pegu, may perhaps be in their language, though certainly there is nothing in their manners to support it. The Moravians made little progress in the native tongue, and communicate nothing concerning it. Mr. Haensel complains not of the usual difficulty, that confluent pronunciation which all persons perceive in a language, with which they are imperfectly acquainted, and which renders it so arduous a task to analyse a savage dialect into its constituent parts,—but that the people were too lazy to talk, and too fond of betel to articulate: words they seemed to think a troublesome effort, where a sign could answer the purpose, and when they spoke, the betel rendered their speech so indistinct, that one sputtering sound could scarcely be distinguished from another. The necessity of acquiring the native tongue was less urgent, because the corrupt Portuguese which passes current in India, was understood there. Mr. Hamilton accounts for this by the frequent intercourse of the islanders with the Portuguese; but during the last hundred and fifty years they must have had more intercourse with Dutch, English, French, and Danes; and the language of the first European conquerors in India has more probably remained there since the sixteenth century, when the Portuguese traded with many countries, which have since that time been neglected. No other traces of their intercourse remain. The natives indeed seem rather to be retrograde than progressive. They had acquired a little skill in pottery, one of the first arts which savages attain, but some chance maladies carried off several of the persons who were thus employed, and the manufacture was immediately given up as unlucky. Some of their customs also tend to reduce them to a more savage state than that in which they exist at present. Every moveable thing, living or dead, which a man possessed, is buried with him. 'In one view,' says Mr. Hamilton, 'this is an excellent custom, seeing it prevents all disputes about the property of the deceased among his relations: but a few broken heads would be a less evil than this continual destruction of property and live stock. Some law of succession is coeval with property, and the practice originates in superstition, not in any design of preventing quarrels. A cocoa tree also is cut down for every person that dies, instead of being planted for every child that is born! Like most savages, they strive to forget the dead, and therefore destroy what has belonged to them; the name of the deceased is never mentioned, even if it be repeatedly asked: all memory of their ancestors is thus precluded, and tradition can scarcely exist among them.

These

These superstitions are unfavourable to every improvement. It is among the priests that civilization must always begin, unless it be superinduced by conquerors or missionaries; so long therefore as the priests are mere knaves and jugglers, so long must the people continue savages. One writer says of these islanders, that they have no notion of a God, but that they believe firmly in the devil, and worship him from fear. They believe in a superior being for whom they have no name, simply using the word *Knallen*, which signifies above, or on high;—they believe that this being is good and will not hurt them, but wherein his goodness consists, says Mr. Haensel, they neither have, nor seem to wish to have, any understanding, nor ever trouble themselves about him. When the missionaries endeavoured to convince them of their sinfulness and the necessity of redemption, they were opposed by a singular opinion; the islanders insisted that they were good by nature, and never did any thing wrong; and for the truth of this latter assertion they appealed confidently to the missionaries themselves. It was founded upon a notion which reconciled this complacent belief in their own original goodness with any crimes they might think proper to commit. The world, they affirm, was not made by him who is above, but by the Eewee, whom the missionaries readily identify with Satan; and whenever any thing wrong is committed by them, they charge it upon the Eewee, and acquit themselves as being mere, and therefore irresponsible, agents.

All diseases which baffle their modes of cure are accounted for by possession. Exorcism of course becomes the remedy,—and instead of laying the devil in the Red Sea, they put him afloat upon a little raft decorated for that purpose, tow him out to sea and turn him adrift, in the belief that if he be not driven on shore within three days, he must die: but as it is perfectly well understood that wherever he lands he will continue his practices, the inhabitants of that part of the coast where the raft happens to be stranded, resent the unwelcome importation by sending a challenge to the village from whence the devil was shipped off. A day of battle is appointed, and by a whimsical arrangement, this battle serves to compound all private quarrels, and terminates litigation more effectually than a court of law. Champions are chosen on both sides to belabour each other upon the affair of the devil, and notice is given that all who wish to have their disputes settled, may take this opportunity. The causes usually to be decided are cases of theft, crim. con. and such other offences as occur among a rude, but not a ferocious people. The business is conducted with due solemnity; the captains or foremen of all the neighbouring villages are present, and inspect the long sticks, which are the only weapons used in their judicial combats. One combat

at a time is decided; the two champions if it be the devil's affair, or the plaintiff and defendant in a private plea, enter the lists, and lay on upon each other's back and head, till one of them cries 'hold, enough!'—in this manner all parties get well thrashed, he who gives in is cast in his suit, and Mr. Haensel assures us that peace is restored, all being perfectly satisfied with the justice of the decision. Satisfied they may be that it is without appeal, but the injured man who is beaten, and believes the decision to be judicial, must in strict reasoning ascribe it to the Eewee; and the worst effect which results from this cudgel-work is, that it must confirm the opinion that the affairs of this world are governed by a capricious or evil being.

Of their other superstitions little is known. Mr. Fontana observed that at the change of the moon they decorate their hats with palm branches and festoons made of slips of plantain leaves; their persons are ornamented in the same manner, and the day is spent in singing, dancing, and drunkenness. This indicates a kind of lunar worship, which indeed the old Jesuit missionaries expressly impute to them. During an eclipse, they beat all their gongs with the utmost violence, and hurl their spears into the air, to frighten away the demon who is devouring the celestial body: no superstitious notion seems to be so widely prevalent as this; it is found among the savages of America and Africa, as well as in Asia, and wherever it exists, the same practice accompanies it.

The most hideous of their ceremonies is an annual feast of the dead. They dig the skulls out of all the graves, a stake being planted in each exactly over the head of the corpse, to show where it lies; this office is performed by the women who are nearest of kin to the deceased: they scrape off the flesh if it be not consumed, wash the bones with the milk of fresh cocoa nuts, and rub them with saffron; they then wrap the skull in new cloth, replace it in the grave, and replant the stake, which is hung with trappings in honour of the dead. The whole night is spent in these horrid rites; in the morning they sacrifice hogs, and smear themselves with the blood, and some among them eat the flesh raw. A more loathsome feast of the dead is celebrated among some of the North American tribes, and a more dreadful ceremony of 'watering the graves' among the atrocious barbarians of western Africa. Their jugglers are called *paters*, an appellation manifestly borrowed from the Portuguese missionaries. They are knaves, who, being as expert in slight-of-hand as the performers in India, make a more profitable exhibition by acting as physicians, and professing that their art is miraculous. This kind of roguery leads to the deepest guilt. When their common mummery fails, which necessarily happens whenever the disease is too violent to be cured

cured by imagination, the juggler, to save his own credit, protests that some person has by witchcraft sucked all the power of healing out of the patient's body. His next business is to discover the culprit, and woe be to those who have offended him, for the wretch upon whom he thinks proper to fix, is without farther inquiry put to death!

This is the only case in which the Nicobarmen discover any trace of ferocity. It is not indeed without some share of reason that they say they are good by nature, for a better-natured or more inoffensive people are no where to be found. The Moravians say of them that they were always ready to do a kind action to their friends, and that their dispositions were generally gentle, except when jealousy, or other provocations roused them, and then the Danish soldiers experienced that they knew how to revenge themselves. The missionaries found them uniformly peaceable, generous, and affectionate.

'We used,' says Mr. Haensel, 'to buy of them what we wanted, and pay with tobacco, the common medium. Even when they had nothing to sell they would come and fetch their portion of tobacco, which we never refused them as long as we had any, till by the non-arrival of the ship we were left entirely without it. We therefore told the captain of the village, that as we had no more tobacco the people need not bring us any more provisions, for we had nothing to give in exchange. The captain did as we desired, yet on the very next day we were supplied more plentifully than ever with the things we wanted. They would not even wait for pay, but hung up their fruit and meat about the house and went away. We called after them and told them how we were situated. Their answer was, when you had plenty of tobacco you gave us as much as you could spare; now though you have got no more of it, we have provisions enough, and you shall have as much as you want, as long as we have any, till you get more tobacco. This promise they most faithfully performed.'

Nothing can be more simple than their state of society, which indeed differs only in the slightest possible degree from perfect savage independence. No person acknowledges any controul; there are however in every village men who claim the rank of captain or *omjah*, as being cleverer than their neighbours, and one of them is acknowledged as the *omjah karu*, or great master of the house. The only privilege which this confers is, that when a ship arrives he is entitled to go first on board, and make the bargain if they have any thing to barter. They are commonly good-natured men, disposed to make and preserve peace among the common people; and it is a remarkable proof of the peaceable disposition of these islanders, and of their docility, that rank among them, such as it is, is yielded to intellectual and not to bodily powers. Mr. Fontana asserts that there are *casts* among the natives; no other writer hints

at this, and though the silence of many can rarely be allowed to weigh against the testimony of one, the existence of such an institution appears altogether inconsistent with the rudeness, poverty, and scanty population of the Nicobars. Adultery, according to this gentleman, where it involves breach of cast, is punished in the women by repudiation and infamy, and sometimes with death; but it is common for men of the same cast to exchange wives for a time, and the accommodation is legalized by the ceremony of giving a leaf of tobacco in public. It is remarkable that there should be any punishment for this crime where marriage is dissolved whenever the parties think proper, and where those dissolute manners prevail which plenty and idleness never fail to produce. In consequence of that dissoluteness the men are short-lived, few are to be seen above fifty. The women live much longer; but one who bears three children is esteemed fruitful. This cannot be accounted for by the hardships which they endure, for though, as is too often the case among savages, they are the only cultivators of the ground, little cultivation is required in a country where the cocoa tree grows, and which has a bread-fruit. The natives call the tree which produces this food *leram*, the Portuguese *mellori*; it is described and well represented in the third volume of the Asiatic Researches. Four of the plants had been brought from Nicobar, and seemed at that time to be flourishing in the Company's botanical garden at Calcutta. 'A fruit,' says Sir William Jones, 'weighing twenty or thirty pounds, and containing a farinaceous substance both palatable and nutritive in a high degree, would perhaps, if it were common in these provinces, forever secure the natives of them from famine.'

The villages are small, generally built upon the beach, and consisting of some fifteen or twenty houses of that construction which is common in the Malay countries. They are raised six feet or more from the ground upon pillars; this mode of building must have originated in a swampy country, or one liable to inundations. It has the advantage of keeping the houses free from rats and snakes; the more effectually to guard against these visitors, the pillars are bound round with a smooth leaf, and should they succeed in mounting this, their further progress is stopt by a broad piece of wood near the top. The houses are round, and have the appearance of Brobdignag beehives. They are spacious, and generally contain more than one family, all herded together; parents and children, guests, young and old, lying naked on the floor, with nothing under them but a *helfat*, the leaf of a species of palm. Wherever savages are thus gregarious, habits of early debauchery inevitably arise. The flooring, which is usually made of split bamboos, is open enough for the admission of light and air; and in those

bays and inlets which are sheltered from the surf, they build near the margin of the water that the tide may flow under it, and wash away the filth of the household which collects below. These villages, placed in thick cocoa groves, are seldom seen at a distance. Poles therefore of a great height are planted in front of them a little way in the water, and hung like may-poles, with tufts of grass, or strips of bark, to serve as landmarks for the fishermen. A high pole which is erected in every village with long pendants of ground rattans, and which has the reputation of serving as a scare-devil, may perhaps be intended also for this wiser purpose.

The men wear no other clothing than a narrow piece of cloth about three yards long, which is wrapt twice round the waist, and being past between the legs, and through the girth behind, drags after them. These are the tails which Kioping saw, which Linnæus was inclined too readily to believe, and for which, in becoming deference to his opinion, Mr. Fontana sought in vain, not being able, he assures us, in all his examinations to discover 'any sort of projection whatever on the os coccygis of either sex!' This cloth is drawn so tightly between the legs as to produce a degree of compression there, which is supposed to be the principal cause of the infecundity of the inhabitants. When they visit strangers they put on hats and old clothes which Europeans have given, and in which they fancy themselves as fine as any King Tom of the gold coast in a lace coat from Monmouth-street. The women where the missionaries dwelt, wore a sort of cloth apron, which was commonly blue, about a foot wide, and hardly reaching to the knees. But Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Fontana describe a sort of fleecy petticoat made of rushes or grass, or the threads of the cocoa bark, hanging like a thatch. De Bry has represented a similar covering among his prints of the Floridan tribes, but he has disposed it more in the costume of an opera dancer than of a savage. They are an ugly race; their eyes small and obliquely cut, with a yellowish hue over the white, their ears large, probably lengthened by art, for the purpose of ornamenting them with holes in the lobes large enough to admit a man's thumb. They improve nature with equal taste by flattening the occiput of their infants, in order that the hair may remain close to the head, and the upper fore teeth be as prominent as possible. With all this propensity to deform themselves, they have not the fashion of disfiguring themselves with any kind of paint, and have a pleasure in personal cleanliness, priding themselves upon their fine skin.

The mellory, which nature has provided for them without any care of their own, is their chief article of food. They have also abundance of good fruit, and several good roots. Shell-fish abound upon their shores; and they allure other species into shallow water with

with burning straw, and then harpoon them with great dexterity; of course their fishing is always performed at night, and for this purpose every household generally possesses two or three boats. Mr. Hamilton asserts that all their domestic animals are fed upon cocoa nuts and *sea water*, and that upon this diet their hogs become remarkably fat. He says also that the people themselves never drink water; a fact which would delight Dr. Lambe and his anti-aquatic disciples, if the reason for this singularity were not more in the spirit of the Highgate oath than of his philosophy; they like the milk of the cocoa nut better, and the fermented liquor which they make from the tree, best of all. This they render more intoxicating by sucking it slowly through a straw, thus, as Count Rumford would say, prolonging the pleasure of drinking. After their meals, the young people rise up and dance, and the old form a circle round them smoking tobacco and drinking their *soura*. The dancers are tricked out with leafy ornaments, and keep time to their own singing. Mr. Fontana describes the dance as slow, heavy, and inanimate; men and women form a circle by putting their hands on each other's shoulders, and they then move slowly backward and forward, inclining sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left. This motion is accompanied by a plaintive monotonous tune; their mournful low voices, he says, are in perfect unison with the motion of their bodies; they have no instrument, and the whole of their music consists of a few notes. But Mr. Hamilton, whose remarks were made in Kar-Nicobar, found the people more musical, and says that their tunes are far from wanting harmony. There they have the simplest of all stringed instruments, a hollow bamboo nearly a yard in length, and three inches in diameter; a single string, made of the fibres of a split cane, is stretched along the outside from end to end, and the place under it is hollowed a little to prevent it from touching. It is used like a guitar, and limited as its compass must needs be, the writer says that the performer makes it speak harmoniously.

The finest and most valued shells are found upon these shores. Ambergris also is found there, and amber, according to Duarte Barbosa, the original of whose valuable work, after having been lost nearly three centuries, has lately been brought to light by the Royal Academy of Lisbon. The mission was in great part supported by the sale of shells, and such other specimens of natural history as the islands produced. This was at one time the peculiar business of Mr. Haensel, and though he was no naturalist, his recollections upon these subjects are the most interesting part of his book. It often happened when he was on his excursions that he was benighted at some distance from his home; upon such occasions he used to make a hole in the fine white sand of which the

beach consists, and which above high water mark is perfectly clean and dry; in this he laid himself, and heaping part of what he threw out as a pillow for his head, and collecting the rest over him, buried himself in it up to the neck; 'many a comfortable night's rest,' says he, 'have I had in these sepulchral dormitories, when the nights were clear and dry.' His dog lay across his body ready to give the alarm, but there was no danger; there are no ravenous beasts on these islands, and the crocodiles and kaymans never haunt the open coast.

Crocodiles are very numerous wherever there are fresh water lakes and streams. They are of two kinds—the black kayman, and the proper crocodile: it is to be regretted that Mr. Haensel was not naturalist enough to describe the distinction; the former, which is the smaller, is fierce and rapacious; the latter is said never to attack any living creatures, but only to devour carrion; and of the truth of this opinion the missionary was convinced by ocular proof. He was walking along the coast at Queda, looking at a number of children who were sporting in the water, when he saw a large crocodile proceeding toward them from a creek, and screaming at the sight, made signs to some Chinese to go to their assistance. The Chinamen laughed at his fears, and he presently saw the crocodile playing about among the children while they diverted themselves by pretending to drive him away. Certain it is that in India now, as in Egypt formerly, the crocodile is tamed. Is it that this formidable creature, like other animals of sluggish strength, may be so familiarized to man that it may safely be trusted? or is there, according to the opinion of the natives, and indeed as seems more probable, a distinct species, whose instinct is to prey upon carrion alone?

The Danes introduced horned cattle, which, after the colony was abandoned, ran wild in the woods, and multiplied prodigiously. The cat, which is called cochin, seems, by its name, to indicate from whence it was imported. The plague of serpents is lessened by the custom of setting fire to the long grass on the mountains twice or thrice a year, by which many of these reptiles and more of their eggs are destroyed. They are, however, numerous and deadly. M. Haensel notices one as singularly shaped: it is green, with a broad head and mouth like a frog; the eyes very red, and the bite so venomous that he saw a woman die within half an hour after receiving the wound. He himself recovered in a remarkable manner from the bite of a short black serpent, with a white streak down its back, dividing the body longitudinally. The reptile, which was a young one, was attempting to get through the key hole when he opened the door, and was twice bitten by it without discovering by what the wound was inflicted; but the sensation

sation was that of a sudden pricking, and a violent electrical shock as if he were split asunder; and from this sensation, rather than from its appearance, he conceives that the creature is called the split-snake. He immediately sucked the wound till no more blood could be drawn from it, then bound it up with spirits of turpentine: it swelled and became very painful during the night, but no worse consequences followed. The bite of this snake is usually fatal: as the creature was so wounded by turning the lock that it was found dead there the next morning, it might possibly make a slighter wound than usual, but the missionary's recovery is probably owing to his having sucked it immediately. In some parts of Brazil the inhabitants are firmly persuaded that the bite of their most dangerous serpents may be cured, if the wound is instantly sucked by a person who has his mouth half full of tobacco: it is to be sucked with great force, and for a considerable time, and the tobacco is then laid on the orifice.* Mr. Haensel collected above eighty different species of serpents in these islands, and had acquired much dexterity in catching them. Being well booted to protect his legs, he used to provoke the snake, offer his hat when the reptile was coiled ready to strike, and then by a sudden jerk disarm it of its fangs as soon as they were fixed. But great care is requisite in refixing these fangs when preparing the snake as a specimen: even long after their death the consequences of a scratch are dreadful, and sometimes fatal; many instances of which came under his own observation. A red scorpion is found here much larger than the common species, and said to be extremely venomous.

The Nicobar bats are perfect harpies. The body is as big as that of a common cat, and the outstretched wings measure from five to six feet across the back. They are of two kinds—the head of one somewhat resembling a dog, and that of the other a cat, and Mr. Haensel says that the one makes a barking, and the other a mewling noise when upon the wing. The mango is their favourite food, and they perch awkwardly upon the tree, breaking down the smaller branches till they light upon such as are able to bear their

* The most remarkable case of the bite of a snake being successfully treated is in the eleventh volume of the *Asiatic Researches*; for the patient being a medical man was enabled scientifically to observe and reason upon his own sensations. He took the *Spiritus Ammoniac Compositus* in much larger and more frequent doses than he would have ventured to prescribe for any other person in a similar situation; a teaspoonfull at a time in a Madeira glassfull of water, till he had taken thirteen spoonfull, or a wine-glassfull of the medicine. Latterly it seemed to burn his throat as he swallowed, but he could scarcely perceive the taste of the first dose, so totally gone was the nervous sensibility of the palate. The bite of this snake excited a violent action of the heart and arteries, and would soon have produced death by the consequent debility if it had not been counteracted by this powerful stimulus. We have mentioned this case because this journal may fall into the hands of many who have not seen it recorded elsewhere, and a fact of this importance cannot be too generally known.

weight. These hideous animals seem, like their kindred in Madagascar, to live wholly on vegetables. It is a curious discovery that the vampire of South America should have been formed to subsist in the same manner, and that that appetite for blood which renders it destructive to cattle, and even dangerous to man himself, should be an acquired habit! Sir Everard Home, in examining the stomach of one of these creatures, found that it had no resemblance to the stomach of the common bat, which is carnivorous; it was filled with the stamina of the flowers of the eugenea in so perfect a state, that botanists could ascertain the plant to which they belonged.

The parrots of these islands, according to P. Faure, were in great request in India, because they were thought to speak more distinctly than any others; a superiority as imaginary as that of the Ceylon elephants, which was said to be acknowledged by all the elephants of the continent! The *Hirundo edulis*, or Hinlane, as the natives call it, is found here, and its nests, the well known dainty of the Chinese, are the only produce of the Nicobars, for which there is a constant demand. Mr. Haensel dealt so largely in this article, (having sometimes, in one excursion, collected fifty pound weight, or above 2000 nests,) that he had ample opportunities of observing for what use the birds designed them, and of endeavouring to ascertain from what substance they were made. The legs of these birds are so short that if they once settle on the ground they are unable to rise, and they build their nests not only for the purpose of laying their eggs in them, but for resting places from whence they may take wing: they are therefore of two sorts—the hen building the house, and the cock fixing a smaller one of ruder construction close to it for the perching place. That formation which makes such a provision necessary, renders it impossible that they can obtain their materials on the coast or from rocks in the sea as has been supposed. Mr. Haensel has often caught them as they lay helpless on the ground, and when he threw them up into the air they readily took flight. It is his opinion that they make their nests from the gum of a peculiar tree called the Nicobar cedar, the fruit of which discharges a resinous fluid; for he has seen innumerable flocks of these little birds fluttering about these trees when bearing fruit, like bees around a shrub in full flower.

No mention is made of any plague of insects; there is probably, therefore, little or no stagnant water, and the insalubrity of the climate is ascribed to the closeness of the woods, with which hills and vallies are overrun. They are in many places so closely interwoven with rattan and bush-ropes that they seem to be spun together, and the light of the sun never penetrates them. Most of the trees and plants bear fruit—the fruit falls and rots, and thus the very bounty of nature, which, with an active and ull population, would

would render these islands truly fortunate, becomes injurious to savages, who suffer the productions of the earth, as well as their own moral and intellectual faculties, to run waste. Thus it is that wherever moral evil is found, physical evil, in some form or other, is at once its consequence and punishment. Even the natives suffer from a climate which this cause, and this alone, renders unhealthy: but to the missionaries it was peculiarly destructive; malignant fevers and liver complaints were produced by it, the effects of which generally proved fatal, and always continued through life. Eleven missionaries were buried in Nancauwery, and thirteen died shortly after their return to Tranquebar.

To these fatal effects of the climate, Mr. Haensel chiefly attributes the failure of the mission—most of the missionaries were carried off by it before they could learn the language, or just when they had got so far that they were able to speak to the natives in their own tongue. This rendered the difficulty of attaining the language insuperable, and without that attainment it was impossible to make any progress in the work of conversion. Upon this subject this humble Moravian speaks with a sincerity, which forms a striking contrast to the *edifying* parts of the *Lettres Edifiantes*.

‘I cannot help observing,’ he says, ‘that when we speak of the total failure of our endeavours, we have cause, in a great degree, to blame ourselves. For my part I must confess with humble shame that I soon lost my faith and courage, brotherly love having ceased to prevail amongst us. It is true our trials were great, and the prospect most gloomy; but we have seen in other instances what the Lord can do, by removing obstacles, and giving strength to his servants, if they are one in spirit, pray and live together in unity, and prefer each other in love. This was too much wanting during the latter part of our abode.’

In another place he says:—

‘Oh how many thousand tears have I shed during that period of distress and trouble! I will not affirm that they were *all* of that kind which I might with David pray the Lord “to put into his bottle” and ask “are they not in thy book;” for I was not yet fully acquainted with the ways of God with this people, and had not yet a heart wholly resigned to all his dealing. Oftentimes self-will, unbelief, and repining at our hard lot, was mixed with our complaints and cries unto him. Do not therefore think them so very pure and deserving of pity as they may seem. Thus much however I can truly say, that amidst it all, our Saviour was the object of our hearts desire, and he beheld us with long-suffering and compassion.’

Mr. Haensel was at length sent from Tranquebar to bring away the last surviving missionary, and break up the establishment.

‘Words,’ he says, ‘cannot express the painful sensations which crowded into my mind while I was executing this task, and making a final conclusion of the labours of the brethren in the Nicobar islands.

I remembered the numberless prayers, tears and sighs, offered up by so many servants of Jesus, and by our congregations in Europe, for the conversion of the poor heathen here; and when I beheld our burying ground where eleven of my brethren had their resting place, as seed sown in a barren land, I burst into tears and exclaimed, Surely all this cannot have been done in vain! Often had I visited this place, and sat down and wept at their graves!

His farewell to the inhabitants was very affecting; they wept and howled for grief, and begged that the brethren might soon return.

No sect was ever more calumniated than that of the Moravians when Count Zinzendorf brought them into public notice; and it must be admitted, that the language of their hymns gave ample occasion for disgust and scandal. Like other sects they have outgrown their follies, and outlived the calumnies consequent upon them; and certain it is that no community in proportion to its numbers and means has ever made such persevering and successful exertion for spreading the gospel. Wherever men are most ignorant, most brutalized, most wretched, there they have gone to teach them the first and most essential of the arts of civilized life, and to offer them the hopes and the consolations of christianity. They have thus effected the conversion of the Greenlanders; they are labouring among the Esquimaux; the North American Indians; the negro slaves in the sugar islands and in Dutch Guiana; and the Hottentots. The annual expenditure of these missions, beyond what the establishments furnish to their own support, is about £8000, and hitherto it has been wholly as well as cheerfully supported by a community which is neither numerous nor opulent, but most meritoriously industrious and frugal. But they have shared in the general ruin which the insatiable ambition of one individual has brought upon the whole continent of Europe. Their settlements in Germany have been exhausted by repeated requisitions, and that at Moscow plundered by the French and burnt; all its members being at once literally made beggars. In this state of things they have for the first time appealed to the benevolence of other christian communities, to assist them in discharging a debt of £4000, at which they estimate the deficit of the year, occasioned by these circumstances.—We offer no apology for concluding with this statement, feeling it an act of duty to make it as public as possible.

ART. V. *The Letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton; with a Supplement of Interesting Letters, by distinguished Personages.* 2 vols. 8vo. Lovewell and Co. London. 1814.

IT is with great regret that we undertake to give our readers some account of these volumes.

The only cloud which has obscured the bright fame of the immortal Nelson was generated in the fatal atmosphere of Naples.—His public honour and his private faith have been sullied by, to say no worse of it, a foible, of which these volumes are a fresh, and we must add, a shameless record.

In what we have to say, we shall not follow the example which we reprobate, nor contribute to spread the poison which, with a double malignancy, invades the reputation of the dead, and the tranquillity of the living. We should indeed not have noticed this publication at all, but that public justice, and the peace and well-being of society require that we should visit such an attempt with the severest punishment that our literary authority can pronounce, and we feel ourselves the more obliged to this just severity, from observing in the preface a pledge that more matter of the same kind is in the same hands, and about to be employed in the same indiscreet and profligate manner.

The fame of Lord Nelson is, as his life and services were, public property; and we absolutely deny the right to which any unworthy possessor of a few of his private notes may pretend, to invade (by the publication of what never was intended to pass the eye and ear of the most intimate and confidential friendship) to invade, we say, that public property, and lower the reputation of the hero and his country.

Lord Nelson's private letters to Lady Hamilton contain absolutely nothing to justify their publication. Of his public transactions, or of his private sentiments of public affairs they furnish no memorial;—they are the mere records of the transient clouds of his temper, of the passing feelings of his heart, of the peevishness, which an anxious spirit and a sickly frame produced: and if we are obliged, in truth and candour, though most reluctantly, to say that they are coarse, shallow, and fulsome, miserably deficient in taste, ease, or amiability, let us not be accused of endeavouring, by this fair speaking of the truth, to degrade a name which we love almost to idolatry: our real motives are a true anxiety for his fame, and a desire to extinguish at once these base attempts at *turning a penny*, by the prostitution of so noble a name, and the betraying of so high a confidence.

We knew Lord Nelson, and we saw in him abundant reason to
excuse,

excuse, almost to forget these little imperfections of his noble nature—but even those who knew him not, or, we should rather say, even those who only know him by his great achievements and generous spirit will be prepared, from their own knowledge of human nature, to expect that so much zeal, such an ardent enthusiasm, such a self-devouring anxiety as prompted him in his career of glory, would not have been unaccompanied by a certain impatience of feeling and a certain freedom of expression which were naturally pardonable, indeed almost admirable, in the man himself, but which it is grievous to every honest heart, and injurious to the human character to have recorded, chronicled, and exposed.

In the pangs of disappointed hope, in the pain of illness, in the hurry and agitation of great zeal and conscious supremacy of talent, is it very surprising that even the best, and dearest, and earliest friends of Nelson should, when they happened to cross the favourite path of his mind, to interrupt his glorious day-dreams, or in their love and prudence, to think for him who never thought for himself, is it, we say, surprising, that they should be sometimes lightly treated in his hasty notes to a woman whom unfortunately he adored rather than loved, and who has, by this publication which appears to have been made, if not by her, at least with her sanction, proved herself but little worthy the confidence of such a man?

It may perhaps gratify the personal vanity of Lady Hamilton to publish to the world how Lord Nelson and Lord Bristol, and twenty others called her ‘their own dear, dearest, best beloved, and all accomplished, incomparable Emma:’ but really this personal gratification is obtained at a price at which we did not think that the vainest and the most indelicate of her sex could have condescended to buy it. What will our readers think when we tell them that in these letters, so complimentary to the *elegant* and *delicate* Emma, other females of the highest rank and the purest characters in society are designated by appellations so vulgar, so gross, so indecent, that we cannot stain our paper with them, and can only describe them as belonging to the dialect of the most depraved profligates of both sexes; and these horrible passages, neither honour of the dead, nor tenderness for the living, nor respect for public decorum, has induced the editor (who however can obliterate on occasion) to expunge!

Besides Lord Nelson’s letters, there are also published, under pretence of being ‘elucidatory of his lordship’s letters to Lady Hamilton,’ a number of letters to and from other persons—Lord Bristol, Mr. Alexander Davison, Sir William Hamilton, Lord St. Vincent, &c. &c. But these various letters are any thing but elucidatory of his Lordship’s—they afford nothing like elucidation; they

they are the mere sweepings of the closet, the refuse of her bureau, which Lady Hamilton had huddled together, to swell out into two volumes a publication which never should have been made at all: and this is done in the most obvious and undisguised spirit of book-making—for, the name of Nelson being the great bait of the trap, his lordship's letters are placed not consecutively, in which case they would have occupied about the first volume, but they are divided and placed at the beginning of each volume, while the latter part of both is given up to the supplementary matter—this editorial art will be set in its fairest light by stating that the first volume contains 273 pages, of which only 168 are his lordship's letters, and the rest is supplement, and of the 264 pages of the second volume 102 are Lord Nelson's, and 162 supplement.

After what we have said it will not be expected that we should make many extracts; but a few that we trust will be found innocent of immorality or ill manners, we shall give.

There are one or two specimens in these letters of that extraordinary and magnanimous self-confidence which distinguished Lord Nelson.

'The St. George will stamp an additional ray of glory to England's fame if Nelson survives; and that Almighty Providence, who has hitherto protected me in all dangers, and covered my head in the day of battle, will still, if it be his pleasure, support and assist me.'—pp. 32, 33.

'You ask me, my dear friend, if I am going on more expeditions? And, even if I was to forfeit your friendship, which is dearer to me than all the world, I can tell you nothing.

'For, I go out—[if] I see the enemy, and can get at them, it is my duty: and you would naturally hate me, if I kept back one moment.

'I long to pay them, for their tricks t'other day, the debt of a drubbing, which, *surely*, I'll pay: but *when, where, or how*, it is impossible, your own good sense must tell you, for me or mortal man to say.'—pp. 51, 52.

Our readers will perhaps be surprised to find Lord Nelson a poet: the following verses are curious, as being *his*; but they are at once irregular and tame, except the third stanza, which possesses something of strength and character.

'I send you a few lines, wrote in the late gale; which, I think, you will not disapprove.

'Though ———'s polish'd verse superior shine,
Though sensibility grace every line;
Though her soft muse be far above all praise,
And female tenderness inspire her lays:

Deign

Deign to receive, though unadorn'd
By the poetic art,
The rude expressions which bespeak
A sailor's untaught heart!

A heart *susceptible*, sincere, and true;
A heart, by fate, and nature, torn in two:
One half, to duty and his country due;
The other, *better half*, to love and you!

Sooner shall Britain's sons resign
The empire of the sea;
Than Henry shall renounce his faith,
AND PLIGHTED VOWS, TO THEE!

And waves on waves shall cease to roll,
And tides forget to flow;
Ere thy true Henry's constant love,
Or ebb, or change, shall know.—pp. 29, 30.

In one or two passages there is something of more ease and pleasantry than his style usually affords.

'To tell you how dreary and uncomfortable the Vanguard appears, is only telling you what it is to go from the pleasantest society to a solitary cell; or from the dearest friends to no friends. I am now perfectly the *great man*—not a creature near me. From my heart I wish myself the little man again!'—pp. 9, 10.

'The Countess Montmorris, Lady this, that, and t'other, came alongside, a Mr. Lubbock with them—to desire they might come in. I sent word, I was so busy that no persons could be admitted, as my time was employed in the King's service. Then they sent their names, which I cared not for: and sent Captain Gore to say it was impossible; and that if they wanted to see a ship they had better go to the Overysel (a sixty-four in the Downs). They said no; they wanted to see me. However, I was stout, and will not be shewn about like a *beast*! and away they went.'—pp. 55, 56.

'Pray, as you are going to buy a ticket for the Pigot diamond—buy the right number, or it will be money thrown away.'—p. 38.

In a letter begun the 18th of October, 1803, and ended on the 22d, is the following passage:—

'I shall endeavour to do what is right in every situation; and some ball may soon close all my accounts with this world of care and vexation!'—p. 164.

This sentence may have been written on the 21st of October, 1803, on board the Victory; and on board the Victory, on the 21st of October, 1805, a ball terminated the life of this great and (but for one frailty which the present book endeavours to keep alive beyond the grave) we should add good man.

Of the letters written by other persons we have not much to say; they are all better than Lord Nelson's; they have not, even
when

when addressed to Lady Hamilton by her husband or her other admirers, any of that mawkish, morbid, love-sickness, with which her Ladyship seems to glory in having inspired Lord Nelson.

Two letters from his Lordship's father to Lady Hamilton are published, we suppose, to prove that the Rev. Mr. Nelson corresponded with her Ladyship; but the early date of these two letters, August, 1801, and January, 1802, and the tone of distant respect and dignified piety which they possess, prove that the good man had no suspicion of the equivocal relation which the person he was addressing might bear to his son. Indeed, it appears that his son feared to communicate to him the circumstances of his rupture with Lady Nelson; and the attention of Mr. Nelson to this injured Lady is mentioned in this correspondence with a kind of dissatisfaction and blame that does *his* memory, at least, infinite honour.

Some letters of Lord St. Vincent and Sir Alexander Ball contain a few fine compliments to Lady Hamilton, and are, for this reason, and to swell the book, inserted;—at least we can see no other motive for their appearing.

But much the most respectable, or, to speak more truly, the only tolerable part of the publication are some letters from Sir William Hamilton to his then young wife, in 1792, during a shooting excursion which he made with the King while his Lady remained at Naples. They are written in a style vastly superior to all the others, (except a few trifling notes of Lord Bristol's;) with the most perfect admiration for her beauty and talents, they mingle a gentle and polite tone of husbandly advice, and though the facts relate only to the shooting of wild boars and stags, they are related with that gentlemanly ease and those good manners which make even such trifles amusing. They throw, indeed, into a lamentable shade all that precedes them; and leave us to regret either that Sir William did not continue his kind-hearted and prudent suggestions to his Lady, or that they have produced so little fruit that she should be guilty of such monstrous want of taste and delicacy as to have permitted, if she has not conducted, this unhappy publication.

The work is preceded by an advertisement which talks of more than one *editor* and seems meant as a kind of apology for not dedicating this trash to the people of England. Whoever the editors are, we can assure them, that the people of England will excuse them for not dedicating, till they shall have learned a better style of expression and reasoning than their advertisement exhibits. It is neither grammar nor sense; its meaning is as obscure as its construction is barbarous. Would that we could persuade ourselves—would that the public would consent to believe—that the greater part of the letters attributed to Lord Nelson are forgeries, and really written by the profound authors of the advertisement!

ART,

ART. VI. *The World before the Flood, a Poem, in ten Cantos; with other occasional Pieces; by James Montgomery, Author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, the West Indies, &c.* 8vo. pp. 304. London; Longman and Co. 1813.

NO book of foreign growth has ever become so popular in England as the *Death of Abel*. Those publishers whose market lies among that portion of the people who are below what is called the public, but form a far more numerous class, include it regularly among their 'sacred classics': it has been repeatedly printed at country presses, with worn types and on coarse paper; and it is found at country fairs, and in the little shops of remote towns almost as certainly as the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*. This popularity is, undoubtedly, in great measure ascribable to the style in which it is written; a style of which Hervey's *Meditations* and the *Pseudo-Ossian** are the worst and the best examples. Untutored intellects are pleased with its frothy sentiment and its florid language, just as young and uneducated eyes are delighted with the gaudy hues of coloured prints in aquatinta.

But though the tinsel of this stilted prose greatly contributed to Gessner's success in this and in every other country where his work has been naturalized, the story was not less essentially in its favour. It acquired from its scriptural subject what may be termed imputed sanctity: and many of its readers while they derived from it the same pleasure as from a novel, had the satisfaction of thinking that they were at the same time meritoriously and even piously employed in reading a *good book*. We remember to have seen it put into the hands of children under this persuasion on Sundays, by persons who would have regarded a profane book as an abomination against the Sabbath. It will not be supposed that we mean to desecrate the name of Milton, but even Milton owes much of his general estimation to this feeling. There is something to impede his popularity which one of his religious admirers perceived, and was considerate enough to remove, by translating the *Paradise Lost* into prose, and publishing his version for the accommodation of those readers 'who were edified with the noble poetry of Mr. Milton, but did not like the manner of his verse.'

A third cause was its pastoral character. The tradition of all nations refers us to the morning of the world,—to a time when the earth and the human race were young, and many or most of those

* The *Death of Abel* was probably one of the models upon which Macpherson formed his Ossianic style. When he tried his hand upon Homer, the intrinsic worth of the manner and the veracity of the translator were equally brought to the proof.

evils to which we are now most obnoxious had no existence. The age of the patriarchs is to us that golden age of which the heathen poets have preserved only a corrupted remembrance; and the country of the patriarchs is our Arcadia,—flowing with milk and honey; there we find that pastoral life, those primitive manners which are as congenial to the uncorrupted heart as they are to the youthful imagination:—they come to us with the stamp and seal, not only of historical but of scriptural truth, and with a character of divinity. This character has made severer judges condemn all attempts at mingling fiction with sacred story: the principle upon which their condemnation proceeds is just, and perhaps if it were pursued it would lead to a wide interdiction of historical subjects for the epopea and the drama. But the people never judge severely; the book which pleases them they like because they like it:—with the why and the wherefore they have no concern—*stat pro ratione voluntas*:—all they require is to be pleased—and their state is the more gracious.

Two other of the sacred poems of the Germans were translated in the same manner as the Death of Abel: Klopstock's Messiah and Bodmer's Noah. Both are written in hexameter verse; the style therefore into which they were rendered was wholly unlike the manner of the original; they were in every respect miserably *done into English*; and totally failed of exciting any attention in this country. This would hardly have happened to the former work, if the translator had possessed the commonest requisites for his undertaking; for the faults of Klopstock, like those of Young, would have past current as beauties with the multitude here as well as in Germany. But in both poems the charm of that Arcadian character was wanting which was the chief cause of Gessner's success; and neither the passion of the one (disfigured as it was in a bald and unfaithful version) nor the fable of the other was of sufficient interest to supply its place.

The scriptural fact which Mr. Montgomery has chosen for the basis of his poem is the assumption of Enoch; a subject possessing the religious, and susceptible of the pastoral interest of Gessner's work. The history of the world, from the creation to the deluge, is so briefly related by the sacred writers, that,

'he,' says Mr. Montgomery, 'who fixes the date of a fictitious narrative within that period, is under obligation to no other authority whatever, for conformity of manners, events, or even localities; he has full power to accommodate these to his peculiar purposes.' 'But,' he pursues, 'here is a large web of fiction involving a small fact of scripture! Nothing could justify a work of this kind, if it were, in any way, calculated to impose on the credulity, pervert the principles, or corrupt the affections of its approvers. Here then the appeal lies to conscience rather

rather than to taste, and the decision on this point is of infinitely more importance to the poet, than his name among men, or his interests upon earth. It was his design, in this composition, to present a similitude of events, that might be imagined to have happened in the first age of the world, in which such scripture characters, as are introduced, would probably have acted and spoken, as they are here made to act and speak. The story is told as a parable only, and its value in this view must be determined by its moral or rather by its religious influence on the mind and on the heart. Fiction though it be, it is the fiction that represents truth, and that is truth. Truth in the essence, though not in the name; truth in the spirit though not in the letter.'

The poem consists of ten cantos, in the heroic couplet. The time chosen is when one of the giants or children of Cain has established by the sword an universal monarchy, the whole world being subdued, except a part of the land of Eden, on the eastern side of the Euphrates, where Enoch and the descendants of Seth reside, and which the tyrant is now invading.

The action of the poem commences with the flight of Javan from the Cainites' camp. Javan was of the race of Seth, he and his mother had escaped alone, while all their family were destroyed by an earthquake, and Enoch had bred him up. But 'that sin by which fell the angels' had seduced him.

As years enlarged his form, in moody hours,
His mind betray'd its weakness with its powers;
Alike his fairest hopes and strongest fears
Were nursed in silence, or divulged with tears—
He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind;
But from the north, when snow and tempest came,
His nobler spirit mounted into flame;
With stern delight he roam'd the howling woods,
Or hung in ecstasy o'er headlong floods.
Meanwhile excursive fancy long'd to view
The world, which yet by fame alone he knew:
The joys of freedom were his daily theme,
Glory the secret of his midnight dream;
That dream he told not; tho' his heart would ache,
His home was precious for his mother's sake.
With her the lowly paths of peace he ran,
His guardian angel, till he verged to man;
But when her weary eye could watch no more,
When to the grave her timeless corse he bore,
Not Enoch's counsels could his steps restrain;
He fled, and sojourn'd in the land of Cain.
There, when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre,
Instinctive Genius caught the etherial fire;

And

And soon, with sweetly-modulating skill,
 He learn'd to wind the passions at his will,
 To rule the chords with such mysterious art,
 They seem'd the life-strings of the hearer's heart!
 Then Glory's opening field he proudly trod,
 Forsook the worship and the ways of God,
 Round the vain world pursued the phantom Fame,
 And cast away his birthright for a name.

Ten years had elapsed since his flight from the patriarch's glen. His dreams of ambition had been realized, but successful ambition brought with it no happiness. He was the favourite minstrel of the Great King, whose furious passions were assuaged by his music; and having now in the course of attendance upon his person been brought back to the confines of his native country,

' His home of happiness in earthly years,
 And still the home of all his hopes and fears,'

the sense of duty prevailed, being aided by affection. During these years of absence, a boyish attachment had continually been gaining strength in his imagination and his heart;—he had left Zillah, but borne away with him a deep and ' bitter love,' which, like an amulet, preserved him from inconstancy or vice;—and now, at the trying moment, when ambition made its last struggle in his soul, and had almost prevailed, passion came in aid of virtue, and the remembrance of Zillah brought him back to the ways of his fathers.

He reaches the laurel thicket where they had taken their last farewell: a bower had been made there, in which Zillah herself is lying asleep upon the moss.

' Moments there are, that, in their sudden flight,
 Bring the slow mysteries of years to light;
 Javan, in one transporting instant, knew,
 That all he wish'd, and all he fear'd was true;
 For while the harlot-world his soul possess'd,
 Love seem'd a crime in his apostate breast;—
 But now the phantoms of a wandering brain,
 And wounded spirit, cross'd his thoughts in vain;
 Past sins and follies, cares and woes forgot,
 Peace, virtue, Zillah, seem'd his present lot;
 Where'er he look'd, around him or above,
 All was the pledge of truth, the work of Love,
 At whose transforming hand, where last they stood,
 Had sprung that lone memorial in the wood.

' Thus on the slumbering maid while Javan gazed,
 With quicker swell her hidden bosom raised
 The shadowy tresses, that profusely shed
 Their golden wreaths from her reclining head;

A deeper crimson mantled o'er her cheek,
 Her close lip quiver'd, as in act to speak,
 While broken sobs, and tremors of unrest,
 The inward trouble of a dream express'd:
 At length, amidst imperfect murmurs, fell
 The name of "Javan!" and a low "farewell!"
 Tranquil again, her cheek resumed its hue,
 And soft as infancy her breath she drew.—p. 28.

Javan retires into the thicket, and laying aside his harp, plays upon a flute, an instrument here represented as his invention.

At once obedient to the lip and hand,
 It uttered every feeling at command,
 Light o'er the stops his airy fingers flew,
 A spirit spoke in every tone they drew.

Zillah wakes and the sound continues still,—she rises and advances as if half expecting to see the object of her dream. It would be difficult to select from all the volumes of modern poetry any thing more truly beautiful, or more beautifully true, than the brief description which follows.

Time had but touch'd her form to finer grace,
 Years had but shed their favours on her face,
 While secret love and unrewarded truth,
 Like cold clear dew upon the rose of youth,
 Gave to the springing flower a chastened bloom,
 And shut from rising winds its coy perfume.

They meet, but Javan dares not make himself known, and womanly pride prevents her from appearing to recognize him: she therefore directs him to Enoch's dwelling in answer to his inquiry, and leaves him: Enoch knows him as soon as he appears, and falls upon his neck, exclaiming

Oh! I have wept through many a night for thee,
 And watch'd through many a day *this* day to see.

Strong was my faith; in dreams or waking thought,
 Oft as thine image o'er my mind was brought,
 I deem'd thee living by this conscious sign,
 The deep communion of my soul with thine.

The hope which the patriarch had thus cherished had been strengthened by a voice which he had that day heard, telling him that ere the third morning his joy would be fulfilled, and his rest begun. That joy was not diminished by the knowledge that the hour of his own departure was now near at hand; and when Javan informs him of the Great King's approach, and his determination to lay waste the glen with fire and sword, and urges him and his kindred

kindred to seek shelter in the wilds, far to the south, Enoch with prophetic calmness replies:

' Here is mine earthly habitation, here
I wait till my Redeemer shall appear;
Death and the face of man, I dare not shun,
God is my refuge, and his will be done.'

The day on which Javan has returned is the anniversary of the death of Adam, on which a sacrifice is offered, near his grave. The description of the burial-place is remarkable not only for its beauty, but also as an instance (perhaps unique) in which the customs of a peculiar sect have given a charm to poetry. It is a Moravian burying-ground,—a garden of the dead,—where

' — red and white with intermingling flowers
The graves look'd beautiful in sun and showers;
Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound
Ran the clear rill with ever murmuring sound:
'Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care,
It breath'd of hope and moved the heart to prayer.'

" After the sacrifice Javan goes to Zillah to avow himself. She receives him with reproaches, and when his pleading begins to prevail over pride and resentment, reminds him of the danger which is at hand, and that it is no season for earthly love. At midnight the gen is entered by the enemy, and all its dwellers borne away captives to the great King.

Thus far the narrative has been carried on continuously: the scene now changes, and the eighth canto opens with the song of a minstrel before the giant-king. His chiefs are sitting round him returned from the conquest of Eden, and flushed with new wine; and piles of cedar trees are blazing near, where human victims are offered in sacrifice. The minstrel relates in his song how the last army of Eden has been destroyed:—they had retired after their defeat into a thicket hoping to escape by swimming the river:—a chain of rafts cut off this hope; and the giants setting fire to the dry grass destroyed them by fire and sword, reserving for sacrifice those whom they saved in the water. The monarch hears him with apparent complacency; but his eyes are eagerly fixed upon the mount of Paradise.

' The giant panted with intense desire
To scale those heights, and storm the walls of fire;
His ardent soul in extacy of thought,
Even now with Michael and his angels fought,
And saw the seraphim, like meteors, driven
Before his banners through the gates of Heaven;
While he secure the glorious garden trod,
And sway'd his sceptre from the mount of God.'—p. 58.

The captive patriarchs are now brought before him: he spies Javan and immediately orders him to be burnt and his ashes scattered to the wind. Javan justifies himself for having returned to his native land; and declares that if he dies alone, he shall die rejoicing. Zillah then rushes forward, and a scene ensues which will remind the reader of Olindo and Sofronia: it is interrupted by the fosterfather of the giant-king, a necromancer, who had followed him like his evil genius through all his fortune, prompting him to new enterprises of blood and wickedness. He bids him heap the pyres with fresh fuel and cast the patriarchs into the flames as a propitiatory sacrifice to the demons whom he serves. He then proceeds to defy the power of the Almighty, when, in the midst of his impiety, his nerves are stiffened, and he remains motionless as a statue. While the giants are gazing on him in dismay, Enoch stands forth from among the prisoners. At his awful countenance the tyrant shakes like Belshazzar when he sees the writing on the wall. He announces the punishment of the enchanter, who hears his sentence, and instantly begins to fulfil it by flying into the woods. He then addresses the tyrant, warns him that the next morning shall see his carcass a prey to the wolves; and concludes by telling him that the weakest of the faithful despises his power. The tyrant raises his sword to smite him, but Enoch walked with God and was not found. The giants then advance to storm the mount of Paradise. The poet has with great judgment prepared his readers for the catastrophe by describing the gathering of the elements in the former part of the scene. The storm begins,—the wind drives sleet and hail in their faces,—the earth rocks:

Red in the west the burning mount, array'd
With tenfold terror by incumbent shade;
(For moon and stars were wrapt in dunnest gloom)
Glar'd like a torch amidst creation's tomb.

The giants are thrown into confusion, when cherubim on horses of fire attack the monstrous brood, and complete their overthrow. In the flight the tyrant is slain by the hand of one of his people. They who survive the wreck fly to their own land; the patriarchs return to their glen and Javan with them, there to enjoy all the blessings that earth can bestow; a youth of penitence followed by an age of peace.

Plutarch in his treatise on education uses an illustration which is equally applicable to a narrative poem: to render it successful, he says, three things are required, as in husbandry; first, that the soil be good; secondly, that the husbandman be skilful; lastly, that the seed be clean and well chosen: so should the subject of a poem be well adapted to the purposes of poetry, the poet versed in his art, and the incidents judiciously conceived. Of the general ground-

groundwork of *The World before the Flood* we have already spoken; and the extracts which have occurred in the course of our analysis are of such merit as to render any praise of the execution superfluous. There is less action in the poem than might have been expected in a drama, the title of which announces that the world is the theatre, and that the welfare of the whole human race is at stake. Had Mr. Montgomery chosen to enrich his web with mythological embroidery, the Rabbinical fables would have afforded him splendid materials: had he thought it expedient to shadow out the great events of the present times in his tale of the past, as Virgil and Spenser have done, a parallel to the tyranny of the giants and the frantic ambition of their blasphemous chief was before his eyes. Mr. Montgomery has preferred to give his work a pastoral and patriarchal character, thinking, perhaps, that if it lost in action, it would gain in beauty.

The least successful portions of the work before us are, the second interview between Javan and Zillah, and the scene between them before the giant-king. This is the effect of rhyme, which, in our language, is ill adapted for the expression of dramatic eloquence or passion. The necromancer also, though he acts a conspicuous part in the story, is less impressive than he might have been. In his appearance he will remind the reader of the wizard in the *Lady of the Lake*, and the accidental resemblance is not fortunate.

Having noticed what appears to us the feeblest part of the poem, it is equally our duty to instance what we think the best. It is the fourth Canto, in which Enoch relates to Javan the death of Adam. The effect of his fall upon his own character is thus finely conceived:

‘ But deep remorse for that mysterious crime,
Whose dire contagion through elapsing time
Diffused the curse of death beyond controul,
Had wrought such self abasement in his soul,
That he, whose honours were approach’d by none,
Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.
From sin, as from the serpent that betray’d
Eve’s early innocence, he shrunk afraid;
Vice he rebuked with so austere a frown,
He seem’d to bring an instant judgment down,
Yet while he chid, compunctuous tears would start,
And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart;
The guilt of all his race became his own,
He suffer’d as if he had sinn’d alone.
Within our glen to filial love endear’d,
Abroad for wisdom, truth and justice fear’d,
He walked so humbly in the sight of all,
The vilest ne’er reproached him with his fall.

Children were his delight;—they ran to meet
 His soothing hand, and clasp'd his honour'd feet;
 While 'midst their fearless sports supremely blest,
 He grew in heart a child among the rest:
 Yet as a parent, nought beneath the sky
 Touch'd him so quickly as an infant's eye;
 Joy from its smile of happiness he caught,
 Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought,
 His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain,
 As if he fell from innocence again.'—p. 63.

On the anniversary of his fall he instructs Enoch to offer an annual sacrifice. On that same day he is struck for death. Eve, and Seth, and Enoch bear him to his home, and endeavour vainly to administer relief.

'Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resign'd,
 More self-collected grew the sufferer's mind;
 Patient at heart, tho' rack'd at every pore,
 The righteous penalty of sin he bore,
 Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains,
 But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.
 "Tis just, 'tis merciful," we heard him say,
 "Yet wherefore hath He turn'd his face away?
 I see Him not, I hear Him not; I call;
 My God! my God! support me, or I fall!"

At this time the sun sets amid crimson clouds. The winds rise, and a storm comes on accompanied with such convulsions of the earth as if the world were about to perish with the first man. Amidst this general sympathy of nature the sufferer continues to wrestle in prayer. What follows is the finest part of the whole poem.

'—"THOU, of my faith the Author and the End!
 Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend!
 The joy, that once thy presence gave, restore
 Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more:
 Down to the dust returns this earthly frame,
 Receive my Spirit, Lord! from whom it came;
 Rebuke the Tempter, shew thy power to save,
 O let thy glory light me to the grave,
 That these, who witness my departing breath,
 May learn to triumph in the grasp of Death."

"He closed his eye-lids with a tranquil smile,
 And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile:
 Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
 When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
 A Spirit, that stood within th' unopen'd door;—
 The sword of God in his right hand he bore;

His

His countenance was lightning, and his vest
 Like snow at sun-rise on the mountain's crest;
 Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
 His presence still'd the fury of the storm;
 At once the winds retire, the waters cease;
 His look was love, his salutation "Peace!"

"Our Mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
 But terror grew to transport, while she gazed:
 — 'Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
 Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove;
 Adam, my Life, my Spouse, awake!" she cried;
 "Return to Paradise; behold thy Guide!
 O let me follow in this dear embrace."
 She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
 Adam look'd up; his visage changed its hue,
 Transform'd into an Angel's at the view:
 "I come!" he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
 And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.
 The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled;
 Westood alone, the living with the dead:
 The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
 Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom;
 But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
 The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

"Eve's faithful arm still clasp'd her lifeless Spouse;
 Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse;
 She gave no answer; motionless and cold,
 It fell like clay from my relaxing hold;
 Alarm'd I lifted up the locks of grey,
 That hid her cheek; her soul had pass'd away;
 A beauteous corpse she graced her partner's side,
 Love bound their lives, and Death could not divide."

The poem is dedicated to the spirit of a departed friend in stanzas which have the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Montgomery's happiest pieces. In these, as in the preface, he expresses that feeling of dissatisfaction which it is the fate of most poets to feel when they compare the execution of their work with their previous idea; and he tells us that he appears before the public with many apprehensions, and with small hopes. There is no reason for this distrust; he may appeal with confidence to his peers, from whom, sooner or later, the true poet receives his award, when the decrees of those who have intruded themselves into their places are forgotten.

ART. VII. *The Nature of Things, a Didascalical Poem, translated from the Latin of Titus Lucretius Carus, accompanied with Commentaries, comparative, illustrative, and scientific, and the Life of Epicurus.* By Thomas Busby, Mus. Doc. Cantab. 2 vols. 4to. 1815.

IT is a maxim among the doctors, that 'when men pursue energizing objects, they will do prodigies.' In literature these objects, whether originality or plagiarism be employed upon them, are generally developed in a quarto.

Our ancestors, for the most part, were content with prefixing a few copies of commendatory verses to their translations; but Doctor Busby's preliminaries are far more substantial. We are presented with nineteen pages of subscribers, from 'Princes of the Blood Royal,' down to plain 'Young, Charles George, Esq.' Each rank has its appropriate head in black letter;—Princes, Dukes, Marquisses, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Privy Counsellors, &c. As such an assemblage will no doubt dazzle the reader at his entrance on the work, we are inclined to leave him for a short time in this goodly company, and to descant to the few who may attend to us, on the present state of our poetical translations.

Virgil, with the exception of his Eclogues, Terence, Tibullus, Juvenal, Manilius, and parts of Ovid, have been well and fairly translated. The other writers of Roman poetry have either not been attempted, or not adequately rendered. As we are not aware of any author who has generally treated this subject, we shall hazard a few remarks upon it, since it naturally leads to our examination of Dr. Busby's *Didascalical Poem*.

The great difficulty which, without sufficient reason, has been attributed to Plautus, was the probable cause why no translation of him appeared when his wit would have been most congenial to the play-wrights of the day: for if we except an ancient translation of the *Menæchmi*, by W. W. 1595, and an abortive attempt by Echard and Cooke, the *Plautini sales* were not naturalized till the middle of the last century by Bonnell Thornton and Co. The recommendation of George Colman, *Senior*, to whom the comedies were dedicated, and whose success in Terence was generally allowed, influenced for a time the public voice in favour of this imitation of his plan. But the work is now almost forgotten; nor indeed can a good translation of Plautus be expected until he is freed, in some measure, from the numberless specks which still disfigure his text.

Although there are passages in Catullus which delicacy must deem untranslatable, yet it is surprising that his beauties have never
(but

(but in one solitary and imperfect instance) been rendered accessible to English readers. The *Acme* and the *Atys* may vie in pathos with any poems of the same cast ancient or modern. The *Epithalamium*, the favourite of Sir William Jones, the *Peleus and Thetis*, the burst of feeling on the death of his brother, and the minor poems, with a few exceptions, loudly call for poetical competition.

It may be deemed almost a disgrace to our national taste that Horace should be still buffeted between Holyday and Creech, Francis and Clubbè, Boscawen and Duncombe. Francis has partially succeeded in some of the odes; and many of them are occasionally to be met with in our fugitive poetry, extremely well rendered. These are naturally the most popular; while the rest, with the epodes, satires and epistles, have little claim to attention in their new dresses.

Among the amatory poets of the day, Propertius, the most polished and refined of elegiac writers, has not yet found one to redeem his beauties from the transpositions of Broukhusius, and the more than German assaults of Kuinoel. He has been said, indeed, to make love like a schoolmaster; and this, no doubt, has prevented the fastidious from turning over his pages; but if he did so, Orbilius was an accomplished gentleman. No classic, of the Augustan age, is less read and less understood than Propertius; his indelicacies have been enlarged on, his hellenisms have been criticised, his heartlessness has been ridiculed; but the fact is, he has hitherto met with bad editors, prejudiced readers, and no adequate translators.

To infuse the strength, warmth, and bold conciseness of Persius into our language, was a labour of no common exertion, and, in the prosecution of it, we find Dryden fail from vulgarity, Brewster from plagiarism, and Sir William Drummond from an endeavour to grind the *fruges Ceantheas* into *vers de société*.

A selection from Martial, by different hands, would make not an unamusing volume. Few of his epigrams are correctly rendered, or boast any of the *naïveté* of the original. The pseudo-tragedies of Seneca, and the Latin anthologies, are undeserving the time which their translation would exact.

Next to Virgil, as an epic poet, Lucan confessedly takes his rank. He is the only bard who has made a catalogue poetical. The whole of the first book is inimitable. The Sacred Grove, the Marriage of Cato, the Apotheosis of Pompey, and other splendid passages, bespeak a mind, not as Quintilian chuses to assert, oratorical merely, but capable of the highest flights of poetry. Yet to May and Rowe alone is Lucan indebted for any knowledge which the English reader can obtain of him. May thus renders one of the finest passages in the poem.

‘At

'At non in Phariâ Manes jacuere favilla,
Nec cinis exiguus tantam compescuit umbram.
Prosiluit busto : semiustaque membra relinquens,
Degeneremque rogam, sequitur convexa Tonantis,
Quâ niger,' &c.

'In Pharian coales his ghost could not remaine,
Nor those few ashes his great spirit containe.
Out from the grave he issues, and forsakes
Th' unworthy fire, and halfe burnt limbs, and takes
Up to the convexe of the skie his flight,
Where with black ayre the starry poles doe meet.'—B. IX. 1.

Rowe undertook his translation more in the spirit of party than of poetry; and the best portions of it are those which are least worthy of attention in the original. He has chiefly succeeded in the argumentative and sarcastic parts. In the tender and descriptive he has generally failed; it is scarcely credible that the author of *Jane Shore* should thus give *Cornelia's* griefs to his countrymen:

'Ah! my once greatest lord! ah! cruel hour;
Is thy victorious head in fortune's power?
Since miseries my baneful love pursue,
Why did I wed thee only to undo?
But see to death my willing neck I bow;
Atone the angry Gods by one kind blow.
Long since, for thee, my life I would have giv'n,
Yet, let me, yet, prevent the wrath of heav'n.
Kill me, and scatter me upon the sea,
So shall propitious tides thy fleets convey,
Thy kings be faithful, and the world obey.'—B. VIII. 127. }

On the whole, *Lucan* calls for a new translation more than any writer after the golden age of Roman verse; and we have dwelt on this subject longer, perhaps, than Dr. Busby may think fair, because we are convinced that the public acquiesce in Rowe, more from the *nominis umbra*, than from any real excellencies of his version.

Statius is wretchedly handled by Lewis. Dr. Busby informs us, that his son, the reciter, is at present employed on a new translation—we wish him success, and shall hail the moment,

————— 'lætam faciet cum *Statius* urbem,
Indicetque diem.'

After all, it is a dull study; and we should be well content to leave him, with *Silius Italicus*, to mere scholars. They will not prosper in our soil; even the translation of a book of *Statius* by Pope led to little praise and to no imitation. We speak of the *Thebaid* alone. The *Sylva*, which *Jeremy Markland* proudly proclaims

claims that he had purified in five hundred passages, in which there was *ovdes úyus*, ought to be no longer exotics. In a former number we cited some pleasing lines on sleep, translated by Mr. Hodgson. The *villa Surrentina*, the *Genethliacon Lucani*, the Odes to Maximus and to Severus, would bear the most classical transfusion into our language. We are well aware that we tread on dangerous ground in comparing Statius with Horace, yet if we throw aside our prejudices for a moment, we must surely allow that the muse of the golden day still lingered in the *Sylvæ*.

Valerius Flaccus is, we must admit, generally turgid and bombastic, yet he abounds also in passages written with great judgment and chastised spirit. We have not met with an English translation of his *Argonautics*. We shall beg indulgence for a few words in favour of Claudian, and then turn to Lucretius, whom we have, without reference to chronology, left to a more extended criticism.

To those youths who are intended, during their school instruction, to be made Latin versifiers, however paradoxical it may seem, we would recommend, though with some caution, repeated draughts of Claudian. There is in him a rhythm, a cadence, a climax, which he enjoys in common with Virgil; besides a more complete possession, perhaps, of the *os rotundum*, and a dignity of compound epithet which, under the guidance of taste and judgment, are well calculated to enrich the compositions of the youthful student.

Lucretius has not been altogether fortunate in his commentators; yet though Wakefield's faults are numerous and obtrusive, we cannot agree with Dr. Nott, to raise Havercamp at his expense. The criticism of Havercamp's days is now well understood: as a pioneer of literature, he ranks with Burman and Oudendorp; but in the present state of classical advancement, we can set a value on his diligence alone. Wakefield (who is dubbed 'Doctor' by Dr. Nott) was deficient in taste for Latin poetry. If we needed any proof of this, the laboured doggerel prefixed to his edition and dedicated to Mr. Fox, would decide the question.*

His affectation and innovations in orthography were frequently ludicrous. He laid down canons to which he did not adhere: he forgot in one page, what he had advanced in the former; and he dissented from the just emendations and illustrations of others from private pique and party spirit. Acute, ingenious and persevering, he was at the same time so vehemently afflicted with the critical hypochondria, that he fancied himself on an eminence, and

* This is the opening of his dull panegyric:—

*Te salvere jubet simplex, si rustica, Musa,
Angligenum, FOXI, gloria, robur, amor, &c.*

aimed at by every scholar around him. To some harmless bystanders he threw down the gauntlet of defiance; to others he addressed himself in the most peevish tone of irascibility, because they neither noticed his positions nor adopted his conclusions. It is not merely from a perusal of his notes to *Lucretius*, that this opinion is formed, but from a reference to his works collectively: and it is much to be lamented, that he who in the common intercourse of life was confessedly amiable, should in that alone, which lives after him, have given such room to the accusation of spleen and illiberality.

From the critics, the transition is natural to the translators, and of these *Lucretius* boasts a more abundant crop than any of the authors before enumerated.

The best translation of *Lucretius* which has yet been made, is that of Marchetti. He was professor of mathematics in the university of Pisa, and died 1744. A German translation was given by Mayr, in 1784-5. De Wit transferred him in prose and in Dutch to the fens of Holland. Marolles frenchified him in three succeeding editions, as did Molière, Des Coutures, and Guillet. In our own language Evelyn led the way in 1656, but he proceeded no farther than the first book. In 1743, Guernier gave a prose translation. Dryden had given partial versions of some of the most beautiful portions, and Creech of the whole, long before this attempt.

A few years since a duodecimo peeped forth, which bore no name on the title-page, but which report gave to Dr. Nott. It contained only the first book, but threatened the remainder in due time. Time however passed, and the appetite of the public never called for the promised food. To this succeeded two portly quartos, from Mr. Good, who decked them with *parallel passages* from Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, Greek, Latin, and all the modern languages. In this Babel of book-making, Job brings his mite to bear on the doctrine of Atoms, II. 196. Hafiz illustrates the *Anaphora*, II. 5. The Arabian bard Zohair personifies death like *Lucretius*, II. 102; and Klopstock and Gessner plainly shew how the German and Roman taste quadrate.

Facit indignatio versum, says Juvenal—and there can be little doubt that this feeling inspired Dr. Busby, who has followed his predecessor, whom he never names or even hints at, with two quartos of still larger dimensions, of 'ample verge and room enough,' in three sizes, atlas, imperial, and common. Nay he does not, like Cluvenius, confine himself to versification, but he breaks the very *subsellia* with recitation. His son performs the office of declaimer—

—plorable si quid
Eliquat, et tenero supplantat verba palato.

We have not entered into the virtues of translators, or we should have been disposed to applaud the unassuming modesty with which some of them have made an ancient author our own. Dr. Busby probably does not agree in the necessity of so strict a self-denial; and he will therefore be generally found to use the first person, or to imply it, in the designation of his labours, where it might perhaps have been spared without much loss to the reader.

'The representative of a great original,' says the Doctor, 'is compelled to rise above mediocrity.' There is an old and vulgar proverb, 'that one man may drag a cow to the water, but not a hundred can make her drink.' Of this nature seems the 'compulsion' to which the Doctor alludes: Lucretius draws him to Helicon, but 'the representative of a great original,' except in a very few instances, is dreadfully subject to hydrophobia.

'When I strictly adhere to the limits of the couplet, it is for the purpose of condensing the sense of my author:—

e.g. 'Did ball of lead, and ball of wool agree
In density, equal their weights would be.'—B. I. 414.

Again,

'The stag's rank hoof the bound resistless draws,
And snowy geese obey the olfactory laws.'—B. IV. 812.

'If I have frequently disregarded its termination, and abruptly broken into the succeeding line, I hope it has not *always* been without adding surprise to strength:—

e.g. 'How mixed the seeds, and how subsist, I long
To teach my Memmius — but the Roman tongue
Too indigent my noble theme to grace,
In simple brevity my thoughts I trace.'—B. III. 175.

'And that in the occasional adoption of the triplet, I have not *wholly* failed of imitating that grandeur and elevation by which the verse of Lucretius is so eminently distinguished.'

One proof shall suffice,

'From her this first, this sovereign rule I bring,
All nature's substances from substance spring,
The Gods from nothing ne'er made any-thing.' } B. I. 185.

How would Martinus Scriblerus have danced at this addition to the treasures of his bathos!

In the preface there is a considerable degree of anticipation of what the Doctor's muse will effect.

'The *spirit* of Lucretius appears to me, no less than that of Homer himself, incapable of transfusion, but by a muse emulative of the simplest attire and easiest gesture, combined with a confident and noble air; a muse whose numbers are at once smooth and strong; whose diction is as bold as obvious, and whose style is alternately sweet, rich, and lofty.

'In saying that I have *aspired* to such complicated excellence, I may subject myself to the charge of too much self-confidence; and yet it must be conceded, that, in undertaking this author, I made it my *duty* to keep his beauties constantly in view; to look up to my archetype with the same *fond and ardent* spirit with which he regards his own great master, when he says—

'Thee I pursue, to thy great theme aspire:

But with a *lover's*, not a *rival's* fire.—B. III. 5.

'I was not to suffer myself to be deterred by the toil necessary to the accomplishment of my task, nor to be checked by the reflexion, that the most powerful wing can rise only by continued exertion; that even the bird of Jove must *labour* up the air, before he can reach his elevation, and sail along the skies.

'So strongly indeed have I felt this truth, that the exalted merit of my original has been the *maximum*, the pinnacle of excellence, at which I have constantly and undauntedly aimed. Lucretius himself has been my inspiring Apollo, and should I happily be thought to have sometimes approached his bright orb, I shall be indebted for the honour, to the force of his own attraction.'

To this bill of fare succeeds a more detailed account of the virtues, and dead and live stock of some of the subscribers—some of these are what Heyne used to call his *Subsidia*: the remainder consists of very flattering, and, we have no doubt, very well deserved compliments, or indications of the Subscriber from his work, if he ever soiled paper.

It seems that 'Lord Thurlow's HERMILDA IN PALESTINE has afforded much pleasure to the lovers of fine poetry,' and that the Doctor was gratified 'by his warm eulogium of the circulated specimen of his translation.' Lord Byron, who must

'———wonder how the devil he got there,'

by his name, is said to 'demonstrate the candid expectations entertained respecting this translation;' and the Earl of Buchan received a sample of this work with 'a refined frankness.'

Then follow the Misters. Major James, of 'known poetical talents,' and seven other gentlemen, designated by their works, 'diffuse a lustre particularly auspicious to a work of this description.' Sir James Bland Burgess, 'author of Richard the First,' Thomas Hope, Esq. 'of the Costume of the Ancients,' and Messrs. Jodrell, Knight, and Dr. Burney, it seems, contributed 'emphatic approbation.'

In the Life of Lucretius, there is an evident aspiration after Johnsonian cadence and verbosity. Thus we are informed, that 'incongruous testimonies weaken each other, offer little encouragement to the interested inquirer; and rather invite conjecture, than add proof to probability. Like the faint and dubious rays of crepuscular light,

light, &c.' From sundry hints in this 'Life,' we are inclined to believe that Lucretius was a professed Jacobin: he seems also to have had a pretty smattering of topography; for we read that he repaired to Athens, 'and there he found the grove of the mysterious Plato, the lyceum of the acute Aristotle, and the gardens of the profound Epicurus.' In the present scanty state of our knowledge respecting Lucretius, we are thankful, even for this trifling addition to the stock.—The passage which immediately follows it, is of so dazzling a nature, that we are half inclined to excuse the Doctor for not adverting to the wild and incoherent dance of his metaphors.

'Though Cicero, at his return to Rome, apostatized from the principles of Epicurus (imbibed in his youth) in favour of the sublime, however visionary, Plato; yet it no where appears that the example of even so distinguished a luminary was sufficiently attractive to draw after it any of the minor lights of the school, much less the splendid orb, whose rays have clothed in such prismatic lustre the profound system of the GARDEN.'

The persevering traveller has now arrived at the third grand division of the prolegomena, namely, 'a dissertation on the genius of Lucretius, and the philosophy and morals of his poems.' Here we are confounded by new beauties. The Doctor speaks to the *everto*; both in his philosophy and poetry; they both savour of transcendentalism. If the following short account of atoms be not perfectly intelligible, it is at least conveyed in novel language.

'These atoms moving from all eternity through immeasurable space; meeting, concussing, rebounding, combining, amassing, according to their smooth, round, angular and jagged figures, have produced all the compound bodies of the universe animate and inanimate. The more closely and compactly they lie, the more the body they form approximates to perfect solidity; as their coalition is less intimate, it will be more vacuous and rare.'—'Thus all things and all creatures are formed from accruing particles.'—And as *the existence* of these invisible essences, like the grosser frame, *depend*, &c.'

Dr. Busby is of opinion, that if Lucretius could rise now from the grave with 'a purged mind,' he would be very well prepared to receive the light of the christian religion. This paradox is doubtless most credible, inasmuch as it is well known that those who deny a first Great Cause, are peculiarly prone to admit the truths of Revelation.

'All must admire the judicious method and lucid order with which this first book of the Nature of Things is conducted,' says the Doctor, and he adds that 'the attentive reader, if blest with poetical taste, has been charmed with the fine and forcible painting.' Now in painting there is a certain excellence, called the *chiaroscuro*,

scuro, which, by darkening a considerable part of the picture, throws out figures and other objects with greater clearness and precision. In the poem before us, to keep up the Doctor's metaphor, no less than to coincide with the maxim of Horace, that 'poetry is as a picture,' there is an infinity of dark colouring; flatness is perhaps the appropriate word for this species of obscurity:—from a multitude of examples we select a few as decided specimens.—Lib. I.

Of Venus, whom Dryden has so beautifully addressed, the Doctor says,

'Thee I invoke: possess me while I sing;
To Memmius' ear eternal truth I bring.'—l. 33.

There are many reasons why the word *religio* should not be translated *religion*. In the passage of Lucretius, which condemns the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in consequence of *religio*, it is peculiarly unfortunate. — Good's prosaic translation is correct.

'Such are the crimes that *superstition* prompts.'—l. 110.

The Doctor amplifies the passage thus:

'Hence stern *religion*, our dismay before,
By him subjected, and our plague no more,
Humbled in turn, beneath our feet is driven,
And his brave victory equals us to heaven.'—l. 88.

Dr. Nott falls into the same error; Evelyn, who is seldom commendable, bears off the palm.

'To so much ill could foolish zeal persuade!'

It is a curious fact, that Cardinal Polignac, the pious and philosophical author of *Anti-Lucretius*, who must be admitted to have understood Latin well, although he had no idea of the majesty or smoothness of verse, should have committed the same mistake. He impugns the word *religio* as if it were used in a modern sense.

'Efferatantum igitur potuit suadere malorum
Impietas non religio,' &c.

The washiness of the following line is only surpassed by that of the two which succeed it.

'As sung our Ennius, darling of the nine.'—l. 144.

'Wild Acheron in never-dying lays,
And the Acherusian temples he displays.'—l. 150.

We shall have occasion hereafter to shew the obligation under which we lie to the Doctor for the coinage of sundry new words; our debt is not much less to him for the conscription of ancient and vulgar terms to the service of poetry. Among many others, the word '*megrims*,' is ennobled.

'A thousand megrims in the minds revolved.'—l. 166.

We

We are rather astonished that the symphonious expression 'mullygrubs' did not strike the Doctor for the

'Singultusque frequens noctem per sæpe diemque
Conripere assidue nervos, et membra coactans,
Dissolvebat eos.

How sweet is the passage of Lucretius, which it has pleased our translator to enlarge upon and beautify !

'Frondiferasque novis avibus canere undique sylvas:
Hinc, fessæ pecudes, pingues per pabula læta,
Corpora deponunt: et candens lacteus humor
Uberibus manat distentis: hinc nova proles
Artubus infirmis teneras lasciva per herbas
Ludit, lacte novo mentes percussa novellas.'—257.

'Hence *new-flown* birds the woods with music fill,
And *vernal raptures* from the branches thrill:
Hence lusty cattle on soft grass repose:
Hence with nutritious juice each udder flows:
With strength yet unconfirmed, in wanton play,
Their milk-fed younglings o'er the meadows stray.'

Doctor Busby, either in the abstruse or brilliant passages of his author, never once assimilates himself to his prototype. In those portions of his work where he has taken most pains, he is occasionally harmonious; but to this the praise cannot be added of adapting his style, or even his thoughts, to the original. The best verses have little of the soul, or even the meaning of Lucretius. Creech is some times prosaic and hasty, but seldom unfaithful: and by a minute inspection of the two translations, we have been enabled to detect plagiarism from the diction and turn of the earlier version in innumerable instances.

'Principio, venti vis verberat incita pontum,
Ingenteisque ruit naveis, et nubila differt.'—272.

'First then the mighty winds, *themselves unseen*,
Sweep o'er the sea, and vex the liquid green;
Now high, now low the reeling vessels bear,
And drive the *rushing* clouds through darkened air.'—316.

To enable him to spin out two Latin lines into four English lines, without doubling the aggregate of each book in the English, the Doctor is frequently compelled to omit and to mutilate in other passages.

After reading about 'nature's leasts,' an ungrammatical expression borrowed from Creech, we learn—

'Wise nature hath ordained each thing that dies
Shall to its least parts melt: or whence would rise

Materials, daily losses to repair?

Since compounds ne'er those properties can share:

As union, motion, concord, forces, weight

And all those powers by which things generate.'—l. 683.

'Chief among these stood great Empedocles

Of Agrigentum, born among the seas,

In Sicily's fair isle—three stretching sides

Their lengths exhibit to the azure tides.'—l. 785.

Whose sides, in the name of grammar? but truths are occasionally more plainly spoken;

'All things to others change, and all things come and go.'—l. 871.

We should have considered '*globules*' as a trisyllable an *ἀπαξ λεγόμενον*, had not two similar curiosities claimed our notice, '*pustules*,' in three, and '*pellicules*' in four syllables. The beauty loses by repetition; but as the old iambographer says,

'*Etiam capillus unus habet umbram suam.*'

'Blood springs from *globules* in union rolled.'—l. 910.

'The body glows with reddened *pustules*.'

'And new-dropt calves their thin *pellicules*.'

In v. 948, the subtlety, but real weakness of the arguments of Anaxagoras, are strongly brought before us, thus:

'Here Anaxagoras appears to shake,

With subtle argument, the side we take.'

The Doctor had said before of him that he was a very sorry reasoner.

It has been affirmed that 'truth lies at the bottom of a well,' and it appears from an account given by Dr. Busby, which he has been kind enough to appropriate gratuitously to Lucretius, that some people, though possibly but few, *dive* into the well, or, to use the Doctor's more correct language, *dive the well*, for it. To those who are not divers, he promises to 'disclose his rigid principles in verse that flows with Hyblæan sweetness.'

————— *hæc ratio plerumque videtur*

Tristior esse, quibus non est tractata—

————— this system seems uncouth

To those who seldom *dive the well* of truth.'

The 'Mighty Mother,' whom Pope sings, must surely have inspired these lines.

'Great mother of the Gods this earth's proclaimed;

Of man and brute the common parent framed;

Her the learned Grecian poets sung of old,

Her car through lofty heaven two lions rolled;

By this they (i. e. the lions) taught that mid th' ætherial plains

Hangs the vast globe, whose weight no base sustains.'—l. 661.

Book

Book III.—'Grinly Potentate,' and 'Mortal Monarch,' as personifications of death, are not very classical.

'Since then the nature of the mind and soul
Forms but a part of man, let those who stole
From *Heliconia* (where is that?) HARMONY's proud name
(To grace their system of the human frame,
And give the soul a name it never knew)
Retake it—Memmius list—I sing to you.'—l. 144.

We are informed, in line 278, that 'the subtle seeds of four natures rove so confusedly, and move so intermixed,'

'That those from these no interval divides;
Each with the others constantly resides.'—l. 281.
'Vapour is cold, the trembler Fear awakes,
Horror excites, and every member shakes.'—l. 313.
'Their genial powers so mutually employ,
Divide them, you vitality destroy.'—l. 372.

The following is a fair specimen of didascalical familiarity:

'When o'er the body death assumes his reign,
Do, or do not, some seeds of soul remain?
If in the affirmative you once reply,
You fairly grant me her mortality.'—l. 800.

Of maggots, the Doctor, as if irritated, speaks in high-sounding language.

'Whence all the boneless, bloodless, tribes that swarm
The bloated limbs and take the flesh by storm?'—l. 810.

Of the fourth book it is our decided opinion that no translation should be given. Dryden adds even the embellishment of luscious verse to those portions of it which are simply philosophical. We are ready to admit that the present translation of these verses affords the most favourable instances of poetry in the two volumes; but the well-known apology of Ausonius, if it ever occurred to Doctor Busby, should have been considered by him as indefensible. Creech had the delicacy to omit the more flagrant passages, which his kind editor has supplied from Dryden. Marchetti is gross—Good, disgusting.

Doctor Busby is extremely fond of addressing the Muse, when Lucretius is not thinking about her. 'Teach me, oh Muse' is the general translation of *expediam*. Occasionally she is invoked as a goddess, which, were it not for the opening address to Venus, would be direct heresy. That invocation has raised much dispute among the commentators; and all being jealous lest their author's irreligion should not be consistent, attempt to explain it away. Nardius, the Florentine editor, gravely informs us, that

Venus, in the passages to which we allude, means nothing but *pot-herbs*.

Lucretius is, in parts, so difficult, that we can sympathize with a translator who has many leagues of desert to pass through before he reaches an oasis. But our sympathy is much diminished when he strides on at the same careless pace, 'through hard and rare.'

'Contrary parts the altered figure wears
The dexter side the sinister appears :
Thus if a mask of humid clay should fall
On the hard stones, or dash against a wall,
Though beaten back, yet still the face remains,
And undisturbed its character retains ;
Starts out posterior—all the hollow fills,
And, by inversion, still the face reveals.'—l. 352.

'The dexter side shall now the left become,
And now the sinister the right resume ;
Through constant change the shade its course pursues,
Its primal shape alternately renews.'—l. 373.

The Doctor mentions a property of shadows, which we do not before remember to have seen.

'These [*i. e.* *light shadows*] as they ambulating visions bring,
Give the obedient mind a kindred spring—
Inspire a will——'—l. 1036.

From books V. and VI. we had selected a more than usual quantity of gems ; but we must be brief.

We are informed that

'——— the vast universe, the All of All,
Stedfast shall stand, nor to destruction fall.'—l. 465.

and immediately after, that

'——— the dismal portal gapes for all,
And sure destruction on the world will fall.'

On the origin of language, we are thus questioned :

'Could one alone by name each creature call,
And no one else by names distinguish all ?'

'And is it wonderful that men, supplied
With vocal organs, and in whom reside
The powers of intellect, should names devise
For objects constantly before their eyes ?'—l. 1320.

'——— I feel
Sublimar energies, and warmer zeal.'

Under this inspiration the Doctor proceeds :

'——— hence reel our lofty palaces, while less
Our humbler tenements the shocks distress,
And least of all the lowest roofs impress.'

Aga in,

Again!

'Craters the Greeks pronounce them; but our laws
Of language claim we term them *mouths* and *jaws*.'

Innovations in grammar would occupy more room than we can allot. In quantity we have the following novelties. Posthūmous, contrāry, Gerijon, Ismāra, Stymphālus, bitūmen, calōric and calōric, and Melīta. Many of the rhymes are ill-sorted, as, '*racks and beaks*,' '*moon and sun*,' '*possess and increase*,' '*teems and limbs*,' '*fill and steal*,' '*admit and flight*,' &c.

If Horace gave it as his opinion, that, under certain regulations, his poetical predecessors had deserved well of the literary commonwealth, for coining new words, and naturalizing others from the Greek language, what must be our gratitude to Doctor Busby, who has enriched his *patrius sermo* with many pleasant verbs and nouns: some *parcè detorta* from the Latin; others wholly Latin; others from the mint of his own imagination? Hence we read, '*Rarity*' (for rarification), '*luminare*,' '*finity*,' '*re-image*,' '*retrogradely*,' '*undeadened*,' '*to serene*,' '*vitalize*,' '*tenuous seeds*,' '*villous tongues*,' '*flavorous seeds*,' and '*saporous war*.' Then we have sundry hospital terms, served up in their original language, such as '*fæculæ*,' '*viscera*,' '*pallor*,' '*virus*,' '*cruor*,' '*scank saliva*,' and '*the nasal flood*,' and

'——— Oft the passing voice the *glottis* wears,
The *trachea* roughens, and the *bronchia* tears.'—IV. 630.

It is, however, but fair to Dr. Busby, to allow him the meed occasionally of easy versification; a versification exactly fashioned in the Darwinian school, and tuned, from the nature of his subject, to the same topics. We are inclined to think that he sometimes surpasses Darwin in his best style; and the only drawback to the pleasure we feel in reading his better verses, arises from their thorough want of resemblance to the original.

'With wonders first she teemed, things formless bred,
Her surface with gigantic monsters spread;
Some that to neither sex their title proved,
And yet from neither sex were far removed;
Some, short of feet, some, wanting hands, arise,
Some without mouths, and some devoid of eyes.
Here to lax limbs distorted limbs adhered,
There, disproportioned, all the frame appeared;
Cramped was each member, limb with limb at strife,
And each refused the offices of life:
To walk, to act, their nerveless powers deny,
To seek subsistence, or from danger fly;
And many a hideous creature stalked the plain,
At first triumphant rose, but rose in vain:

For nature, shocked to view her own disgrace,
 Forbade the fruitful joys of love's embrace;
 Withheld the blessing of maturing food,
 And to extinction doomed the monster-brood.'—V. 1059.

Dr. Busby frequently rivals Creech, and sometimes undoubtedly excels him, as in the following passage:

'———, sed primum, quicquid aquai
 Tollitur, &c.—V. 256.

'But, lest the mass of waters prove too great,
 The sun drinks some, to quench his nat'ral heat:
 And some the winds brush off; with wanton play
 They dip their wings, and bear some part away:
 Some passes through the earth, diffused all o'er,
 And leaves its salt behind in every pore;
 For all returns through narrow channels spread,
 And joins where'er the fountain shews her head;
 And thence sweet streams in fair meanders play,
 And through the vallies cut their liquid way;
 And herbs and flowers on every side bestow;
 The fields all smile with flowers, where'er they flow.'—Creech.

'But lest too high the briny flood should swell,
 The flying winds upon their pinions steal
 Some parts redundant; some the sun exhales,
 And some refreshen subterraneous vales;
 Strained through the secret channels, they resign,
 By due degrees, their particles saline;
 Up to some fountain-head attracted glide,
 Then lead through nurtured plains their sweet'ned tide;
 With liquid feet retrace their shining ways,
 Through former beds, and seek th' increasing seas.'—Busby.

In the following extract from the beautiful commencement of the second book, Dr. Busby is equally successful against Dryden, whose version is in every one's hand.

'Oh wretched mortals, souls devoid of light,
 Lost in the shades of intellectual night,
 This transient life they miserably spend,
 Strangers to nature, and to nature's end:
 Nor see all human wants in these combined,
 A healthful body, and a peaceful mind.
 But little our corporeal part requires
 To sooth our pains, and feed our just desires.
 From simplest sources purest pleasure flows,
 And nature asks but pleasure, and repose.
 What though no sculptured boys of burnished gold
 Around thy hall the flaming torches hold,
 Gilding the midnight banquet with their rays,
 While goblets sparkle, and while lustres blaze,

What

What though thy mansion with no silver shine,
 Nor gold emblazon with its rich design,
 No fretted arch, no painted dome, rebound
 The rapturous voice, and harps exulting sound,
 Yet see the swains their gliding moments pass
 In sweet indulgence on the tender grass
 Near some smooth limpid lapse of murmuring stream
 Whose bordering oaks exclude the noontide beam,
 Chiefly when Spring leads on the smiling hours,
 And strews the brightened mead with opening flowers
 In grateful shades, soft seats of peace and health,
 Calmly they lie, nor dream of needless wealth.'

Appended to each book is a body of commentaries closely printed, and a life of Epicurus. From this portion of the work we had selected several remarks, but we must retire, like satisfied guests. The style is generally turgid and inflated; the poetical illustration is mostly dug for in the mine of Wakefield, and the earlier Latin critics; and the philosophy borrowed from Creech, who himself pilfered without scruple from Gassendi.—The Doctor throughout shews much unwillingness to acknowledge obligations of this nature.

On the whole, although we are not of the opinion of Possevin, that parts only of Lucretius ought to be perused, we think that parts only ought to be translated. The philosophical majesty of Lucretius is hardly attainable in modern language; such principles drest in poetry must ever be uninviting, and, in a great degree, unintelligible. We speak however with deference *discipularum inter cathedras*, while our parties are enlightened by female metaphysicians, and ladies assist at Galvanic lectures. For the present, we are content with Creech; and rest in the hope that when good versions shall have been made of those poets whose title to them we have cursorily examined, the *docti furor arduus Lucreti* will find a kindred soul in some translator of learning, discrimination, and poetical talent.

ART. VIII. 1. *A Picturesque Journey to the North Cape*. By A. F. Skioldebrand; translated from the French. London. Richardson; 1813. Pp. 270.

2. *Travels through Norway and Lapland during the years 1806, 1807, and 1808*. By Leopold Von Buch, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. Translated from the original German, by John Black, with Notes and Illustrations chiefly Mineralogical, and some Account of the Author, by Robert Jameson, F. R. S. E. F. L. S. &c. Professor of Natural

History in the University of Edinburgh. *Illustrated with Maps and Physical Sections.* Pp. 484. 4to. London. 1813.

3. *Voyage dans le Nord de l'Europe consistant principalement de Promenades en Norwège, et de quelques Courses en Suède dans l'année 1807. Suivi d'un Appendice contenant des Remarques historiques et physiques, &c. &c. &c.* Par A. Lamotte, avec des planches, et une carte de Norwège, &c. Pp. 244. 4to. A Londres. 1813.

THE north of Europe has been styled by a Gothic historian the forge of the human race. 'I should rather call it,' says Montesquieu, 'the forge in which those powerful instruments were fabricated which broke the chains rivetted in the south for the subjection of mankind;' and Scandinavia may claim the high prerogative of being the source of all the liberty we now enjoy. By the later historians of the Roman Empire, the Goths are described as a ferocious and uncivilized people, and hence we have been accustomed to connect with their name an idea of barbarism which by no means belongs to them; for instead of bringing mere havoc and devastation in their train during their progress southward, they imparted to the nations which they subdued, a spirit of independence, and a taste for military glory, that had ceased to exist in the corrupt ages of Rome; and although the bright flame of liberty which they introduced, was for a time obscured, it at length began to shew itself with various degrees of force, in the different quarters of civilized Europe. The northern tribes have from this cause acquired a domestic claim, as it is called by Gibbon, to our attention and regard.

Independently however of the curiosity which we naturally feel to search into the early history of a people to whom we are so much indebted, and to extract some conclusive facts from the obscurity in which it is involved, there is something peculiarly inviting in the first annals of these frozen regions; we dwell with delight upon the wild mixture of superstition and romance which pervaded their mythology and poetical compositions, and our admiration is excited by the chivalrous spirit and fearless intrepidity which so peculiarly distinguished the descendants of Odin. This chieftain, according to received tradition, was compelled by Pompey, after the fall of Mithridates, to abandon Asgard, his native seat, on the banks of the Mæotis, and to move westward with his tribe, the Ases, in quest of new settlements. He sought an asylum in Sweden; became the legislator of Scandinavia, and the founder of a new religion.*

* Pontoppidan remarks that the manners of the Norwegians are, in some respects, extremely similar to those of the Georgians, as described by Chardin.

Scandinavia is described by Pliny as an island of considerable though uncertain magnitude, and no precise limits are assigned to it by any ancient author with whom we are acquainted; to the eastward we find Finningia, another island of not less importance, and the modern names of Schönland or Scania, and Finland, by which these countries are now designated, are expressive of the supposed beauty of the regions to which they belong. Though we may reasonably attribute to the imperfect knowledge of geography which the ancients possessed, the mistaken notion as to the insular position of these countries, it may also be accounted for in another manner. The diminution in the height of the Baltic sea, is an object to which the attention of the Swedish philosophers has for some time been directed, and it is noticed by two of the travellers whose works we have under review. If the sinking of the water in this quarter has continued in regular proportion from the earliest times, at the period when Pliny wrote, the flat country of Scandinavia must have been covered with the sea, and the high lands appeared, as they are described by him, as so many islands of various forms and dimensions. This at least is the opinion which is hazarded by Gibbon on a subject which admits of much curious speculation.

The adventurous spirit of individuals has by degrees afforded us the requisite information respecting many parts of the globe with which the ancients were but imperfectly acquainted; and we are much indebted to those travellers, who have in various directions traversed countries little known, and which promised but scantily to repay their labour. It is with this impression that we have ventured to call the attention of our readers to the translations of the *Travels* of Skioldebrand and Von Buch, who by different routes explored their way to the North Cape. The former may not be unknown to them as the companion of M. Acerbi; and though we must confess that his book wears a most unfashionable appearance in these days of ponderous and oppressive quartos, we are not disposed on that account to treat it with contempt. The original work, which was published at Stockholm, is of larger dimensions, as the engravings form the chief and most valuable part; from these M. Acerbi has apparently borrowed most of the plates which accompany his volumes, and this he has done, so far as we remember, without any acknowledgment.

Colonel Skioldebrand is an officer of some reputation in the Swedish service. In the year 1808 he was ordered to conduct a brigade which he commanded, to the support of the army then opposed to the Russians in Finland; in this expedition he was not fortunate. We believe he has since been serving under the Crown Prince in Holstein, as we observe his name in more than one
of

of the Swedish bulletins. The occasional reflections with which his work is interspersed, give us a favourable opinion of his sense and feeling; and the artist-like manner in which he describes the scenery he visited, inclines us to think more highly of his taste, than of the common run of picturesque travellers.

He sets out from Stockholm, as he tells us, with the expectation of confirming his previous opinion, that good and evil are equally distributed to the inhabitants of all parts of the world, and hoping still to hear,

‘The shiv’ring tenant of the frozen zone
Boldly proclaim the happiest spot his own.’

The first object which arrests his attention on leaving Griselham, is the appearance of the Frozen sea, which he was preparing to cross, and we were somewhat surprised to find that he was not more familiarized with this singular spectacle. A native of more temperate climes might indeed be excused for entertaining some uneasy sensations whilst driving at a distance from land, through vessels imbedded in ice, or amongst glaciers which the wind and currents have heaped up; but there is no part of the sea which washes the Swedish coast, that is not partially frozen over in severe winters. After some trifling disasters however on the passage, our traveller reaches the rock on which the telegraph is placed, which communicates with Griselham, about thirty miles distant from the Swedish coast. His satisfaction on setting foot again on terra firma, appears here to have transported him beyond his usual tone of sober description, and to have blinded him to the inconveniences of the spot. He babbles, like Falstaff, ‘o’ green fields,’ and a tavern, neither of which pleasing objects we, for our parts, were ever able to discover, though we had full leisure to observe all ‘the qualities of the isle,’ during a dreary sojourn of several days, in hourly expectation of crossing the gulph to Sweden. Nothing in fact can be more beautiful than the appearance of the islands in this part of the Baltic sea during the summer months, nor can more desolate quarters be imagined during the long night of winter.

On the eastern side of the gulph are situated the flourishing towns of Abo, Wasa, and Ulleaborg, all places of considerable traffic in the raw materials with which the north of Europe abounds. Owing to the gradual diminution of the water of the Baltic, it is said that the harbours at these ports are much deteriorated; but the population of Abo is still reckoned at upwards of 8000, and that of Ulleaborg, which is next to Abo in importance, at 4000.

The Ostrobothnians are an honest and industrious people. Their habitations, though not exactly fitted up according to our ideas of comfort

comfort and cleanliness, are well stored with almost every thing their wants can require; and there are few in which silver spoons, and other articles of domestic luxury, are not produced on the appearance of a guest. The bath is their chief solace, and that rapid transition from the most violent heat to extreme cold, which we are accustomed to consider so pernicious, is here practised, as in Russia, and with the same impunity. The face of the country is in general covered with fir forests; but in spite of the shortness of the summers in these parts, sufficient grain is grown for the consumption of the inhabitants, and even, as it appears, for occasional exportation.

We find our author pursuing his journey northwards, in the beginning of June, and his description of the entrance into Westrobothnia gives us a high idea of the beauty of that province, of the richness of the country in the neighbourhood of Torneo, and of the size of the forest timber which is there growing. This town, which by the treaty of Fredericksham in 1809 has become the boundary of the Russian frontier, was founded by Charles IX of Sweden early in the seventeenth century, and its name has become familiar to us, from its having been for some time the residence of the French astronomers, who, in 1736, were sent to measure a degree of the meridian at the polar circle. The inhabitants do not exceed 600, they are Swedes, and proverbial for their love of good cheer, and their indifference to the concerns of the rest of the world. To these convivial qualities, we suspect, must partly be attributed the decay of the trade which was formerly carried on here, as the emporium of all the commodities brought down the rivers from Lapland. This internal traffic is now conducted by the more enterprising Fins, who are encouraged to settle by the liberal provision made for new comers; and it is owing to the gradual influx of settlers from Finland that the population of Swedish Lapland is said to have doubled in the course of thirty years.

The people by whom this rapid progress in civilization has been effected are deserving of attention; and we shall take this opportunity of giving some account of the Laplanders.

The peculiar barbarism and wretchedness of the Fins, who are supposed to have inhabited this part of Europe, are noticed by Tacitus in his account of the tribes of Germany; and as they are described by him to have excelled in the practice of archery, some have been inclined to consider them as the Arimaspians, or one-eyed nation, by whom the Griffins* were robbed of their gold. The difference in figure, manners, and language which exists between the modern Fins and the other inhabitants of Scandinavia, has excited much inquiry into the origin of this people. That they came originally from the east there can be little doubt, as they are the earliest inhabitants of the north of Russia with whom we are acquainted.

acquainted. In the ninth century Pern was their chief city, and by means of the rivers Volga and Petzora they were enabled to carry on a traffic of some importance, by introducing into the north of Europe the lighter commodities of Samarcand and India. This commerce, no doubt, by degrees became lucrative, for we find afterwards the city of Pern in alliance with the Hanse towns; she also sent three hundred men to the relief of Novogorod when attacked by Ivan Vassilivitch, a circumstance which will enable us to form some judgment both of the real strength of Pern, and of the city whose power was supposed to be only inferior to that of the gods.

We derive our first acquaintance with the people in the north of the Scandinavian peninsula from the report made by Ochter to our king Alfred. This foreigner dwelt in the northern parts of Norway, and states that he undertook a voyage round the north cape to the White sea, for the purpose of opening a trade in whale-bone and other articles of the same description, with the natives in that quarter, and it is singular to observe that so little change has taken place in the manners of the people as they are described by him.

Helgeland, the native country of Ochter, is considered to be the ancient abode of those Jotuns or Giants, whom we meet with in the Icelandic poets, and whom it was as meritorious in a Norwegian to put to death, as it formerly was in Scotland to hunt a Mac Gregor. The fact appears to be, that Odin, on his arrival in the north, was resolved to exterminate the former settlers, though they also came from the east, as well as his immediate followers, and he therefore represented them as monsters both in stature and appearance, and addicted to all the horrid practices of sorcery and magic.

Wulfstan, whose voyages are to be met with in Hakluyt's collection, was also consulted by Alfred on the subject of the countries he had visited, but his information only extended to those bordering on the Baltic sea. In speaking of the customs of the people of Eastland, the *Æstii* of Tacitus, he mentions a curious species of legacy-hunting, which if practised by us would render the training of race-horses a more productive amusement than it is generally found to be. When any one dies, says he, his effects are placed in five or six heaps, at different distances from the town in which he resided. Those who have the swiftest horses in the country around, within a certain extent, are then summoned, and as the heap most distant from the town is the most valuable, the struggle is to obtain it. The remaining heaps fall to the lot of the less successful competitors, in the order in which they arrive at them.

The language of the Fins has nothing in common with that of any neighbouring people, though its resemblance to the Hungarian has

has been often remarked;* they have been celebrated for their love of poetry, and their talent for stringing together the runic verses in the manner of the Italian improvisatori. The lines do not rhyme, but are alliterative in the manner of 'Piers Plowman's Vision,' an old poem of the 14th century. The Lapland tongue is said to possess an elegant brevity, and at the same time a great copiousness and variety of expression; if we may believe Scheffetoor, these people were not deficient in the poetical art. The specimens, however, which he has given us, and which we have all been used to peruse with so much pleasure,† appear rather to be the productions of a refined nation, than of the untutored inhabitants of Lapland.

Mr. Porthan notices the resemblance between the Lapponic language and that of the nations adjacent to the Samoyedes, from which a fair inference may be drawn of their common origin; but a strong similarity in their habits of life would induce us, with less hesitation, to derive the two tribes from the same stock, as we entirely agree with Colonel Skioldebrand in the following observation.

'In general, I think that inquiries as to the resemblance of languages may throw much light on history, and prove as well the affinities, as the ancient connection between people now far apart, and mutually ignorant of each other. But when the origin of nations is in question, if this conformity alone is to be found on one side, and on the other physical relations, as the same characteristic features, the same form, &c. I think one cannot mistake in preferring the conclusions deduced from the latter, as the more probable. The children of a negro and negress, born in a northern latitude, will be always negroes; yet may be unacquainted with their mother's language, and speak that only of the country where they were brought up. The jews of all countries have peculiar features which distinguish them from all other people, &c.'

We are inclined, therefore, to consider the Laplanders, the Samoyedes, the Esquimaux, and the Greenlanders, who are all to be found in the same northern latitude, as originally the same people, and to coincide with the opinion of Von Buch, who thinks it probable that the Laplanders descended from the White sea towards Norway and Sweden, and that the Fins on the other hand ascended from Esthonia, through Finland.

'The tradition of the Fins,' says Skioldebrand, 'and the few which the Laplanders retain, confirm the opinion that the latter have formerly possessed Finland, and have been expelled by the present occupiers.'

* A curious similarity to the Finnish language has been observed in an unlooked for quarter. It is said to resemble in pronunciation that of the island of Otahelte.—*Observations d'un Voyageur sur la Russie, par Abel Bulga, Maestricht, 1767.*

† *Spectator*, No. 366—406.

Thus their domains have receded from the shores of the gulph of Bothnia beyond the polar circle, and are every way contracted by the colonists who settle in their countries.

There can be no doubt that both the people in question anciently possessed a much more considerable part of Scandinavia than they do at present; and we find here as in other quarters, that as the tide of colonization flowed from the east, the ancient inhabitants were compelled to seek shelter in a different direction; as the Britons, when dispossessed by the Romans and Saxons, took refuge in the mountains of Wales and the Highlands of Scotland.

Repeated attempts have been made since Lapland has in part fallen under the dominion of Sweden, to convert the inhabitants to the christian faith. They are said, however, to have 'an equal horror of kings and missionaries,' and such was their disinclination to give up their ancient mythology, that in the middle of the last century, a great part of the nation secretly worshipped idols, though publicly professing the christian religion.

The art of magic, for which the people of Lapland were formerly so famous, is now wholly lost, and not a wind is to be purchased along the whole of the coast. The chase and the care of the reindeer form their sole occupation, and during the long night of winter, the Laplander, unless impelled by necessity, indulges freely in his natural indolence, and becomes nearly as torpid as the rest of the animal creation. In no one point do they more resemble the Fins of Tacitus, than in their indifference to what is passing elsewhere, and the absence of all care for more than they possess.

The superior degree of content which this rude and uncivilized race is supposed to enjoy, from the possession of the reindeer which supplies all their wants, and their seclusion from the more tumultuous scenes of life, have called forth from Linnæus an eloquent apostrophe on the happiness of their condition; but the virtues and comforts of the savage state have now ceased to be the theme of modern philosophers; and as Von Buch very sensibly observes, in answer to those who lament that the increase of great towns in Norway has produced a pernicious change in the national character, 'We ought never to forget that through social institutions a higher order of virtues and freedom may be attained, than can ever be reached in the privacy of retirement; and that a free and happy man in a civilized state, is a much more respectable and distinguished being, than a free and happy Samoyede.'

With respect to the climate of Lapland—a general view of the state of vegetation in these parts will perhaps render the temperature of the country sufficiently intelligible to the greater part of our readers; and indeed, a pretty accurate judgment may be formed of the nature of any climate by this criterion.

Dr.

Dr. Wahlenberg, who has made several scientific journeys into Lapland, has divided that country into five distinct parts or zones, concentric with the gulph of Bothnia, and distinguished by the different species of trees which they are calculated to produce. The first he calls woody, which bears in abundance both the Scotch and spruce fir. The second subwoody, where the spruce disappears, and the more hardy Scotch fir alone is found. In the three more northerly divisions, which he denominates Alpine, the firs are lost sight of, and the birch and willow will alone stand the inclemency of the cold. In the neighbourhood of Alten, indeed, from its sheltered situation, some Scotch firs are said to thrive, but from thence to the North Cape, only a few stunted bushes are scattered here and there. The willow is one of the few trees that seems not to suffer by the inclemency of the climate, and of this there are no less than twenty-three different kinds in Lapland and Westrobothnia, which are for the most part unknown elsewhere.

It remains but to mention the population of the two nations, the outlines of whose history we have thus succinctly given. The Laplanders in the three divisions of the country which belong to Russia, Sweden, and Norway, are not estimated by Von Buch at more than ten thousand; the Fins, on the other hand, in Finland alone, are supposed to exceed a million. This calculation was made in the year 1793.

Col. Skioldebrand left Torneo on the 16th June, not without many expressions of astonishment on the part of the inhabitants, at the singularity of his taste in undertaking so troublesome a journey, for the sake of visiting a country, which to them appeared so little interesting. It seems, however, to have been the most favourable time that he could attempt it; for it was

‘In that glad season from the lakes and floods
Where pure Niemi’s freezing mountains rise,
And fring’d with roses Tenglio rolls his stream.’

Thomson’s Seasons.

His descriptions of the country through which he passed are in general extremely good, and the following account of a nightly visit to the summit of Avasaxa, one of the Fiallen mountains, is a fair specimen of his powers.

‘It was now midnight, and the sun seemed to touch the summit of a lofty mountain, which partly concealed it. Nature in suspense appeared to wait the decision of the luminary, whether he would abandon the earth to the shades of night, or resuming his beneficent course, he should continue to illuminate it. We remarked the shadow of one rock upon another, in order to watch the sun’s motion, and in a few minutes we observed that the shadow had vanished, and consequently that the sun was rising. Presently the united choir of birds proclaimed
a morning

a morning which no night had preceded. The man who could be but slightly moved by such a sight, must be wretched and unfeeling! for myself, I shall ever preserve its delicious recollection.'

This mountain is the farthest point to which a road has hitherto been conducted, and it becomes necessary to change the mode of conveyance, from horses to the boats of the country, a tedious process, of which we have somewhat too much. The rivers here flow from the north, and the ascent is of course a continual struggle against the force of the stream.

Colonel Skioldebrand, apparently aware of the dulness of this part of his narrative, takes care to remind us, that as he is not writing a romance, he is not at liberty to fancy events at his pleasure; and indeed the only episodes in this part of his journey which can at all amuse, are his description of a certain fair Christina, who, like Nausicaa, attends him to the bath, and for whom, as the Grecian ideas of propriety are a good deal exploded, we felt some degree of apprehension; and his account of an adventurous old boatman, who is called by Mr. Acerbi, the Buonaparte of the Cataracts, though he appears to have extricated his companions from some perilous situations, with considerably more skill and intrepidity than the Corsican has ever done, however carefully he may have provided for his own personal safety.

Torneo is by many erroneously supposed to be in Lapland; it probably was so originally, but the Laplanders have been gradually driven northward, and Muononiska, a town about 140 miles distant from Torneo, is the boundary between Westrobothnia and Lapland, properly so called. Here begin the extensive plains covered with the lichen islandicus, or reindeer moss, which is observed not to flourish with the same luxuriance where its growth is interrupted by woods of Scotch fir. The following extract from Skioldebrand will explain the nature of the country.

'From the top of an enormous heap of sand, the eye stretches over the deserts of the level country of Lapland. The meandering course of the river, a knoll covered with verdure, and adorned by some birch trees, the forms of which displayed the caprices of nature; hillocks covered with rein-deer moss; all these objects formed a very pleasing picture amidst a country so barren and uncultivated. In the whole expanse of this view, I saw not the least trace of man, not even a fire, which the Laplanders never fail to kindle where they reside.'

At this town our traveller meets with a communicative parish priest, who, according to Mr. Acerbi, was only distinguished from his flock 'by a pair of black breeches, his aversion to the Latin language, and his respect for Buonaparte.' He tells him, however, some wonderful stories of the virtues of the inhabitants, whose manners seem, nevertheless, to savour more of stupidity than morality.

ality. Colonel Skioldebrand is here obliged to exchange the active Finlanders, who had brought him through so many dangers by water, for as many indolent Laplanders, with whom he pursues his journey by land.

The first speech made by the chief of the party gives us some little insight into the natural manners of the tribe. 'The first glass of brandy warms the stomach, but the second warms the heart.' The eternal clack, as he calls it, of his attendant, appears to have been extremely annoying to the Colonel, and at one time we find him forced by it, combined, indeed, with the attack of a host of mosquitos, to betake himself to the extraordinary occupation of shooting owls at midnight. He soon however arrives at the source of the river Alten, and is carried down the stream without any adventure worth notice, to the seaport of that name on the Frozen Ocean, situate about 800 miles from Torneo.

This coast is divided into Nordland and Finmark, which are separated by the course of the river Alten, and the former province still belongs to Denmark. The whole of Finmark also was originally claimed by this power, and the advances which the Russians and Swedes have made upon these distant possessions, are still considered by her as so many encroachments upon her natural rights.

The Russians, very early in the 14th century, crossed the White sea, and succeeded in establishing themselves in Candalax, and in fortifying Kola: they neglected, however, to take the same precaution at the more northern post of Wardhus, or the Norwegians would probably never have extended their territories so far as they were afterwards enabled to do. It was a favourite project of the Swedish king, Charles the IXth, who was alive to the advantages which belonged to the fisheries on these coasts, to extend his dominions in this direction, and he accordingly, by a treaty with the Czar of Muscovy in 1596, obtained the cession of all that tract of country, in Finmark, over which the Russians had already extended their intoads. Extraordinary as it may appear, it was only by an accident, as it is stated by Von Buch, that the Danish king, Christian the IVth, discovered this arrangement. On examining the maps then recently published by the noted geographers Ortelius and Houdius, he found to his astonishment that Finmark, and a part of Nordland were separated by a strong boundary line from Norway, and distinguished by the same colour as Sweden. Ortelius was then called upon to explain the reasons for this singular delineation of the limits, who defended his geography by quoting the book from which it was taken, which proved to be a publication by a French officer, who had attended a Swedish general in the last war between Russia

and Sweden, and who was privy to the secret articles of the treaty: Christian was not disposed tamely to submit to the spoliation of his dominions, or to suffer any insult on his authority to pass unnoticed: he immediately set out for Wardhus, the most distant establishment in this part of his territories, to assert his rights, and to protest against the attempt to disturb them, and though he did not succeed in compelling the Russians to retire as they were required to do, from their new acquisition on the western coast of the White sea, he effectually counteracted the designs of Sweden.

Gustavus Adolphus was too much occupied in other quarters, to follow up his father's projects in this direction; he was easily prevailed upon therefore to renounce the claims which his predecessors had asserted to the whole of Finmark, and since that period the Kiolen mountains have always been considered the boundaries of Sweden. By the Peace of Fredericksham in 1809, the whole of Ostrobothnia was ceded to Russia, so that Finmark is no longer exposed to a similar danger from the Swedes. The people, however, are not likely to be gainers by the change of neighbours, for M. Von Buch apprehends that in a short time the Russians will acquire complete possession of Finmark, and compel the Norwegians to confine themselves to Nordland.

Finmark, according to Pontoppidan, contains 26,323 square English miles; the population, in 1801, did not exceed 7802. The inhabitants consist, according to Von Buch, of Laplanders, who in general gain their livelihood by fishing, of some Norwegian families, descendants of persons banished from their own country, and of Finlanders, who first made their appearance in the neighbourhood of Alten, about the year 1708, being driven northward by the wars of Charles XII. or by the havoc occasioned by the Russians among their flocks. The latter are said to be an industrious and agricultural people, and are designated by Von Buch under the name of Quaus, by which it appears the Finlanders were formerly known.

The Russians first began in 1742 to explore the shores of Finmark, and to catch or purchase fish on the coast. At particular periods we are told all the fiords and sounds are covered with small three-masted Russian vessels from Archangel; the trade which they now carry on without interruption, was contraband until the breaking up of the Finmark company, (in 1789), which, like other monopolies, was found to be prejudicial to the interests of the country. The Russians obtain fish for the raw commodities they bring, as well as permission to set lines on the coast; and it is curious to observe that the inhabitants of Finmark are taxed with a culpable disregard to their own interest, similar to that of which we ourselves

ourselves have been accused, by allowing foreigners to surpass them in activity, and neglecting to avail themselves of the riches which their coasts so abundantly afford:

Our readers will, perhaps, be curious to know, what hours are kept by a people, who have not the option of regulating their movements by those of the sun:

'The habits of life in these places during the summer, and especially when the sun continues above the horizon, are to rise at 10 o'clock in the morning, dine at 5 or 6 in the evening, sup an hour after midnight; and go to bed at 3 or 4 in the morning. In the winter, and during that long night which lasts from the beginning of December to the end of January, a sort of apathy congenial to the season creeps over the senses, and sleep occupies more than half of the twenty-four hours; when awake the inhabitants are principally employed in warming themselves, and business of most kinds is at a stand.—*Skjoldebrand*, p. 204.

Our traveller, after sufficiently recruiting his strength, procures a boat with four good rowers, to proceed by water to the North Cape, which is reckoned not more than seventeen Swedish miles distant from Alten; from motives of curiosity he occasionally put into some of the numerous fiords or inlets with which this coast abounds. The habits of the Laplanders who frequent the coast are totally distinct from those who rove about the interior. Fishing is their sole occupation, and few of them, as our author was informed by the clergyman, deposit their bones on shore, owing to the frequent accidents which occur to those who are engaged on these boisterous seas. The mountain-Laplanders wander about the country, as the want of pasture or change of climate may require them to shift their quarters. They are entirely dependent upon their rein-deer for subsistence, and their herds sometimes amount to 3 or 4000. Ochter, whom we have before mentioned, described himself to king Alfred as 'a man of exceeding wealth; having 600 tame rein-deer of his own breed, besides 6 of a particular description, for the purpose of taking the wild deer, yet he had but 20 kine and 20 swine, and what land he had was tilled with horses.' Finmark appears at that time to have been considered as a tributary province, and the Laplanders as a people who were bound to deliver both to the lord of the country and his vassal, the skins, feathers, and furs which they had in their possession; for we find Ochter enumerating amongst his riches, '50 martin skins, a bear skin, 10 bundles of feathers, a bear skin coat, another of otter skin, and lastly two ships' cables of 60 ells long each, the one prepared from whale skin, and the other from the skin of the sea dog, as a yearly tribute from the richer Laplanders.'

After threading a variety of islands, and doubling many promontories, Colonel Skjoldebrand at last reaches Mageroe, the

island of which the North Cape forms the northern extremity, and at midnight gains a sight of this bold promontory. We shall not accompany him in his journey back to Torneo, as he retraced his steps by nearly the same route, and with much the same annoyance from cataracts and mosquitos.

We now turn to Norway, and it is incumbent upon us in the first place, to notice an author from whose travels we have already given several extracts. As we learn from a short biographical sketch attached to the Translator's Preface, M. Von Buch is a Prussian of some eminence as a mineralogical writer. After visiting and describing some parts of his native country, and the south of Europe, a thirst after knowledge led him to undertake a journey to the north, and though his book is deficient in ornaments of style, like most of the German works on scientific subjects, it contains much valuable information relative to a line of coast which has seldom been explored by the geologist. The notes by Professor Jameson are rather sparingly scattered throughout the volume, but our readers will find in the preface a short enumeration by him of the chief mineralogical facts, which Von Buch has noticed in this volume. Perhaps the most curious are his observations on the granite of Norway and Sweden; and his assertion that it is rarely to be met with in either country, will doubtless startle those who may have heard the Swedish monarch styled the king of the granite slab, in allusion to the thin layer of soil which covers the rocky surface of his dominions. The peculiar character, however, of the rock in question, has been already remarked by Hausman and others. In its primitive state it is certainly very rare both in Norway and Sweden, and gneiss is usually mistaken for it, as it has been in some of the islands on the west coast of Scotland. A transition granite occurs more frequently.

Little can be said of the merits of the translation. We are obliged to Mr. Black for bringing forward a work so deserving of attention; but either from carelessness, or ignorance of the German language, the sense of the author is, in some passages, barely discoverable.

The other work on Norway is by a French gentleman of the name of Lamotte, who travelled with Sir Thomas Acland, one of the members for Devon, in the year 1807.

The war between this country and Denmark broke out, most unluckily for them, whilst they were exploring the interior of Norway, and the Danes made no scruple of limiting the scientific pursuits of our travellers, to the immediate vicinity of an inland town, where they were compelled to remain as prisoners on parole. An Englishman at Verdun would be as well informed of what was passing in the other parts of France, as they could be at Königsberg of the state
of

of Norway, and it is to a previous excursion to Drontheim, and a visit to Stockholm after their release, that we are indebted for the volume before us.

Mr. Malthus, in his *Essay on Population*, has enlarged with an unusual degree of enthusiasm on the beauty of the Norwegian vallies, which we presume are those whose salubrity is so much extolled by Sir John Sinclair; and some letters of Mrs. Wolstonecroft, on the same subject, have been produced as specimens of successful description. As far as we can judge from Mr. Lamotte's account, the scenery of Norway bears a strong resemblance to that of Switzerland, although in point of magnificence, its mountains and lakes must yield to those for which that picturesque country is so peculiarly distinguished. This opinion we have formed from the inspection of the plates with which M. Lamotte's book is enriched; they are from drawings by Sir Thomas Acland, and shew no common degree of taste in the selection of points of view adapted to the pencil: they are a very agreeable relief to the volume itself, which, to confess the truth, is but a slender performance.

There are so few modern works that afford any insight into the history of Norway, that we should have been glad if M. Lamotte had extended the first article in his Appendix on Norwegian antiquities to a greater length. Pontoppidan's *History of Norway*, which appeared in the middle of the last century, was composed, as he states, 'with a view to promote the glory of God,' and though it contained much valuable information on subjects of natural history, we should say, that in some points it was not much calculated for the edification of man. The good archbishop's credulity far exceeds all reasonable bounds, and no accounts, however absurd, appear to stagger him, excepting an assertion of Adam Von Bremen, that in some parts of Norway the women are gifted with that inconvenient appendage, a beard. M. Lamotte, though he is willing to admit that Pontoppidan's stories are a little overcharged, is apparently a disciple of Guthrie, who has very gravely given the kraken and his attendant monster a place in his account of the natural productions of Norway; and, not to be behind hand with the compiler, quotes Pliny as an authority for the existence of a whale, which from its inordinate size, would confound the energies of the most intrepid harpooner of modern days: he argues, with some degree of fairness, that the recollection of the ridicule which was cast upon the accounts of Bruce and Le Vaillant ought to render us cautious in our disbelief since the appearance of the *Hottentot Venus*; and he might have added, since it has been discovered, that the practice of eating live beefsteaks, which for some

time was considered as one of Bruce's Abyssinian tales, was formerly resorted to on emergencies by the people of Scotland.

Their connection with Norway in ancient times was of the most intimate nature; the hopes of plunder first brought to their shores the restless freebooters for which that country was distinguished; success invited fresh adventurers, and even before the conquest of England by the people of the north who had settled in France, the bones of many of the kings of Norway and the Isles were deposited in the sacred precincts of Icolmkill. The western islands were not ceded to Scotland till the year 1266, in the reign of Magnus V. and a corrupt Norwegian is still spoken in some of the Orkneys, which remained subject to Norway till 1468.

In the 13th century Norway must have been a formidable power, if we may believe the accounts which are given of the fleet of Haco IV. who mounted the throne in the year 1252. It is said to have consisted of 300 vessels, some of which were 30 feet above the water, and carried 400 men. During this reign the Icelanders were persuaded to place themselves under the dominion of Norway, and they appear to have lost, with their independence, all title to the literary honours for which their island was so early distinguished.

Until the conclusion of the fourteenth century, Norway was governed by her own monarchs. The crowns of the three northern kingdoms were then united in the person of Margaret of Waldemar, the Semiramis of the north, and since that period, the kingdoms of Denmark and Norway have been subject to the same sovereign. Had the modern system of *arrondissemens* at that time been understood, a more compact and obvious arrangement in the division of the kingdoms might have been insisted on, and Norway would then have been annexed to Sweden, as it has been by the recent treaty between the Crown Prince and the King of Denmark.

We cannot wonder that the Danes should have shewn considerable reluctance in consenting to part with so valuable an appendage; though the population of Norway does not exceed 700,000 souls, the Danish fleet and armies have been hitherto recruited from the brave and independent inhabitants of this mountainous country. In Pontoppidan's time the Norwegian army was reckoned at 30,000 effective men, and the seamen which the country could furnish were supposed to amount to between 14 and 15,000. M. Lamotte makes the force of the militia, which is raised by a mild species of conscription, to amount to nearly the same number both for the land and sea service; and he contends that Norway has nothing to fear from the attacks of Sweden, if resolved to defend the passes of her mountains. The translator of Von Buch is of the same opinion, and conceives the separation of Norway from Denmark as not to be effected without the consent of the natives. The instances

instances which are brought of failure on the part of her enemies, are doubtless conclusive proofs that Norway would not become an easy prey to an invading army: but in estimating the degree of security which she may fairly be allowed to possess, it will be proper to examine by whom the attempts to invade her have hitherto been undertaken, and with what reasonable prospect of success the approaches against her have been conducted. One celebrated achievement of the Norwegian peasantry appears to have been handed down with much exultation to the present day. Von Buch relates that a ballad which says how

‘Sinclair came over the salt sea,
To storm the cliffs of Norway,’

is heard in all the Norwegian towns, and his account of the affair which gave rise to it, and the spot where it happened, is as follows.

‘At mid-day I reached the narrow pass of Krigelen where Sinclair fell. It was a true *Morgarten* conflict. The road was narrow, and cut out of the solid rock, and overhung the steep and precipitous banks of the river which rushed along at the bottom. Sinclair had no where met with opposition, for almost all the youth of the country had been drawn to the Swedish war in the south of Norway. He had no suspicion of any attack here, and carelessly pursued his way; the boors with great address proceeded unperceived over the rocks, and dexterously detached a small division to the other side of the river, which made its appearance over against the Scots on a large meadow, and with considerable irregularity kept firing on their enemy below. The Scots despised this ineffectual attack, and passed on, but their attention was directed to the meadow on the other side of the river.

‘The boors suddenly made their appearance on the rocks in every direction; they closed up every avenue of advance; they prevented every means of retreat. Sinclair fell in the foremost ranks, and the rest were dashed to pieces like earthen pots, as it is expressed in the Norwegian rhyme.

‘The Scots were brought into Norway,’ continues M. Von Buch, ‘in consequence of a plan, which, as experience has shewn, was of too bold a conception. King Gustavus Adolphus, in his first unsuccessful war with Christian IV, dispatched Colonel Munckhaven in the spring of 1612 to enlist men in the Netherlands, and in Scotland. As the Colonel was endeavouring to return at the end of the summer, with 2300 fresh troops, he found the whole line of coast from Gottenburg to Calmac shut to the Swedes. Necessity compelled him, therefore, to break through Norway. The greater part of his men reached Sweden in safety, but the Scots were not so fortunate in their attempt.’

Charles XII was not likely to succeed in his attempt against Norway, had he escaped his fate at the outset. His army was disaffected, and his resources exhausted; and the destruction of the troops under Armfeldt on their return from their ineffectual invest-

ment of Drontheim, in the beginning of the last century, is not surprising, when we consider the season of the year when he began his operations, and the inadequate means with which he proceeded to besiege the place.

Von Buch's speculations on this subject are not given with his usual acuteness. He conceives that Drontheim has no danger to apprehend from the side of Sweden, which is the more singular, as he at the same time admits that this town might become of the same importance to the north of Sweden, that Gottenburg is to the south, and that the possession of this district has always been a favourite project with the Swedish monarchs. His remarks on the peculiar character which pervades the town of Drontheim compared with those sea-ports, whose foreign relations have a more extensive nature, are in a better style, and, indeed, extremely judicious.

'In no part of Norway,' says he, 'is so strong an attachment shown to their country as by the people of Drontheim, and where they are more disposed to make the greatest sacrifices. Christiana sends boards and planks to England, from whence she draws the means of living with comfort, and even splendour, she therefore has an interest in the prosperity of England. Bergen sends fish to Holland, and expects garden-stuffs in return, the people of Bergen therefore are not indifferent to what passes in Holland, but in Drontheim the foreign relations are not so determinate, their view is alone fixed on the country in which they live in security and repose, and every attempt to disturb this quiet, awakens in them most powerfully the disposition to repel any foreign attack. Drontheim possesses the patriotism and public spirit of a solitary republic. Christiana resembles other trading towns with extensive connections in a monarchical state.'

The good Pontoppidan would probably account for the difference, from the superior clearness of the air in the northern districts; for after gravely assuring us that the brains of the Norwegians are not actually frozen up as ignorant people might imagine, from the severity of the climate, he produces, as an instance to the contrary, the peculiar ingenuity of the people of Drontheim. We should conceive he might have disproved this opinion still more triumphantly, if he had only reminded his readers of the early appearance of literature in Iceland, and of the well-known fact that at the time when the legal duel was universally allowed in the rest of Europe, it was abolished in Iceland by public proclamation.

The population of Drontheim and Christiana is nearly the same, about 9000. But the importance of the commerce carried on between England and the latter is sufficiently attested by the greater degree of affluence and prosperity for which it is distinguished. The deals from this quarter are in much higher repute than those of any other part of Norway; 'the scrupulous and precise Englishman,'

Englishman,' we are told, 'rejects the deals of Drontheim, and sends them to his less fastidious neighbour in Ireland; though the price of those in Christiana and Frederickstadt is much higher;' and this preference is accounted for, by their being more skilfully sawed, and of a more uniform thickness in the latter towns than elsewhere. The Scotch fir produces the timber which is called red-wood in this country; the spruce fir, that which is denominated white; and M. Von Buch gives a lively picture of the activity which pervades the town of Christiana, when the sledges come down from the mountains and deposit their loads in the great timber magazines.

A strong predilection for the English exists, as we are told, among the inhabitants of this town, and at the time of the Copenhagen expedition, when the irritation against this country was at its highest pitch, they are said to have exculpated the people of England from all blame in the transaction, at the expense of the administration. Alas!

—let us our lives, our souls,

Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and

Our sins, lay on the ministry! They must bear all.'

We have no doubt that if any encouragement given to this idea will serve to unite the Norwegians more firmly to us, the 'unprincipled statesmen who planned this inglorious expedition,' will be patriotic enough to take upon themselves the whole odium of it, although we consider it somewhat hard that they should be called upon to do so, for we do not find that where success attends their measures, the same proportion of praise is awarded them, either on this or the other side of the water. The most triumphant results are then said to be brought about solely by a fortunate course of events, and all consider themselves entitled to join in the general cry of victory, without impeachment of former consistency.

The climate of Norway is by no means so rigorous as might be supposed: the harbour of Bergen is much less frequently frozen up than those of Hamburg and Lubeck; and the desert appearance of great part of the country chiefly arises from the inequality of the ground, and the proportion of rock which covers the soil; but these mountains are extremely rich in mineral productions; copper and iron are found in abundance, and even silver and gold are occasionally discovered.

To a country so scantily supplied with the means of subsistence, (for it is only in sheltered situations that the ground can be cultivated with any prospect of advantage,) the fisheries on the coast afford a most seasonable and providential relief. Von Buch has produced much useful information on this subject, and we should be glad to see the activity with which this valuable branch of national wealth is pursued in those northern latitudes, imitated

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by our countrymen, although they may not be stimulated by a similar deficiency of food of another description.

The most extensive fishery, and one which scarcely yields in importance to that on the banks of Newfoundland, is carried on among that cluster of islands on the Norwegian coast, now distinguished by the name of Lofodden, and a Swedish philosopher has written a learned treatise to prove that we must here look for the Ultima Thule of the ancients, and that the Phenicians, in all probability, repaired thither to traffic in fish. However this may be, its present importance may be easily appreciated from the following particulars related by Von Buch. Nearly 4000 boats with five men in each, and 300 sloops with seven or eight men, are employed in this business. The number of large torsk and cod caught annually in these islands may be reckoned at sixteen million, the value of which, at a fair computation, cannot be less than 600,000 dollars.

Though, at so early a period as the ninth century, this fishery was conducted by the governor of Helgeland on the behalf of Harold Harfager, the king of Norway; on the formation of the Hanseatic league a German factory settled in Bergen, and by degrees acquired the whole traffic in this valuable commodity. The fishermen of Nordland disposed of all their produce to vessels from Bergen, and it was not until the superior advantage which they derived from this commerce had rendered the German merchants intractable and overbearing, that their privileges were curtailed by authority, and their monopoly abolished. To revenge themselves for their lost superiority, the Hans Towns, in 1539, appeared before Bergen with a numerous fleet, and plundered the town in so cruel a manner that a blow was given to the commercial spirit of the inhabitants which they appear never to have recovered. Since that time the northern fishermen have been in the habit of repairing to Bergen with their cargoes. In 1807 no less than 126 yachts arrived there; but this practice has been accompanied with so many disadvantages, that the merchants of Drontheim are using every endeavour to transfer to Hundholm, a town more conveniently situated, the whole of the trade which has hitherto been confined to Bergen.

The Norwegians have been at all times celebrated for a more quarrelsome disposition than their neighbours. Pontoppidan relates that the Italian practice of privately stabbing prevailed at one time to such a degree amongst them, that a wife was always supposed to carry her husband's shroud about her, when they attended together a wedding-feast, or other merry-making. Since that time the custom of carrying knives has been forbidden, which, according to the Archbishop, has occasioned the more frequent use
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of what we should consider nearly as pernicious an instrument, the lawyer's pen.

These are but slight blemishes however in the character of a very estimable people. Brave, honest, and intelligent, the Norwegians resemble the English in manners, in feeling, and in language, more than any people upon earth. It is this circumstance which has rendered the blockade of Norway a subject of so much interest at this moment, and it has been apparently taken up by many, more as a question of feeling than of policy or justice.

Much blood has been shed in the contentions between Sweden and Norway, and a strong antipathy between the two countries has been the natural result; but we are rather disposed to believe that the condition of the Norwegians will be materially improved by their recent annexation to the latter power; since we understand (as it is asserted indeed in one of the volumes before us) that of late years the Danes have not been more popular than the Swedes in Norway. It will now be the interest, as well as the duty of Sweden, to conciliate the affections of the valuable people whom she has acquired, and a warlike race will naturally look with pride to the military talents of the prince who appears destined to rule over them.

In the Thirty Years war, the imperialists were accustomed to call Gustavus Adolphus in derision, a king of snow, with the insinuation that his strength would melt away as he moved towards the south. When the Crown Prince first marched upon Leipsic, he was exposed to similar taunts from writers in the pay of Buonaparte. No one, however, will be hardy enough to deny that Europe is much indebted to him for the course which he pursued in the Russian campaign, as well as at the opening of the last; and though the tide of public opinion in this country certainly runs strongly against him, his movement upon Denmark has been defended by some of the great military characters of the present day, and at all events, as the allies have been the first to urge the fulfilment of the Swedish treaty, we cannot suppose that they are dissatisfied with his conduct.

ART. IX.—*The Wanderer; or Female Difficulties.* By the Author of *Evelina*, *Cecilia* and *Camilla*. In 5 vols. 8vo. London; Longman. 1814.

NONE of our female novelists (not even Miss Edgeworth) ever attained so early and so high a reputation as Miss Burney, or, as we must now call her, Madame D'Arblay. Her *Evelina*, published

published at the age of seventeen, was a most extraordinary instance of early talent, and excited an expectation of excellence which her Cecilia almost fulfilled, and which her Camilla did not altogether disappoint; but we regret to say, that the *Wanderer*, which might be expected to finish and crown her literary labours, is not only inferior to its sister-works, but cannot, in our judgment, claim any very decided superiority over the thousand-and-one volumes with which the Minerva Press inundates the shelves of circulating libraries, and increases, instead of diverting, the ennui of the loungers at watering places.

If we had not been assured in the title-page that this work had been produced by the same pen as Cecilia, we should have pronounced Madame D'Arblay to be a feeble imitator of the style and manner of Miss Burney—we should have admitted the flat fidelity of her copy, but we should have lamented the total want of vigour, vivacity, and originality; and, conceding to the fair author (as we should have been inclined to do) some discrimination of character, and some power of writing, we should have strenuously advised her to avoid, in future, the dull mediocrity of a copyist, and to try the flight of her own genius in some work, that should not recall to us in every page the mortifying recollection of excellence which, though she had the good sense to admire it, she never would have the power to rival.

Such being the opinion which we should have felt ourselves obliged to pronounce on an imitator, it follows that we have a still more severe judgment to pass on Madame D'Arblay herself. We are afraid that she is self-convicted of being what the painters technically call a *mannerist*; that is, she has given over painting from the life, and has employed herself in copying from her own copies, till, instead of a power of natural delineation, she has acquired a certain trick and habitual style of portraiture:—but the *Wanderer* is not only the work of a mannerist, but of a mannerist who is *épuisée*, whose last manner is the worst, and who convinces us that, during the thirty years which have elapsed since the publication of Cecilia, she has been gradually descending from the elevation which the vigour of her youth had attained.

Shall we confess that we were not wholly unprepared to expect this 'lame and impotent conclusion'? In Madame D'Arblay's best works an accurate eye discovered the seeds of the defect which is now so obvious.

'————— facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen.'

The characters and incidents of Evelina, Cecilia, and (though somewhat more diversified) of Camilla, have too much resemblance. In each, the plot is a tissue of teasing distresses all of the same class,
and

and in each, are repeated, almost to weariness, portraits of the same forms of fashionable frivolity and of vulgar middle life. To bring this more forcibly to our reader's observation we need do no more than recall to their recollection the Willoughbys, and the Branghtons, of *Evelina*; the Meadowes and Hobsons of *Cecilia*; the Clarendels and Dubsters of *Camilla*; and, indeed, almost every personage in each of these dramas, who will invariably be found, 'mutato nomine,' in the other two.

We have lately seen a criticism on one of Madame D'Arblay's novels by a very competent judge,* of which we shall select a few passages.

'The heroine is a young lady amiable and unexperienced, who is continually getting into difficulties from not knowing or not observing the established etiquettes of society, and from being unluckily connected with a number of vulgar characters, by whom she is involved in adventures both ludicrous and mortifying. The hero is a generous and pleasing lover; the other characters of the piece are a lady-wit and oddity; a gay insolent baronet, a group of vulgar cits, and a number of young bucks, whose coldness, carelessness, rudeness, and impertinent gallantry, serve as a foil to the delicate attentions of the hero.'

Now we beg leave to ask, whether any reader, who may not have already seen the original criticism, can distinguish to which of Madame D'Arblay's novels it applies? To us it appears a kind of generic description, and is equally just of each of the three; and when we add that this is the character of *Evelina*, her first work, which thus serves equally well for either of the others, we think we have adduced a very strong proof of our assertion that, even in her best days, Madame D'Arblay's style had a predisposition to self-imitation and tautology. As this peculiar *manner*, however, was at least her own—as the figures, though repeated, were well drawn,—as the details, though minute, were vividly expressed, and as there existed, in each of these works, great and distinct beauties of character and composition, the subordinate defects of repetition and self-imitation were excused in *Cecilia* and tolerated in *Camilla*, amid the general splendour of these delightful pieces.

But in the *Wanderer* there is no splendour, no source of delight to dazzle criticism and beguile attention from a defect which has increased in size and deformity exactly in the same degree that the beauties have vanished. The *Wanderer* has the identical features of *Evelina*—but of *Evelina* grown old; the vivacity, the bloom, the elegance, 'the purple light of love' are vanished; the eyes are

* Mrs. Inchbald's *British Novelists*. This lady's 'Nature and Art,' and 'The Simple Story,' are very high in the list of our best modern novels.

there,

there, but they are dim; the cheek, but it is furrowed; the lips, but they are withered. And when to this description we add that Madame D'Arblay endeavours to make up for the want of originality in her characters by the most absurd mysteries, the most extravagant incidents, and the most violent events, we have completed the portrait of an old coquette who endeavours, by the wild tawdriness and laborious gaiety of her attire, to compensate for the loss of the natural charms of freshness, novelty, and youth.

The tame similarity in copying only one form of nature, is a fault of about the same level with the dull extravagance that neglects nature altogether. Every one recollects the admirable humour and good taste with which Goldsmith, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, exposes both these errors, at first sight so different and yet in truth so congenial. In the family picture of the Flamboroughs, the whole family, to the number of seven, were painted each with a China-orange in the hand; while the excellent artist, guided by an equal degree of taste, exhibited, in that of the Primroses, the Vicar in his canonicals by the side of Mrs. Primrose, as Venus, Miss Olivia in a pea-green riding habit, and Squire Thornhill at her feet in armour as Alexander the Great.

Madame D'Arblay has, in her *Wanderer*, united the double merit of Goldsmith's painter; she has all the *variety* of the seven figures with seven China-oranges, and all the *probability* of the union of the Vicar's surplice with the armour of Alexander.

The following is a sketch of this woeful and wonderful tale, in which we are mistaken if even the best humoured of its gentle readers can find much interest.

During the reign of Robespierre, a company of English are making their escape in an open boat from the French coast, when a female voice in great distress requests to be taken in. This request is complied with, and the *Wanderer*, in no very comfortable plight, is introduced into the society with which she is to travel to the end of the novel.

This society is composed of persons not very artfully selected for the purpose of maintaining probability in the story. Two cautious, selfish, ill-tempered, ill-mannered old ladies, with the usual train of giddy and silly nieces, impertinent and vulgar sons and nephews, are the persons into whose society and families a wretched outcast, without friends, without money, almost without clothes, and absolutely without a name, picked up on the beach of a foreign sea-port, is to be received as an inmate in order to carry on the tale. A more violent improbability was surely never more dearly purchased; but what follows is worse—these worthy ladies and the anonymous *Wanderer* soon hate one another with all their hearts, and the intrusive company of the stranger becomes, for several unlikely

likely and absurd reasons, (though there were natural causes, one should have thought, in abundance,) very irksome and inconvenient. Why then is she not dismissed? Why do they still continue to endure an intrusion so violent? Our readers will hardly believe us when we assure them that this nuisance, this cause of perpetual disagreement and perplexity, continues, for we know not how long, an inmate of Mrs. Maple's house, the chief guest at her dining table, the main attraction of her drawing-room, *because* the old lady, a woman of rank, fortune, and fashion, thinks the occasional needle-work of this accomplished and admired person, in hemming a few napkins, made it worth her while to endure the most serious and mortifying perplexities.

In this fashionable house, where two nieces and a crowd of friends of high rank would, as one might expect, exclude any female of doubtful or unexplained character—without any tie of relationship, without any feeling of charity, without any personal liking, nay with a personal dislike and jealousy—this young person, who outshines all the women, and enamours all the men, is permitted to reside *without a name*. She receives letters addressed to L. S. at the post-office, and when somebody reads the direction 'to L. S.' some other body cries out, 'to *Ellis*, dear me! and is your name *Ellis*? And with this name, thus bestowed, and no other, she travels through four of the five volumes of this interminable work, and only becomes Juliet after the curtain has risen for the fifth act.

The scene being laid in Brighton and its environs, we have all our old acquaintances from Clifton and Tunbridge Wells, Mr. Lovell, Miss Dennell, Mrs. Arlbery, Sir Clement Willoughby, Mr. Hobson, &c. collected for us under the names of Mr. Ireton, Miss Selina Joddrell, Miss Arbe, Sir Lyel Sycamore, and Mr. Tedman.

At last the *Wanderer*,—whom nothing can induce—neither love nor money, we speak literally, to tell her name, or who, or what, or whence she is,—leaves Mrs. Maple's house and turns companion to the other old lady, then a sempstress, then a teacher of music, then a sempstress again; and during all these metamorphoses all the dramatis personæ of the book are kept in distorted attitudes, improbable situations and monstrous inconvenience, covering the drawing-rooms and staircases, like 'the sprawling saints of Verrio and Laguerre,' till it pleases Madame D'Arblay, at the end of the fifth volume, to find out the *Wanderer* to be a lord's daughter, which seasonable discovery relieves the whole assembly from the troublesome intricacies in which they had been so long, without any visible cause, involved and perplexed, like the persons of the fairy tale, who were fettered by invisible chains,

chains, and placed in ridiculous and unnatural attitudes, till the sleeping beauty should be awakened to life and a husband.

But if the other persons are fixtures, the *Wanderer* herself becomes, after a little practice, a most moveable person; she flies to London, about London, and from London—to Salisbury, through Hampshire, loses herself among smugglers and poachers in the New Forest—not a soul can guess why:—at last, however, it appears that in this good realm of England, this young woman at first concealed her name, and her quality, and fled like a criminal from place to place, *because* she was afraid of being taken and delivered up to one of Robespierre's emissaries, who pretended to be married to her. Nay, what is best of all, this emissary of Robespierre arrives in England during the war, pursues his alleged wife, asserts his right to her, and actually forces her from her friends and lovers, (for of course she had abundance of friends and lovers,) in order to convey her back to France. These, our readers will see, are proceedings as natural and well imagined as the rest; and they will conclude that her long residence in France has given Madame D'Arblay a very novel and surprising view of the state of religion, manners, and society in England.

After all this comes the denouement, which is really worthy of the plot.

The *Wanderer* is (like *Evelina*) the child of a secret marriage, denied or neglected by her father, and the whole mystery of her story is occasioned by her having, to save the life of a French bishop, married, according to the ceremonies of Robespierre's time, one of his emissaries, who had taken a great fancy to 6000*l.* which was to be paid to the *Wanderer* on condition of her not asserting her birth. She, as we have seen, escapes, but the poor bishop being still in France, she does not dare to declare her name, and appeal to her family—she does not dare to protest against the forced and illegal contract of marriage she had entered into, lest the bishop should suffer for it. Nay, she is ready to accompany back to France this soi-disant husband, though it is quite apparent to the most ordinary common sense, that to claim her birth-right and obtain her whole splendid fortune would be the most likely way of establishing some check upon her avaricious husband, and enabling her to tempt him to the preservation of the worthy prelate; whereas her flight and her concealment, if quite successful, would have left this ruffian without any motive of interest in keeping measures with his victim. At last, however, the bishop escapes, and then the *Wanderer* turns out to be the Lady Juliet Granville. She divorces her revolutionary spouse, finds a sister in one of her Brighton acquaintance, a brother in one of her former lovers, and a husband in one Mr. Har-

leigh.

leigh, a very odd sort of person, with whom she has been on very odd sort of terms during her English peregrinations.

Violent as the incongruities of this chief plot of the drama must appear to our readers, we venture to assure them that they are tame and common-place, compared with the monstrous absurdities of the under-plot and of the inferior characters; particularly—if, where all is monstrous, we should select any individual instance—of a certain Miss Elinor Joddrell, who after appearing as a gay trifling pleasant sort of young gentlewoman, breaks out, of a sudden, as a Jacobin, philosopher and atheist, runs away from her family, disguises herself as a man, wears a mask and dagger, and in this costume comes into a concert room at Brighton, where she magnanimously stabs herself with the said dagger *because* Mr. Harleigh is one of the company at a public concert in which the *Wanderer* is to play on the harp. To complete the nice discrimination and accurate nature of this picture, we need only add, that when Miss Joddrell, much against her will, recovers of her wound, and long before she has regained her senses, the *Wanderer* felicitates herself on obtaining, as a barrier against calumny and persecution, the protection and countenance of this sober and well conducted young lady.

Our readers will think that these characters are maintained, as Horace directs, with perfect consistency to the end, when they are informed that a solemn and pitched discussion is held, in an advanced stage of the novel, between the *Wanderer*, Miss Joddrell, and their common lover Mr. Harleigh, in which free-will, the origin of evil, the right of suicide, and divers other knotty points of religion and morals are so well handled by the aforesaid Mr. Harleigh, that Miss Joddrell is persuaded to abandon her mask and dagger, and to give over the practice, to which she was greatly addicted, of cutting her own throat.

We have now done with this novel, on which we should not have been justified in saying so much, but that we conceived ourselves in duty bound to attend the lifeless remains of our old and dear friends Evelina and Cecilia to their last abode: but of Madame D'Arbly herself we have a word or two to say.

We learn from the preface, (from which, indeed—so tortuous is its construction and so involved its expression—we can gather scarcely any thing else,) that these volumes were written between the years 1802 and 1812, in Paris, where she enjoyed, as she informs us, under the mild and beneficent government of Napoleon the Great, 'ten unbroken years':—'neither startled by any species of investigation, nor distressed through any difficulties of conduct, by a precious fire-side, or in select society, a stranger to all personal disturbance.'

Now really we should have expected, if Madame D'Arblay were restrained by her feelings, whatever they might be, from expressing her detestation of the gigantic despotism, the ferocious cruelty, the restless and desolating tyranny of Buonaparte, that, at least, she should not have sought for opportunities of insinuating her gratitude for the blessings, the tender mercies which France enjoyed under the dominion of that tyger.

Though the whole scene is laid in the time of Robespierre, and though she, in her text, takes very carefully the Buonapartian tone of abuse of the *republican* revolution, yet whenever she has occasion to allude to any of the horrors of that period, she does not fail to subjoin, with a loyal accuracy, a note to testify that she alludes to the tyranny of Robespierre:—she did not see, good lady, that this disclaiming note was the most severe satire against her imperial protector, as it leads the reader to suppose, that without its assistance, it would be doubtful to which of these monsters she alluded. We cannot bear these base condescensions—Madame D'Arblay might have been silent; but she ought not, as an Englishwoman, as a writer, to have debased herself to the little annotatory flatteries of the scourge of the human race.

This fault, however,—if the work should come to another edition—Madame D'Arblay will probably correct; because, since the publication of the last, Buonaparte has been overthrown and exiled; and we think we may assume, from the style of the passages to which we allude, that Madame D'Arblay is not likely to continue to flatter, when her flattery can no longer conduce to her personal convenience. Hereafter, therefore, we shall be prepared to find, instead of 'this alludes to the days of *Robespierre*,' 'this alludes to the days of *Buonaparte*;' and instead of acknowledgments for the ten happy years spent under his reign, to hear of the ten happy years which she proposes to pass under the parental government of Louis the Eighteenth.

ART. X. *Sermons*, by the late Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, Dean of Killala. With a Sketch of his Life. 8vo. Dublin and London. 1814.

PROFUSE admiration can hardly be allowed as a criterion of the real merits of popular preaching. An energetic manner, and an eloquent expression on subjects of prevailing interest, while they seldom fail to captivate the imagination, too easily elude the scrutiny

scrutiny of severer judgment. In the irritation which disputed opinions necessarily create, the mind, biassed by passion, is less equal to the exercise of discretion; a favourite doctrine is of itself a sufficient title to our regard, and positive defects are countenanced by congenial feelings. But independent of this illusion, even in common topics that pass without controversy, we cannot always decide with accuracy; the flowing phrase and the balanced period assail the judgment through the ear, and it is only in the perusal that we can divest ourselves of partiality, and that taste and sober reason become the final arbiters.

That this liability to imposition should be wrought upon in the common concerns of life, and that we should be deceived into opinions prejudicial to our temporary welfare, is, doubtless, a consequence of our infirmity; it is an attempt, however, unworthy of a Christian minister; in the cause of truth artifice is unnecessary, and when applied to the diffusion of heretical opinions, it is no light offence. But, supposing the pulpit to be confined to its proper uses—the interests of religion—we must still object to the modern qualifications of popular preaching. If faith should be the growth of our unprejudiced judgment, if religious practice should originate from the knowledge of our duty, from a conviction of its necessity to our happiness, there is no farther requisite than a close adherence to the Gospel. Let the truth be soberly demonstrated, let the obligation of scripture morality be simply expounded, and, while the preacher instructs with earnestness, let him temper his zeal with humility, and every effect will follow which should form the object of sermons. It is true that this path conducts not to that admiration which the candidate for popular favour proposes to himself. If his voice is mellifluous to the ear, if his gesture is graceful to the eye, if, in short, he can attract to himself the idolatry of his audience, his purpose is accomplished; his morality recommended by pomp of language, and aspiring to the flights of fancy, scarcely wishes to reform the mind; it surprises, it delights, it rivets the attention, not to the lesson it inculcates, but to its adventitious attractions, and it is remembered, not to strengthen virtue in its retirement, but to charm in the display of conversation. It is fortunate for the thinking part of the world that this admiration does not always correspond with the cravings of its votary, and that present praise ministers to the ambition of posthumous celebrity:—the press dissolves the spell, and the senses are left to the operation of natural agency. The imposing confidence that supplies the deficiency of knowledge, the graceful utterance that imparts to languor the air of beauty, and, above all, the reputation of a name, which, to the generality, is the criterion of every excellence, cease to influence beyond the title-page; the public grows
ashamed

ashamed of a partiality which it cannot justify, and the author returns to that obscurity which is the ultimate destiny of all empiricism.

Amidst this censure, however, it is far from our wish to see theology stripped of its ornaments, or morality without the allurements of studied composition. We well know that the close reasoning of Hooker comes recommended by the chastised richness of his language, and we acknowledge in Sherlock and Atterbury the highest powers of the mind, and the most unaffected eloquence: from the study of such models in our own time we have borne testimony to the success of Horsley; and some are still living of whom we may boast as the followers of such masters. If we have been led into these remarks by the volume before us, it is because we are of opinion that it is composed in a vitiated style, with attractions to duce, and with inducements from extraordinary success to recommend the same path of perishable renown; we are farther apprehensive of the same captivating eloquence with other views and on other subjects, when Christian benevolence may be the least distinguished of an author's principles, and the passions of a generous people be inflamed to enthusiasm with a far different purpose than the establishment of a national charity.

From the memoir which is prefixed to this volume, and which is as scanty in matter as overloaded in expression, we learn that the late Dean Kirwan was born in 1754, became a convert from the Roman Catholic to the Established Church in 1787, and was successively preferred by the Archbishop of Dublin to the prebend of Howth in 1788, and to the parish of St. Nicholas Without in 1789, of which the joint income amounted to £400 a year, and, lastly by Lord Cornwallis, in 1800, to the Deanery of Killala, worth about the same sum; at which time he resigned the prebend of Howth. He was married in 1798, and died in 1805, leaving (besides sons) a widow and two daughters without any adequate maintenance. A pension of £300 a year was granted to the mother, with a reversion to the daughters; but for the sons no provision has been made beyond the profits of the present volume.

Such a conversion from a faith so bigotted to its tenets, and at an age when the mind is in full possession of its faculties, necessarily forces itself on our attention. To rise superior to those prejudices which have been engrafted on our infancy, and nurtured by subsequent education, discovers a most dispassionate exercise of reason; but to break from the grasp of a superstition of which the reverential observance has been associated with our eternal salvation, must belong to the intrepidity of truth: farther, to renounce a profession, and, as a consequence, to estrange from us the endearments of relative affection, is a sacrifice which nature can make only to principle.

ple. This important determination, after two years of deliberation, was publicly announced in 1787. But although the conversion of such a proselyte might naturally be accounted amongst the triumphs of the Established Church, it was unattended with any irritated feelings against the communion which he had relinquished. No exposition of abjured errors, no indecent controversy, interrupted the true humility of a Christian convert. He acted, it was evident, from the conviction of conscience, and he was strengthened in his purpose by the prospect of more extensive opportunities to benefit his fellow-creatures. His first sermon, as a protestant minister, naturally attracted an overflowing congregation; and if among them there were evil spirits who hoped for the growth of irreligion from the discords of the Christian community, they were disappointed in the selection of a subject entirely unconnected with controversy; nor was this forbearance the effect of only an occasional liberality, it regulated the intercourse of his private life, and contributed to the unoffending boldness of his public exertions. The powerful effect of these exertions is thus described:—

‘For some time after his conformity he preached every Sunday in St. Peter’s Church, and the collections for the poor on every occasion rose four or five-fold above their usual amount. Before the expiration of his first year he was wholly reserved for the distinguished and difficult task of preaching charity sermons; and on the 5th of November, 1788, the governors of the general daily schools of several parishes entered into a resolution,—“That from the effects which the discourses of the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan from the pulpit have had, his officiating in the metropolis was considered a peculiar national advantage, and that vestries should be called to consider the most effectual method to secure to the city an instrument under Providence of so much public benefit.”—p. 8.

‘His ardour was not abated by promotion, nor his meekness corrupted by admiration; though whenever he preached such multitudes assembled that it was necessary to defend the entrance of the church by guards and palisadoes. He was presented with addresses and pieces of plate from every parish, and the freedom of various corporations; his portrait was painted and engraved by the most eminent artists; and (what was infinitely more grateful to his feelings) the collections at his sermons far exceeded any that ever were known in a country distinguished for unmeasured benevolence. Even in times of public calamity and distress, his irresistible powers of persuasion repeatedly produced contributions exceeding a thousand or twelve hundred pounds at a sermon; and his hearers, not content with emptying their purses into the plate, sometimes threw in jewels or watches, as earnest of further benefactions.’—p. 9.

To this testimony we may add the panegyric of Mr. Grattan in the Irish parliament, on the 19th of June, 1792.

'And what has the church to expect? what is the case of Dr. Kirwan? This man preferred our country and our religion, and brought to both genius superior to what he found in either. He called forth the latent virtues of the human heart, and taught men to discover in themselves a mine of charity, of which the proprietors had been unconscious. In feeding the lamp of charity, he has almost exhausted the lamp of life. He came to interrupt the repose of the pulpit, and shakes one world with the thunder of the other. The preacher's desk becomes the throne of light. Round him a train, not such as crouch and swagger at the levee of princes; not such as attend the procession of the viceroy, horse, foot, and dragoons; but that wherewith a great genius peoples his own state—charity in extasy, and vice in humiliation; vanity, arrogance, and saucy empty pride, appalled by the rebuke of the preacher, and cheated for a moment of their native improbity and insolence. What reward? St. Nicholas within, or St. Nicholas without! The curse of Swift is upon him: to have been born an Irishman and a man of genius, and to have used it for the good of his country.'—p. xiii.

To the countrymen of Dr. Kirwan, who are in the habit of adopting, as their own, opinions which circulate under the sanction of their great authorities, and more particularly to those, who have formed a part of his audience, we are apprehensive that we shall offer no very acceptable criticism. For the man, for his enlarged liberality of mind, for his zealous and unwearied benevolence we join in the general admiration, and acknowledge his superior claim to the gratitude of his country: but these predilections it is our present duty to dismiss, and considering him as an author, to examine how far he is fairly to be recommended to imitation.

The volume consists of thirteen discourses, all on charitable subjects, and the greater number on the same occasion; they do not at all constitute a series, but are the effusions of the moment, desultory, and to appearance unpremeditated, although in parts, discovering traces of laboured composition—the language strong, but unpolished, is made up of words that present images to the eye rather than ideas to the mind, and adapted more to affect than to inform: the sentiments, of high and exalted morality, are drest in figurative allusions, sometimes beautiful and appropriate, but too frequently carried beyond the limits of grace and elegance. Altogether they are compositions, which present a blaze of brilliant but ill-assorted colouring, with no regard to the disposition of light and shade, no attention to the inferior niceties of art, which are as indispensable as genius. In justification of these remarks, we will present to our readers a slight outline of the first sermon.—'Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth,' 1 Cor. x. 24. The principle of happiness is supposed to be the motive of all our actions; and after a laboured display of its universal influence,

it settles into this conclusion—'In a word, from the people that inhabit the most civilized cities to the savage that prowls in the bosom of the wilderness; from the throne of the monarch to the hut of the most abject peasant, the world is in labour to bring forth true peace and tranquillity of soul.' p. 1. We then pass on rather abruptly to the wisdom of the Gospel, which is illustrated by the character of a true Christian, whose conduct is regulated by his views of eternity.

'No interest can possess or transport his heart, but those to which he is invited from above. No, not a desire in his breast, not a movement in his life; no evil in his apprehension, or happiness in his conception, that refers not to eternity; he is all immensity of views and projects: and hence that true nobility of spirit, that calm majestic indifference which looks down on the visionary enterprises of man, sees them, unstable and fleeting as the waves of a torrent, pressed and precipitated by those that pursue, and scarce tell you where they are, when you behold them no more: hence likewise that equality of soul, which is troubled at no reverse or vicissitude of life, which knows not those tormenting successions, those rapid alternations of pleasure and pain, so frequent in the breast of worldlings: to be elevated by the slightest success, depressed by the slightest reverse, intoxicated at a puff of praise, inconsolable at the least appearance of contempt, reanimated at a gleam of respect, tortured by an air of coldness and indifference.'—p. 4.

From thence we are conducted by an observation, 'that self-love is the most active principle of the human soul, and that neither reason nor religion discourage a reasonable attention to our temporal interests,' to the consideration of self-love degenerating into selfishness and the consequent passion of avarice, exemplified in the miser.

'The maxim of the Roman satirist will be his rule of life, "money at any rate." If the plain and beaten paths of the world, diligence and frugality, will conduct him to that end, it is well: but if not, rather than fail of his object, I will be bold to say, he will plunge without scruple or remorse into the most serpentine labyrinths of fraud and iniquity. Whilst his schemes are unaccomplished, fretfulness and discontent will lower upon his brow; when favourable, and even most prosperous, his unslaked and unsatisfied soul still thirsts for more.'—p. 7.

We give the conclusion of this character, as it altogether affords no unfavourable specimen of our author's most striking manner.

'Who will say that he is at any time vulnerable by reproach, or, I had almost added, even convertible by grace! No, through every stage and revolution of life, he remains invariably the same: or if any difference, it is only this, that as he advances into the shade of a long evening, he clings closer and closer to the object of his idolatry; and while every

every other passion lies dead and blasted in his heart, his desire for more self increases with renewed eagerness, and he holds by a sinking world with an agonising grasp, till he drops into the earth with the increased curses of wretchedness on his head, without the tribute of a tear from child or parent, or any inscription on his memory, but that he lived to counteract the distributive justice of Providence, and died without hope or title to a blessed immortality.—p. 8.

Selfishness is then traced to its origin in splendid luxury, 'which begets an attachment to money as the means of gratifying that passion:' at this point, the eighteenth of thirty pages, we return to the text; and the application to the charity in question makes up the remainder of the sermon, in a desultory, but certainly eloquent peroration. Prejudiced, as perhaps we may be in favour of the philosophical reasoning, and the quiet, though not unornamented language of the divines of the last century, we have occasionally fancied ourselves amidst the sparkling morality of a modern novel, where, at the touch of a magician's wand, the fairy land of fable vanishes, and pages grow upon pages of digressive ethics. The author, we are told, 'cautiously abstained from polishing too highly to blend with such extemporaneous effusions as occasional circumstances suggested:' this may account for many of the defects which it remains for us to notice. An idea, captivating by its brilliancy, is hastily adopted; and to render it attractive to the audience, meretricious and overloaded ornament usurps the place of that simplicity which is the best recommendation of pure sentiment. From the dread of too feeble an impression, the figures which illustrate are repeated to satiety, or thrown into such inextricable confusion, as to perplex the mind, and interrupt the pursuit of the attention. But if this exuberance is frequently lost in obscurity, it sometimes transgresses the modesty of the pulpit, and, hurried away by invective against manners and fashions, descends into satire and irreverent sarcasm. Allusions to the Augean stable, and to Achilles; to the history of George Barnwell, and the Rambler, we cannot approve: the following terms of colloquial vulgarity are surely beneath the dignity of the occasion: 'Money, any how! money.' 'The God help you of a gaping world;'—nor is it exactly the opportunity to introduce expressions patched up from Shakspeare. The comparison of Christianity to a Colossus is derogatory, and not in the least atoned for by the inflated phraseology that follows: 'Christianity, that mighty Colossus, which still rears its head amidst the ruins of empires, the revolutions of ages, and the torrent of human passions!' We shall conclude this catalogue of minor faults with an instance of turgid and puerile declamation.

'Great God! what havoc does ambition make among thy works! I see it sitting at this moment in ghastly triumph, on a throne still wet with

with the blood of its rightful possessor! I see it dragging hoary and trembling religion from a distant region, and forcing it to the guilt and baseness of consecrating this foul usurpation! I see, of surrounding nations, some chained to its footstool, and ground to the very dust in its pillage and rapacity; some compelled to wield their energies in support of its crimes; some still permitted to breathe by its insulting forbearance; and in the midst of all this I hear it mocking the understanding and feeling of mankind, by the specious accents of peace and philanthropy.

It was our intention to point out these errors to our readers, by the contrast of passages in our older and purer writers; but recalled by our author's admonitory horror 'of all the musty folios the groaning shelves of polemic divinity ever bore,' we are unwilling to pursue him in death, with a discipline at which he so much revolted in life. It is however our opinion, that if he had condescended to the study of such models, his claim to notice as a writer would have rested on a more durable foundation; though, as a preacher, he might possibly have forfeited some of his attractions for an audience, who so much delight in the extravagance of eloquence. We know that by prescribing the mould in which the thought is to be cast, and the rule which is to measure the expression, we shall be accused of endeavouring to reinstate art on the throne of originality. But originality implies, not the passion for irregularity which ransacks creation in search of new modes, and is reduced for the effect it produces to fantastic eccentricity, but that force of genius which bends to its purpose the most stubborn materials, clothes in form and propriety appearances almost beyond the confines of nature, and produces a uniformity and an elegance surpassing even the conception of inferior capacity. We will illustrate our meaning by a reference to Bishop Horsley. In his exposition of the forty-fifth Psalm, he has ranged through every variety of conjectural criticism.—With truth for the basis of his general argument, he has laboured to give to every part a co-operating tendency; from a presumption he infers certainty, from a shadow of allusion he extorts probability, and builds his most refined speculation upon the slender variations of verbal meaning. Yet to the flights of an imagination so excursive, be our conviction what it may, we readily concede the praise of combining for our instruction the most seeming incongruities, without disgust to our taste, without offence to our judgment. We cannot be suspected (for this would be unjust) of wishing to draw an unqualified comparison between writers of such different attainments: our sole object has been to convince the admirers of Dean Kirwan (amongst whom we ourselves are not the least) how differently he would have appeared before the public with the same talents under the regulation

tion of sober reason. We particularly hold out this consideration to such as being gifted with a ready flow of language and idea, rely upon these specious endowments. If their ambition, too impatient to wait for the slow maturity of expanding faculties, glows with renovated ardour at contemplating the career of Dr. Kirwan, if with loftier projects and livelier hopes they are eager for the same course, let them pause in this foretaste of their glory, and acknowledge from his example, that the impetuosity which overbears the hearer is not irresistible in the perusal, and that ultimate success must ever depend upon actual desert.

ART. XI.—*Histoire de France, pendant le Dix-huitième Siècle*, par Charles Lacretelle. 6 vols. 8vo. Paris. London, De Boffe.

IT is evidently the object of the work before us, to trace the causes which produced the French Revolution, from the latter years of the reign of Lewis XIV. to the dreadful moment of its explosion; and it is curious to observe how the vices and blunders of succeeding governments contributed to raise that tremendous storm, which burst over the head of an unfortunate prince, whose chief defect was weakness of character. Such an investigation must have been at all times an object of interesting research, but it now affords a subject of triumph. The volcano is exhausted; and we may approach the crater in perfect security.

M. Lacretelle commences his history with a lively picture of the court of Versailles, when the vainest and most voluptuous of monarchs had abandoned those pleasures, which he could no longer enjoy, for the gloomy discussions of controversial theology. An antiquated prude, the widow of a buffoon, by consummate art, had supplanted, in the affections of a worn-out debauchee, the most lovely and accomplished of women, and had subjugated her admirer to such a degree, as to obtain a legal title to his bed. Possessing talents, which were calculated only for the superintendence of a convent, she aspired to govern a mighty empire, and exercised her authority in caballing with the Jesuit Le Tellier for the ruin of the virtuous and enlightened Fenelon, the honour and ornament of religion.

Eager as the people must have been to be delivered from a sovereign odious to them by the weight of taxation, by a series of humiliating defeats,* and by a systematic disregard of the dictates of humanity

* The Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene had instructed the world that France was vulnerable in spite of her fortifications; and even in the quarter where these

humanity in all his transactions,—yet they had little to hope from the character of the Dauphin, who had been so long accustomed to implicit obedience, as scarcely to retain any will of his own. The Duke of Burgundy, on the contrary, was deservedly dear to the nation. Bitter therefore was their disappointment, when that amiable youth was suddenly snatched away in the prime of life, by a pulmonary complaint, which popular prejudice attributed to poison, administered by the Duke of Orleans. The atrocity of the deed appeared to augment in a tenfold degree, when directed against a prince who had defended him from the horrible charge of having hastened the death of the Dauphin, when the king was inclined to believe the report, and Madame de Maintenon forebore to contradict it, because she beheld in the Duke of Orleans a dangerous rival to her favourite pupil the Duke of Maine. The affliction of Lewis at the danger which threatened the life of his grandson, and the fortitude displayed by that excellent young man, are well described.

‘Le Dauphin vint ensuite se mêler aux seigneurs qui attendaient le roi. Nul n’osait le consoler, tous gardaient un morne silence, il se tenait debout au milieu d’eux. Son air avait quelque chose d’égaré; son visage était couvert de marques rougeâtres. Il répondait au salut douloureux de ceux dont il connoissait le plus d’attachement, par des regards qui perçaient l’ame. Il entra au milieu d’eux au lever du roi. Quel nouveau coup pour l’auguste vieillard, que la vue de son petit-fils qui portait sur tous les traits l’empreinte de la mort! Louis s’avance vers lui, il le serre dans ses bras avec tendresse; il l’observe, il détaille tous les funestes symptômes, qu’avaient déjà remarqués les courtisans.—Retirez vous, mon fils, lui disait-il, pendant qu’un médecin tâtait le poulx au prince, et regardait le roi avec des yeux effraîés, au nom de Dieu, retirez vous; veillez sur vous-même; j’attends tout du courage de mon fils. Que le ciel vous donne de la force; il en faut, mon fils, dans ces temps malheureux.’—i. 22.

A more impressive scene of domestic affliction can hardly be conceived than that which clouded the end of a reign so frequently eulogised by the historians of France as the proudest era of national prosperity, though agriculture languished for want of hands, and commerce stagnated for want of capital. It is impossible to deny that, at one period of his government, Lewis appeared surrounded with glory; but for those splendid achievements by which he acquired the appellation of GREAT, he was far more indebted to extraneous causes, over which he had little controul, than to mili-

those boasted bulwarks were thickest. And had it not been for the intrigues of Harley and St. John, and the inconstancy of the queen, (we purposely employ the mildest language when speaking of a female and a sovereign,) there can be little doubt that another campaign would have enabled the allies to dictate peace in the splendid apartments of the Louvre.

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tary talent or judicious discrimination. The ministers, generals, and authors, who contributed to exalt his reputation, were formed at an earlier period; their genius partook of the vigour of an age when the mind was less enervated by luxury and less fettered by despotism: and with these illustrious models of valour and taste, all the splendour which attended them disappeared.

The treaty of Utrecht, which might have irrecoverably crippled the resources of France, was attended with little humiliation. Though compelled to descend from that lofty eminence from which he oppressed or insulted all the nations of Europe, Lewis's fall had not been precipitate. Less powerful than formerly, he had still the consolation to think that there existed no potentate in the Christian republic more powerful than himself. But while saved from the precipice into which he was sinking, it is difficult to conceive a more miserable being than the haughty founder of Versailles. The untimely loss of those who, according to the common course of nature, should have propped and consoled his declining years, left a dreadful solitude around him. All his schemes of ambition were frustrated; from external objects he could derive no consolation, and all within was gloomy and cheerless.

The following passage is too descriptive of fallen greatness to be omitted.

‘Une dévotion trop universelle à la cour pour n'être pas suspecte d'hypocrisie; un faste consacré par habitude mais qui n'était plus animé par les plaisirs, ni par la gloire, et que la détresse des finances rendait pénible au monarque, insupportable à ses sujets; des craintes pressantes pour l'avenir, des projets vagues et incohérens, des controverses assez semblables à celles qui agitaient misérablement l'empire Grec; voilà tout ce qui restait du grand règne; mais Louis restait, et continuait d'imposer aux ames, qu'il avoit autrefois enivrées de ses triomphes. La tristesse se laissait voir partout, mais ne s'exprimait que par de faibles plaintes. On sentait que le temps des grandes choses était passé, mais on conservait de la vénération pour celui qui les avait long-temps dirigé. . . . La nation ne voyait rien qui lui promit du bonheur, mais chacun se proposait de ne point manquer les occasions de gaieté, qui pourraient s'offrir sous un nouveau règne.’—i. 87.

If pleasure were the leading object of their wishes, they had an opportunity of gratifying them to the fullest extent during the licentious administration of the Duke of Orleans, the gayest and most profligate of mortals. No sooner had Lewis closed his eyes, than the gloomy austerities of a Carthusian convent made way for the triumph of dissoluteness. Vice no longer deigned to wear a mask when it became a recommendation to favour. All the graces of conversation suddenly disappeared, and were replaced by the voluptuous descriptions of libertinism, or the revolting intrepidity of atheism.

atheism. Such was the ardour of the courtiers in pursuit of pleasure, or such their eagerness to flatter the regent, that many persons of distinction who, during the late reign, had vied with each other in demonstrations of piety, now affected to take the lead in dissipation; and even boasted of vices to which from age and constitution they were little inclined.

The regent's suppers may fairly be termed academies for the corruption of the rising generation. With delight he beheld the hour arrive, when delivered from the toils of government and the ennui of a court, he could indulge, amid the society of his intimate friends, in every sensual excess. 'Nocé, D'Effiat, Brancas, La Fare, Broglie, et beaucoup d'autres faisaient assaut de dissolution pour justifier cette odieuse et absurde dénomination de *roués*, inventée par leur maître.' In these abominable orgies not only morality and decency were ostentatiously banished, but even religion was insulted with blasphemous mockery, as if licentiousness were a proof of good taste, and impiety the criterion of wit. The Duchess of Berri, his favourite daughter, who was universally suspected of having poisoned her husband, and whose gallantries had rendered her conspicuous in a country where no ties were respected except those of inclination, frequently presided at these scandalous scenes,* in company with some of her father's numerous mistresses, a selection of prostitutes from the different theatres, the whole cohort of *roués*, together with a few men of inferior rank, whom the Duke of Orleans admired for their wit or courted for their profligacy.

The violent controversies between the Jesuits and Jansenists upon subjects too abstruse for human comprehension, had produced an effect upon the public mind unfavourable to religion itself; but it was reserved for the impiety of this dissolute prince to strip the highest ecclesiastical dignities of every thing dignified and imposing. A person of mean extraction, remarkable only for his vices, had been employed in correcting the regent's tasks, and by a servile complaisance for all his inclinations had acquired an ascendancy over his pupil, which he abused for the purpose of corrupting his morals, debasing his character, and ultimately rendering his administration an object of universal indignation. Soon after his patron's accession to power, Dubois, for whom no occupation was too infamous, no employment too servile, was admitted into the council of state. His figure is described as mean and contemptible, and the vices of his mind were so legibly imprinted upon his disgusting countenance, that it was impossible for hypocrisy to conceal

* This princess has been frequently compared to Lucretia Borgia, the daughter of Pope Alexander VI., and the parallel unfortunately holds good in every respect.

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them. He had, however, made what, in the meridian of a Parisian court, was considered as a proficiency in literature, for he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of Latin to translate Horace and Ovid with tolerable facility. But as it was late in life before he directed his attention to political studies, his acquirements as a statesman were still more superficial. The derangement of the finances, occasioned by the ambition and prodigality of the late king, had reduced the regent to the necessity of recurring to various expedients in order to avoid the discredit of a general bankruptcy. A system of palliatives agreed but ill with the boldness of his political views; for whenever he consulted his own understanding, or allowed himself time to attend to public affairs, he contemplated them with the eye of a statesman, though too apt to be dazzled by brilliant theories. An ardent temper induced him to listen to the chimeras of Law, whose extravagant plans, the wildest that presumption or knavery ever conceived, were welcomed as the oracles of a divinity.

Law was endowed with every quality best calculated to captivate a lively people. A natural eloquence enabled him to announce his ideas with clearness and vivacity. Amid the profoundest calculations he introduced speculations of the boldest character, which, though founded upon principles no less visionary than extravagant, were announced with a confidence which satisfied his hearers that they were the result of practical wisdom. A commanding figure and elegant manners conduced to increase the delusion, so that he was courted by people of the highest distinction with as much servility, as if every thing which he touched had been commuted to gold.

The infatuation of the Parisians is admirably painted in the following passage :

‘ On trouvait beaucoup trop lente la fabrication du papier, quoique le nombre des ouvriers, et des commis, qui en étoient occupés, eut été doublés, et quadruplés. Les habitans des provinces regardaient d’un œil d’envie la fortune qui paraissait sourire aux Parisiens. Ils affluèrent dans la capitale, qui ne vit à aucune autre époque un aussi grand concours, un mouvement aussi rapide, un luxe aussi extravagant. Tout emploi du génie, du bon sens, était suspendu. On assiégeait les portes de la banque pour y porter son or. On se faisait une peur chimérique de n’être point admis, et l’on était soulagé, lorsqu’un commis, avec un sourire perfide avait dit, *Ne craignez rien, messieurs, on prendra tout votre argent.* Les ames jusqu’alors les plus tranquilles éprouvaient les transports forcenés des joueurs. Toute distinction de naissance était effacée. Les nobles n’avaient plus d’orgueil, ils étaient tout à l’avarice. Ils dinaient chez des laquais enrichis de la veille, et portés à juger de leur esprit d’après leur bonheur, ils cherchaient à surprendre leur secret ; ils réussirent bientôt à les surpasser. C’étaient des hommes puissans à la cour,

cour, dont la honteuse dextérité à ce jeu enlevait les plus grands bénéfices, et savait le mieux les assurer. On les avait nommés *les seigneurs mississippiens*, ils souriaient à ce nom. L'arrière-petit-fils du grand Condé, le Duc de Bourbon, était à leur tête.—I. 303.

In proportion as the promise of inexhaustible wealth had fascinated the minds of the Parisians, they gave way to the wildest rage and disappointment, when the ideal fabric suddenly vanished; and it required all the address and courage of the regent to prevent a general insurrection, and to save the impostor from the fury of an exasperated populace.

With the chimeras of Law every vestige of popularity, which had hitherto attached to the regent's administration, was irrecoverably lost. Desirous of banishing the recollection of his folly, he indulged in still greater excesses, till he entirely lost all aptitude and inclination for business, and sunk into a state of almost brutal insensibility. Under pretence of relieving his patron from the weight of affairs, Dubois did every thing in his power to encourage this cynical humour, and contrived gradually to exclude from the regent's society all those libertine companions, who had either knowledge or honour to recommend them. But as he was convinced that, unless he should attain the highest dignities of the church, he could never hope to govern the nation, he openly aspired to a mitre, and a cardinal's hat, as a step to farther exaltation. No man less acquainted with the weakness of the regent's character, could have presumed to entertain the remotest hope of success. Destitute of every quality to which the most impudent flattery could attribute even the shadow of a virtue; universally despised for the meanness, no less than for the publicity of his vices; incapable of uttering a single sentence without shocking the feelings of the least scrupulous modesty; a blasphemer from habit; an atheist from vanity;—he had still the presumption to aspire to the mitre which had recently encircled the venerable brow of the pious and benevolent Fenelon.

At no period of history had the dignities of the Gallican church been dispensed with greater discrimination, than during the reign of Louis XIV.; nor had the clergy in general been ever more conspicuous for purity of morals, and splendour of talent. Upon his first accession to power, the Duke of Orleans had pursued a similar course, and the names of Fleury and Massillon did credit to his choice; but it would have been inconsistent with his natural levity to persevere long in any regular system, and the heart of Dubois was so thoroughly depraved as to be unconscious of the advantage which he might personally have derived from allowing his master to patronize merit. Encouraged by the exhortations of Cardinal Rohan, who wanted his support in favour of the Jesuits, he asked
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for the archbishopric of Cambray. Unaccustomed as he was to delicate scruples, the regent was startled at the idea of encountering the scandal to which such a prostitution of honours must expose him. But in spite of his reason, he ultimately yielded, and insulted the nation by raising Dubois to one of the highest ecclesiastical dignities.

The rapid progress of infidelity during the last century has given scope for much curious research, respecting the causes from which it proceeded; and it has generally been ascribed to the profane and licentious theories of those who assumed the majestic garb of philosophy, more securely to aim their envenomed shafts against the sacred truths of christianity. That the writings of Diderot and Voltaire contributed to taint the public mind, no person in the least acquainted with their works, will attempt to deny; but other causes, and those of general efficacy, must have assisted in spreading the contagion, or it never could have produced such baneful effects. Example is far better understood by the generality of mankind than precept: and the consecration of Dubois, in all probability, conduced no less to scatter the seeds of impiety, than all the blasphemous buffoonery of all the encyclopedists. It was thus that atheism spread with alarming rapidity in Italy during the pontificate of Alexander VI.

Notwithstanding an archbishop and a favourite had very strong claims to the Roman purple, it required all the influence of France, in the conclave, during the election of a pope, to induce Cardinal Conti to enter into an engagement for the promotion of Dubois, in case he should obtain the tiara. Too honourable to recede from a solemn promise, and too conscientious to disregard so flagrant a violation of duty, it was supposed that his death, which shortly followed, was in great measure occasioned by remorse.

Nothing was now wanting to satisfy the ambition of Dubois, but the post of prime minister, and to this he was soon after promoted. This last act of condescension on the part of the regent, has been imputed to motives of a political nature. The king was rapidly approaching to that age when a man in France was deemed capable of conducting the affairs of a powerful nation, though unfit to be trusted with the management of his private concerns; and it was not likely that the people, the parliaments, or the nobility, all of whom looked forward to the new reign with an anxiety which they disdained to conceal, should patiently endure the prolongation of the Duke's authority, though disguised under a different title. But he flattered himself that by allowing a tool of his own to occupy, for a little time, the post of prime minister (the duke had been assured by his physician that it was impossible for the

the Cardinal to live above six months) he might slide without difficulty into the vacant post.

The physician's prediction was shortly verified; and the death of Dubois enabled the Duke of Orleans to carry his project into execution. Aware that it was necessary to retrieve his character by popular measures, he attended to the duties in which he had engaged with indefatigable industry, while, by the vivacity of his conversation, and his various accomplishments, he captivated the affections of Lewis. But the reform was merely apparent; for though the day was devoted to national concerns, the evening was consecrated to licentious pleasures. Three months after assuming the direction of affairs, the duke perished, the victim of sensuality.

'Aucun des descendans de Henri IV. ne retraça davantage son ardeur dans les combats, son esprit fin, étendu, son adroite familiarité, ses reparties piquantes, enfin cet ensemble de dons qui gagne les cœurs, et soumet les volontés. Henri commit l'imprudence de céder trop souvent, et trop long-temps, à l'amour. Philippe fut sans frein, sans pudeur, et sans délicatesse, dans ses honteuses voluptés. Ce trait de différence dans leur caractère, en établit une telle dans leur conduite, qu'un parallèle serait une profanation. Outre les vices qui entraînaient le désordre de ses mœurs, Philippe en avait un plus nuisible encore à la bonté, et qui cependant n'effaça point la sienne; c'était une défiance collective, un mépris raisonné, pour les hommes. Il consentit à être trompé par eux, mais il voulait les tromper à son tour avec de certains raffinemens. Les moyens obliques lui avaient souvent réussi; il ne cessait d'y recourir; il manquait à sa parole, il se jouait de ses promesses. Son cœur était inaccessible à la haine, mais son amitié n'avait que la chaleur du moment: elle manquait de consistance parce que rarement elle avait été cimenté par l'estime. Dans l'habitude d'une vie, tantôt molle, tantôt effrénée, ses qualités les plus brillantes dormaient souvent; on était étonné de les retrouver toutes dans une grande occasion. On prétend qu'il connaissait à fond toutes les parties de la science militaire. Régent, il évita la guerre; un tel service rendu à la France, au genre humain, atténuerait beaucoup tous les reproches qu'on fait à sa mémoire, s'il eu porté plus de précautions dans la paix, et s'il n'eut pas imprudemment secondé la puissance maritime de l'Angleterre. Son impiété, son athéisme, ne ressemblaient point à la fatale erreur d'un système; c'était une excuse pour ses vices, un assaisonnement pour ses débauches. Il se dirigea vers la tolérance, sans l'établir par des loix; mais il propagea l'incrédulité par son exemple.'—i. 387.

We have been more circumstantial in our account of the regent's administration, because we are firmly persuaded that its influence upon the national character was far more extensive and permanent than is generally admitted. In a country like this, the vices of a sovereign are attended with less pernicious consequences; the principles of Englishmen being established upon too solid a foundation

to be shaken by the example of any individual, however exalted his rank or situation. In France it was different. There the court was every thing, the nation nothing. Economy or profusion, devotion or scepticism, licentiousness or temperance, were assumed and laid aside, by a volatile people, with the same ease and indifference with which they copied the fashion of their sovereign's cloak or the cumbersome structure of his wig.

The second volume commences with the administration of the Duke of Bourbon, who succeeded to the office of prime minister. There was little in the character of this prince to inspire either affection or respect. To an avidity as insatiable as that of Dubois, and an austerity of temper which he was hardly able to conceal under the external forms of politeness, he united an understanding in which flattery could discover neither brilliancy, depth, nor acuteness. And lest these defects should fail to excite universal contempt, he suffered himself to be governed by Madame de Prie, a woman as systematically profligate as the Duchess of Berri, and as ostentatiously impious as her father. The new administration commenced with the revival or rather extension of those intolerant edicts which had been issued by Lewis XIV. for the purpose of extirpating heresy, and which now appeared still more odious than when promulgated at the instigation of Maintenon and Le Tellier, because it was no longer possible to allege in their defence even the despicable apology of bigotry.

No good could result from such an administration: we therefore hasten to the period when the king ostensibly assumed the direction of affairs, stopping only to notice the consequences of an intrigue, in which, as our author expresses it, 'tous les vices conspirèrent en faveur de la vertu.'

An infant daughter of the King of Spain had been selected by the Duke of Orleans to share the throne of Lewis XV., and had in consequence been sent at an early age to Paris, in order to acquire the habits and language of a nation over which she was destined to preside. But as the extreme youth of the princess prevented the marriage from taking place for several years, and the people were displeased at the prospect of the kingdom's remaining so long without an heir,—the Duke of Bourbon availed himself of the opportunity to propose sending back the infanta, and marrying the king to a princess capable of gratifying the wishes of the nation by the birth of a dauphin. The beauty and accomplishments of Mademoiselle de Vermandois, inspired him with the hope of confirming his authority by placing his sister upon the throne: but as talents and beauty were likely to enslave an indolent monarch, Madame de Prie resolved to visit the intended bride, before she consented to the union, in order to decide how far her understanding

standing coincided with the lustre of her charms. Presenting herself to Mademoiselle de Vermandois under a borrowed name, she, in the course of conversation, expatiated at large upon the brilliant destiny which awaited her. Accustomed to conceal every emotion of the soul under the unruffled mask of composure, the princess manifested neither joy nor surprize. Madame de Prie considered this as an unfavourable symptom, but determined, before she finally decided, to bring her to a more satisfactory trial. She accordingly seized an opportunity to speak of herself, as of a person unjustly calumniated. The princess, giving way to virtuous indignation, immediately declared that, determined as she was to discountenance vice, she would never allow a woman so notoriously profligate to appear in her presence, in case she should marry the king. 'That shall not be your fate,' muttered the mistress of Bourbon, as she hastily retired to stifle her fury.

There was a want of decision in the minister's character which laid it open to every impression. It was therefore no difficult task to persuade him that the projected marriage, if it should fail, as it was likely to do from the cabals of those who envied his power, must infallibly involve him in ruin. It became necessary therefore to provide a substitute, with rank sufficient to justify his choice, and upon whose gratitude he might firmly rely. These considerations directed his attention toward Maria Lechinska, daughter to the unfortunate Stanislaus, who had been placed by Charles XII. on the throne of Poland, and driven from it by Peter the Great. The exiled monarch was living in a dilapidated castle, near Weissenberg in Germany, when he received a letter from the Duke of Bourbon announcing the intelligence. The delighted father hastened to his daughter's apartment, exclaiming with extasy, 'Tombons à genoux, ma fille, et remerciez Dieu.—Mon père, s'écria celle-ci, seriez vous appelé au trône de Pologne? Le ciel, reprit Stanislaus, nous est bien plus favorable; ma fille, vous êtes reine de France.'

—ii. 34.

Fleury, Bishop of Frejus, concealed a boundless ambition under habits of almost patriarchal simplicity. In quality of preceptor to the king, he had acquired such influence over the weak mind of his pupil, that, by threatening to retire from court, he was able to carry the most difficult points. The ascendancy of a man too proud, or too honest, to second the views of a corrupt administration; kept the minister and his mistress in constant alarm; and a plot was in consequence formed, with the connivance of the queen, whom gratitude rendered imprudent, for the purpose of driving him into retirement, but which terminated in the banishment of the duke and Madame de Prie, and established Fleury's power on so solid a foundation, that he governed France till the

hour of his death. His administration may be divided into two distinct epochs, which differ materially from each other. The first, extending from 1726 to 1733, was a period of national tranquillity; during which the minister's attention was prudently directed to the improvement of the finances, the encouragement of agriculture, and the extension of commerce. Amid these benevolent cares, year after year stole rapidly away without presenting to posterity any splendid exertions of genius or courage obtained by the misery of thousands.

‘La cour, ce pays où le mouvement n'est jamais plus vif que pendant la jeunesse du monarque, fut gouvernée comme une famille aisée, modeste, paisible. Le précepteur de Louis XV. avait préparé de loin ce résultat, en gravant dans son cœur les principes d'une piété sévère, et d'une retenue qui tenait à la fois de la pudeur et de la timidité. Il savait diriger ses goûts, et ses affections, en écartant toujours des conseils qu'il avait à lui donner, l'air d'autorité, le ton de pédantisme. On ne vit plus à la cour de ces conversions qui s'étaient si subitement énoncées dans les dernières années de Louis XIV., et si honteusement démenties sous le régent. La licence fut écartée sans bruit, le scandale ne fut plus une mode.’—ii. 54.

The Cardinal, whose constitutional timidity was increased by age, proceeded, on all occasions, with the circumspection natural to a man who feels his way in the dark; yet his measures were conducted with so much sagacity, that he had hardly ever occasion to retrace his steps. Neither was his economy, though extended to the minutest objects, mean or sordid. He frequently silenced the rapacity of the courtiers, but never rejected the petitions of the indigent. Resources were always ready to provide for any public calamity, and he distributed them on such occasions with a liberality equally honourable to his heart and his understanding. Economy however is the only quality in which he rivalled Sully and Colbert, to whom he has been compared. Incapable of acting with vigour and decision, he frequently temporised when the utmost activity was required; and during the disputes which arose between the crown and the parliament, it is easy to trace the progressive decline of the royal authority, which the firmness of Richelieu had rendered so absolute, and the dignity of Lewis XIV. so imposing.

Hurried into a war by a concatenation of circumstances against which it was useless to struggle, Fleury felt happy to seize the first favourable opportunity of restoring tranquillity that he might devote his attention to his darling occupation, that of alleviating the burthens of the people: but while he was endeavouring to establish the public credit on a solid foundation, a change was silently operating in the habits of the king which tended to frustrate his designs, if not totally to overturn his authority. The disposition

of

of Lewis, though naturally prone to sensual indulgence, had hitherto been confined within decent bounds by the dread of offending his preceptor. Moderation and temperance, when they arise from the fear of reproof, and not from an unshaken belief in the truths of religion, are too weak to resist repeated temptations; particularly when it is the interest of profligacy and ambition to eradicate such troublesome scruples. In every country there are persons, even of elevated rank, to whom the vices of their sovereign are more beneficial than his virtues; and who therefore labour to extinguish every spark of probity and honour, the remains of a pious education. Such was the Duke of Richelieu, who is held up by Voltaire as a model for courtiers and heroes; and who, in return, extolled the apostle of libertinism and infidelity as the paragon of wisdom and virtue. Gifted by nature with every personal grace, endowed with a lively and brilliant imagination, and equally distinguished for courage and gallantry, this profligate nobleman, instead of dedicating his talents to the good of mankind, formed a system of seduction the most extensive and dangerous ever practised for the ruin of innocence; while his inordinate vanity rendered him indifferent to every conquest unless all Paris was made acquainted with his triumph. Cold, haughty, and unfeeling, he unfortunately could assume the warmth of generosity and the glow of affection, when he wished to degrade a too confident female, or supplant a credulous friend. These were qualities so precious in the estimation of Lewis, that Richelieu became the chosen companion of his most dissolute hours, the pander of his most disgraceful amours.

Misfortune had ever an irresistible claim to the pity and patronage of the queen. Hence she had particularly distinguished five sisters of the family of Nesle, who inherited little besides an illustrious name. Madame de Mailly, the eldest, was more admired for an affectionate and unassuming temper, than for the lustre of personal attractions. The countenance of her second sister, la Marquise de Vintimille, was irradiated by intelligence and sensibility. The Duchess of Lauraguais united the majestic form of Juno to the youthful graces of Hebe. The charms of the three elder were however totally eclipsed by those of their younger sisters, the Marchionesses of Flavacourt and Tournelle, who were universally adored as the brightest constellations which illuminated the court of Versailles.

Three of these ladies successively became the declared mistresses of Lewis; and Madame de Lauraguais, though she never publicly enjoyed that ignominious distinction, was supposed to have shared his affections. Sincerely attached to her royal lover, Madame de Mailly consented with joy to the mysterious silence imposed by the king at the commencement of their connection, from the apprehension

bension of shocking his preceptor; and which so far produced the desired effect, that it furnished the cardinal with an excuse for shutting his eyes, and even left the queen the melancholy consolation of doubting her husband's infidelity.

While his subjects were groaning under the pressure of war, Lewis trembled at the idea of insulting their feelings by proclaiming an adulterous commerce; but no sooner had Fleury excited a momentary enthusiasm by repealing some unpopular taxes, than he threw aside the mask of decorum. Thinking silence inconsistent with his station and character, the cardinal ventured to expostulate, but soon discovered, that if he wished to retain the direction of affairs, it must be by sacrificing probity to ambition. He probably considered too, with courtly casuistry, that no mistress could be liable to fewer objections, than one who professed herself an enemy to all unnecessary expense, and who never interfered in the management of public business. The cardinal's conscience was however soon exposed to a severer trial. Mademoiselle de Neale, in the solitude of a convent, had formed a plan for supplanting her sister, and Lewis now proved to the world, by his profligate disregard for public opinion, that he was no longer the dupe of a superannuated priest, whom Richelieu had taught him to despise. Something was yet wanting to complete the crime of double adultery, and the new mistress was therefore married to the Marquis de Vintimille, nephew to the archbishop of Paris!

The accession of Frederick the Great to the throne of Prussia was the prelude to a general war, in which Fleury was again compelled to engage. Under the guidance of a man of vigorous mind, the issue of the contest might have been different; but the cardinal's indecision, his natural frugality, and perhaps a feeling of resentment which he was unable to conquer, occasioned delays in the execution of measures which required the utmost dispatch. The disasters which arose from this mistaken policy were of the most serious kind. "On n'entendait plus parler que de retraite. Les généraux Français semblaient avoir horreur des combats."—ii. 258. "Cent mille soldats avaient péri, et le fer n'en avait pas détruit plus de vingt mille. Les généraux et les ministres avaient rivalisé de fautes. Toutes les épargnes du trésor avaient disparu. Il fallait créer des armées nouvelles, équiper des flottes. Les Anglais, maîtres de la mer, menaçaient nos colonies, et celles de l'Espagne, et faisaient la loi dans la Méditerranée!" 267. Such was the degradation of France when Fleury terminated his earthly career, after having exhibited to the world the melancholy spectacle of decrepitude enslaved by ambition.

The disposal of places, and the direction of public affairs were now placed in the hands of the Duchess of Chateauroux, who devoted

deavoured to animate the courage of the troops by carrying her lover to the army. There are two circumstances attending this journey which merit attention, because one strongly marks the volatile character of the French, and the other demonstrates their servility. When the favourite announced her intention of attending the king, three princesses of the blood solicited the honour of accompanying her. The fatigues of travelling at the hottest season of the year, added to intemperance, brought on a fever, which threatened the life of Lewis, and procured for him the appellation of *bien-aimé*. Never was title more shamefully prostituted!—"Qu'ai je donc fait pour être aimé ainsi?" was a very natural inquiry for Lewis to make when he heard that his subjects were plunged into the deepest distress, and appeared to consider his loss as the severest of national calamities.

The death of Madame de Chateauroux made way for the elevation of a butcher's daughter, who governed France and its monarch for several years with despotic authority. Till then the disgraceful distinction of favourite had been reserved for illustrious birth; but no sooner had the vain and beautiful Poisson married Lenormand D'Étioles, a rich financier, than she formed a scheme for the subjugation of Lewis. Though precluded by her situation from appearing at court, she never omitted an opportunity of throwing herself in the way of the amorous monarch, whose attention was attracted by the brilliancy of her equipage, the elegance of her dress, but still more by her personal charms.

The reign of Madame de Pompadour commenced under auspices more flattering to national vanity than France had experienced for many years. Under the command of two illustrious foreigners, Marshal Saxe and Count Lowendahl, the army had in some degree recovered its reputation, long sullied by the timidity of Fleury, and the presumptuous vanity of Bellisle. Amid rejoicings and festivals the people forgot that the burthens they endured were not likely to be diminished by the prodigality of the court; and giving way to that propensity for pleasure, which no misfortunes can damp, no indulgences cloy, they beheld their sovereign's vices with a lenient eye, because, though they exhausted the strength of the country, they gave life and animation to the capital. But the triumphs of France seemed exclusively attached to the operations of Saxe and Lowendahl. After Italy had been lost by the incapacity of Maillebois, the Austrians ravaged Provence and Dauphiné, and reduced Lewis to the necessity of suing for peace upon terms which betrayed his exhausted resources. It would have been inconsistent with the prudence of the English ministers to treat till the navy of France was so completely crippled as to be no longer an obstacle to our commercial prosperity. Peace, however, was finally concluded at

Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748; by the articles of which it clearly appeared that France was rapidly declining from that elevated station to which she had been raised by the genius of Richelieu, and the victories of Turenne and Condé.

The third volume opens with a review of literature and philosophy; but as the subject is only partially discussed, we shall postpone our observations for the present. So entirely was Leclerc excluded from the eyes of his subjects, that they might have forgotten his existence had they not been frequently reminded of it by fiscal exactions, or the infamous publicity of his amours. In the hands of a vain and volatile woman, the government gradually lost all energy at home, all consideration abroad. No less inconstant in her tastes than in her affections, Madame de Pompadour eagerly listened to every project which had the charm of novelty to recommend it, declaring herself the patroness of every speculator who aspired to celebrity by the chimeras of a brilliant imagination. Hence the whole tribe of needy adventurers became her zealous partisans, and obtained a share in the plunder of the state which was at her disposal.

It is about this time that we first find any allusion to those ruinous instruments of prodigality called *acquits du comptant*, a species of order payable to the bearer, and signed by the king, without specifying the service to which they were appropriated. With an indolent monarch, and an extravagant mistress, it is easy to conceive to what a dangerous extent this abuse must have been carried; and it is difficult to imagine how any resources could have long resisted so destructive a system. Amid these humiliating scenes of profligacy and corruption, it is consoling to discover the slightest symptom of honour or honesty. Lenormand D'Etiolles, too proud to accept the wages of infamy, persisted in rejecting all the titles and employments with which Lewis would have consoled him for the loss of his wife; and this upright financier died at a very advanced age without augmenting his fortune or degrading his character.

In proportion as the favourite was courted and flattered, the queen and her children were neglected. The dauphin, though endowed with many brilliant qualities, lost all vivacity and inclination for business when he discovered that his virtues served only to awaken suspicion and hatred in the breast of a dissolute parent.

‘Il témoignait un mépris froid à Madame de Pompadour, qui le peignait au roi comme un prince ambitieux, qui se faisait un parti dans l'état, en s'appuyant des Jesuites, et du clergé; qui achetait par des sumônes abondantes la faveur du multitude; qui se vouait avec une extrême ardeur aux études de l'homme d'état, dans un impatient désir d'exercer le pouvoir; enfin qui mettait de l'ostentation dans la régularité de ses mœurs pour condamner la conduite de son père.’—iii. 161.

How

How degraded must that heart have been which could derive any thing but delight from such a picture!

Converted from an object of affection into one of universal contempt, Louis *le bien-aimé* beheld his people with terror. He shunned Paris with no less solicitude than if it had been infected by a pestilential disease; and even caused a road to be made from Versailles to Compiègne, by which he avoided the capital. Meanwhile the flame that was kindling for the destruction of the royal authority was fomented and increased by ecclesiastical disputes. We have no room at present to discuss this important subject, but must content ourselves with remarking that the violence and animosity of the contending parties contributed still more to diminish the veneration with which the ministers of the Gospel had been treated, before the sanctity of the mitre had been irretrievably stained by the touch of Dubois. It is delightful to trace, amid these virulent squabbles for worldly pre-eminence, for such in reality they were, moderation and wisdom, where we should have little expected to find them. A pontiff less prudent than Benedict XIV. might easily have excited a religious war in France, but to his eternal renown he declared himself the advocate of toleration, and in the true spirit of Christianity preached peace and humility to mankind. Though sincerely attached to the religion of which he was chief, he had the sagacity to perceive that all measures of violence were repugnant to the spirit of an enlightened age. It was not therefore by the axe or the faggot that he attempted to bring back the wandering flock within the pale of the church, but by soothing their prejudices, convincing their understandings, and conciliating their esteem. With a sentiment of pity he contemplated the folly of Lewis, and often expressed his admiration at the solidity of a government which was able to resist such repeated concussions. 'That must be a well contrived machine,' he would sarcastically remark, 'which goes without any assistance.'

No war was ever undertaken upon more frivolous pretences, nor conducted with less ability, than that in which France assisted Austria in her endeavours to crush the King of Prussia. With the single exception of the campaign of 1757, which led to the momentary occupation of Hanover, the 'seven years' war' was distinguished by a series of disasters, no less ruinous to the resources of the nation than subversive of its military character. General succeeded general, but the change of commanders was not attended with any change of fortune; and the battle of Rosbach, in which a handful of Prussians defeated an army of fifty-five thousand French, may be regarded as the extinction of military renown in a nation, which once boasted of a Condé, a Turenne, and a Catinat. 'On sentit que la discipline était rompue, et qu'une infanterie si brillante sous le

le Maréchal de Saxe, était devenue la risée de l'Europe. Les généraux accusaient l'armée; l'armée les accusait à son tour.—Peace alone could have afforded a remedy; but peace was not to be mentioned, because a volatile woman affected the firmness of a Roman matron in the luxurious retirement of a *boudoir*. In this ferment of heroism, she would have preferred reducing the peasant to feed with his cattle rather than endure the contempt of Frederick the Great, and the insults of the Parisians, by whom she was treated with merited severity in satirical sonnets and epigrams.

Unwilling to attribute the failure of every enterprise to its real cause, the incapacity of coxcombs metamorphosed into generals, the favourite exiled the Cardinal de Bernis, and selected for his successor the Count de Stainville, created Duke de Choiseul. After a succession of ministers of moderate abilities, and irresolute tempers, the nation hailed with enthusiasm the elevation of a man of energetic and enterprising genius. But neither talents nor energy were able to struggle against the radical defects of the general system. The coasts of France were insulted, her colonies taken, her squadrons destroyed. It is gratifying to the feelings of an Englishman to record the splendid successes of Boscawen and Hawke,—at that time the wonder of mankind; but which appear less astonishing to the present generation which has witnessed the achievements of Nelson.

A minister, who aspired to the reputation of a philosopher, was eager to deserve the approbation of a sect which affected to consider his accession to power as the presage of returning prosperity. According to the fashionable doctrine, whoever assumed a monastic habit, was either a fool or a hypocrite: and every religious fraternity was held up to public derision as wallowing in voluptuousness, and devouring the choicest fruits of the earth without ever contributing to their increase. Though all conventual communities were become objects of ridicule to the philosophers, none was half so obnoxious as the Jesuits, whom they justly regarded as their most formidable opponents. Could they succeed in suppressing a fraternity whose influence extended from the cottage to the throne, they flattered themselves that the church might be easily shaken. Almost every crime of superior magnitude, either real or imaginary, was accordingly imputed to them. All the odious principles of intolerance and casuistry, which were represented by the enemies of that powerful community as the basis of its political code, were blazoned to the world with calumnious industry in colours best calculated to excite indignation. In a word, no accusations were too atrocious for slander to disseminate; nor too improbable for credulity to believe.

The imbecility and indecision of the French government before Choiseul

Choiseul was called to the helm, had left the followers of St. Ignatius to contend unaided against the prejudices of the philosophers, and the power of the parliaments. Even the attachment of Lewis, who in spite of his vices was naturally inclined toward that species of devotion which arises from timidity, had been gradually estranged from the order. Ever since his illness at Metz, he had been made to believe, that a clandestine confederacy had been formed, under the direction of the Jesuits, for the purpose of undermining the loyalty of his subjects, by invidiously contrasting his loose pleasures with the temperance and piety of the Dauphin. He therefore detested them as the censurers of his conduct, and feared them as the advisers of his son. On the other hand, he beheld them with more favourable sentiments, as the strenuous supporters of royal authority, and the decided opponents of those magistrates, by whom he had been so often braved and insulted. Alternately influenced by these contradictory feelings, it is highly improbable that he should have ever consented to their destruction; but when jointly assailed by a mistress and a minister, his indolence yielded, though his reason was still unconvinced.

The weakness of Lewis, in sacrificing principle to repose,—if such a man could be said to have any principle,—was entirely consistent with his character; but it is more difficult to account for the infatuation of the Pope, in depriving the church of its firmest support. It is not with the mere feelings of Protestants that this important question can be fairly discussed; in order to view it in its proper light, we ought to divest ourselves of all religious bias, and consider it only upon the broad basis of policy, as it affected the stability of the papal see, and the splendour of the Catholic communion. Ganganelli could not have been ignorant that, when he signed the bull for the suppression of the Jesuits, he gave a fatal blow to that tremendous power, which once shook the foundations of Europe, and rendered its sovereigns the vassals of Rome. After the abolition of that order, the apostles of infidelity had no worthy antagonists to contend with; because by proclaiming themselves the enemies of every abuse, either in the administration of justice, the distribution of favours, or the management of the finances, they contrived to propitiate the friends of improvement and reform.—We may safely infer that much of the mischief produced by those licentious publications, which attacked the throne and the altar, might have been avoided, had the influence of the Jesuits remained unimpaired. No wonder then that their destruction was celebrated by the Encyclopedists as the triumph of reason and philosophy.

Lewis, who occasionally displayed an acuteness of intellect, which rendered his dissoluteness still more unpardonable, was fully sensible of the error which he had been induced to commit. 'Jamais,'

mais,' says our author, 'il ne parlait sans humeur, ou sans un dédain affecté des philosophes, des encyclopédistes, et surtout de Voltaire. *Ces hommes, disait il, perdront la monarchie; et puis il semblait se consoler en pensant qu'après tout, il n'était point le monarque menacé.*'* Indeed, no great penetration was required to discover that a crisis was rapidly approaching when the government would be shaken to its foundations. The weakness of the king, the prodigality of his mistress, the venality of the nobles, and the levity of the minister, who appears to have been endowed with every brilliant quality, and to have been destitute of almost every useful one; all seemed to forward the wishes of the reformers by proving the necessity of a reform. The elevation of Dubois had degraded religion; the profligacy of Lewis XV. had debased the royal authority; and the condemnation of Calas, La Barre, and Lally, the two former of whom were immolated at the shrine of superstition, rendered the tribunals of justice contemptible, and led men to examine with scrutinising jealousy every question connected with criminal law, or civil jurisprudence. In a government reposing upon ancient abuses, investigation was equivalent to censure. No sooner was the sanctuary of justice laid open, than a scene of corruption was disclosed, which no precedent could justify, no eloquence palliate. This discovery afforded a fair opportunity for all, who were hostile to the existing order of things, to decry the constitution, by contrasting the rigour of the criminal code with the judiciary proceedings in this country, and suggesting the necessity of similar institutions as the only remedy for the grievances of which they complained.

By a singular coincidence the imperial thrones of Russia and Germany were simultaneously occupied by females, both of whom were conspicuous characters, though distinguished by very opposite qualities. All the virtues most captivating in domestic life united in Maria Theresa. A faithful wife, an affectionate mother, and a generous mistress, she could assume, when firmness was required, all the calmness and courage of a heroine. Catherine, on the contrary, aspired to the glory of becoming the Semiramis of modern times, and by means similar to those which Semiramis is said to have employed. Anxious of obtaining the suffrage of d'Alembert and Voltaire, she wrote, legislated, and conquered. But whether she peopled the Crimea, or depopulated Poland; dethroned her husband, or crowned her lover, she was equally the

* This account corresponds with what we have frequently heard from a person, who filled a distinguished situation during this and the subsequent reign, that he had several letters from Lewis XV. in which he spoke of the approaching fall of the monarchy as of a probable event; though not likely to happen in his time.

slave of vanity and ambition. While professing philanthropy and universal toleration, she issued orders for inundating the Ukraine with blood, and for extirpating all, without distinction of age or sex, who followed any religion except that of the Greek church. Such is the consistency of French philosophy!

The Duke of Choiseul, who, like the Empress of Russia, aspired to celebrity by some striking effort of political genius, and when captivated by the brilliancy of an enterprise, seldom allowed himself leisure to calculate the probability of its success, had watched the aspiring spirit of Catherine with unremitting assiduity. Desirous of checking her ambitious career, he attempted to awaken the jealousy of Austria, and to stimulate the indolence of Turkey. From some memorials drawn up by his orders, and made public at the beginning of the revolution, it appears that in return for the assistance afforded the Sultan, he flattered himself with obtaining the cession of Egypt, over which the Turkish government possessed little more than a nominal sovereignty, but which, in the hands of an enlightened administration, might become a most valuable colony. It is generally supposed that these documents suggested to Buonaparte the idea of subjugating the ancient kingdom of Cleopatra.

The sanguine temper of Choiseul, overlooking all the obstacles which stood in his way, anticipated the glory of delivering the Americans from the English yoke, and protecting the Poles against the despotism of Russia. A minister less imprudent might have been deterred from engaging in such gigantic projects, by the penury of the public treasury; but he relied upon meeting with the most cordial support from the gratitude of a Parliament, whose cause he had advocated with a vehemence approaching to indiscretion. But while he was actively preparing to humble the enemies of France, he was stripped of his authority by a sudden revolution in the royal seraglio, which tended to degrade the character of Lewis more than any of his former enormities; and to cover with shame a once haughty aristocracy, which with all its pretensions to dignity and honour, condescended to supplicate for places and pensions at the feet of a notorious prostitute.

The suppression of the Jesuits had exposed the Duke to the detestation of their numerous partisans, who were prepared to avail themselves of every opportunity to discredit his measures; and who publicly designated the Duke of Aiguillon as the only person capable of defending the royal authority against the attacks of the parliaments, and the philosophers. These insinuations, however, would probably have been attended with no important consequences, had they not been supported by charms more persuasive than those of eloquence.

Mademoiselle

Mademoiselle de Lange, after having publicly followed the profession of a prostitute at Paris, had connected herself with the Vicomte Dubarri, a man of low education, and profligate manners, who supported himself by keeping a gaming-house. Being acquainted with the person employed by the king in providing fresh beauties for his seraglio, Dubarri spoke in such raptures of his mistress's charms, that he prevailed upon his friend to introduce her to Lewis. His brother was base enough to accept her for a wife; and she was presented at court as Countess Dubarri. Accustomed as they were to the open violation of every moral duty, the Parisians were unable to contemplate without shame and indignation the humiliating spectacle of a common courtizan dispensing the favours of the crown. There are gradations in vice, and the king had successively passed through the various degrees, till he had discarded every feeling which ought to have been sacred in his eyes, as a parent, a sovereign, and a christian.

The pride of the minister disdaining to acknowledge the ascendancy of a woman whom he justly despised, he became the victim of her caprice. It, however, required some little dexterity to prevail upon the king to dismiss a servant who had acquired considerable influence over him by the brilliancy of his conversation, the clearness of his statements, and the ingenuity with which he introduced amusing anecdotes amid the most serious discussions. But the perseverance of the favourite proved ultimately triumphant, and an administration was formed, consisting of the Duc d'Aiguillon, the Chancellor Maupeou, and the Abbé Terrai, who had been recently placed at the head of the finances. The latter, who was the ablest of this dangerous triumvirate, possessed a strong understanding and a resolute mind, which was capable of undertaking the most desperate actions, when stimulated by interest or ambition. Maupeou, who owed his preferment to the influence of Choiseul, was the first to abandon his patron. Insolent to all whom he thought his inferiors, but meanly servile to those whom he feared, no man was ever better calculated to further the cause of despotism, or to render authority odious. The reputation of d'Aiguillon had been recently tarnished by a sentence of the parliament of Rennes, but from a court like that of Lewis XV. no disgrace was regarded as an exclusion.

Under pretext of restoring to the crown its ancient prerogatives, the trio conceived a regular plan for overturning the constitution, and depriving the people of those scanty privileges which even the despotism of Richelieu had respected. For this purpose all the parliaments were successively suppressed, and new tribunals created, the members of which, though little versed in forensic affairs, were
masters

masters of a science which the Chancellor regarded as far more important—the science of servility and adulation.

The death of the king, who fell a victim to his licentious amours, was hailed as a national blessing, and closed the disgraceful scene. The jealous temper of Lewis had rendered his successor as much a stranger to every branch of the administration, as if the science of government had been innate, or descended to the next heir with the regalia. Madame Dubarri, being satisfied that she had nothing to hope from a prince equally attached to his amiable consort by principle and affection, had attempted to render the Dauphin ridiculous in the eyes of his grandfather, by attributing to a weak constitution those virtues which proceeded from the purity of a heart alive to the finest feelings of humanity, and zealously devoted to every moral duty.

The exterior of the Dauphin had little to captivate admiration, but his breast was the seat of piety and benevolence. His timidity was often mistaken for suspicion, or studiously misrepresented as such. Better fitted for the calm enjoyment of domestic retirement than for the pomp and bustle of a court, he always shewed a contempt for flattery, which afforded a pretext for the friends of the favourite to grow daily more remiss in their attentions to him. Though naturally fond of literary pursuits, his studies for the most part had been directed to objects not particularly connected with the policy of states, or the occupations of sovereigns; and he had been taught to examine them in their minutest details, rather than to view them as he ought, upon a comprehensive scale, as they tended to promote the happiness of mankind, by improving their morals, correcting their errors, or encouraging their industry. He was thoroughly acquainted with the date of most memorable events, and the geographical position of every river and mountain, but had scarcely ever attended to the momentous lessons which history affords, as a science instructing the existing generation, by the crimes and follies of their progenitors. Sincerely addicted to the sacred truths of religion, he had imbibed the genuine spirit of christianity, which teaches compassion for the errors of others, but enjoins severity for our own. From his cradle he had been instructed to behold with suspicion the delusive theories of the modern philosophers, yet he was ever ready to adopt their boldest projects, when they tended to alleviate the burthens of a people, whom he loved with parental affection.

The inexperience of the young monarch required a guide, and none capable of fulfilling that important task was to be met with among the members of the royal family. Undecided in whose advice to confide, Lewis consulted his aunts, who were good women, but better able to appreciate the merits of a preacher than those of a minister.

a minister. By their recommendation, he placed the Count of Maurepas at the head of the new government; a nobleman who had filled the office of Secretary of State during the reign of Lewis XIV. and who, supposing statesmen like wine, to improve by keeping, would have equalled Nestor in political prudence. But unfortunately, neither years nor experience had taught him discretion, so that at the age of eighty, he presented to the world the ridiculous spectacle of caducity affecting the frivolity of youth, and employed that time in penning a sonnet which would have been more properly devoted to correcting a dispatch, or preparing an armament. But though the king was unfortunate in the selection of his principal minister he was more successful in the choice of his coadjutors. The appointment of Turgot and Malesherbes was hailed as the prelude to a rational reform, and had not these enlightened statesmen been secretly counteracted by the jealousy of Maurepas, and the avidity of the courtiers, it is probable that every abuse would have gradually disappeared without exposing the kingdom to those dreadful convulsions in which order and property, religion and morality were engulfed.

It would be difficult to decide, whether the cry of the philosophers in favour of Turgot proceeded from their anxiety to place an honest and able minister at the head of the finances; or merely from the wish of entangling their inexperienced sovereign in the mazes of reform, that, when he had once pledged himself to the country, he might never be able to extricate himself from the labyrinth. Certain, however, it is, that Bailly, d'Alembert, and Condorcet, with all their partisans, represented the *intendant de Limoges*, as the only person qualified to support the tottering credit of the nation. From his undisguised attachment to the principles of the political economists, they were satisfied that he was a friend to innovation; and to innovate, with persons of a certain description, is the strongest of all recommendations. Many of Turgot's plans were inspired by wisdom, and sanctioned by justice. The equal distribution of territorial imposts, though obstinately opposed by the privileged orders, was a measure of indispensable necessity, since nothing can be more repugnant to the dictates of reason, than that those, who are best able to contribute to the burthens of the state, should alone be exempted from bearing them. Others, perhaps, were too visionary for political practice, and could not be carried into execution without shaking the throne to its foundations.

A minister educated by Lewis XIV. could not be well-inclined to any change which tended to diminish the influence of the crown, or to curtail the privileges of the nobility: but the vanity of Maurepas got the better of his caution, and from the fear of offending

sending a powerful party, whose suffrage, as an author, he was anxious to secure, he improvidently resolved, while he secretly protected the prerogatives most essential to royalty, to concede something to the demands of philosophy. Acting upon this dangerous principle—and in certain situations a temporising policy is the most destructive of any—he determined to restore the parliaments, but at the same time to keep a vigilant eye over all their proceedings. This unfortunate resolution betrayed a vacillating mind, which led men to cherish the most extravagant expectations, and to think no concessions too great to be extorted by firmness and perseverance.

‘Voici quels étaient les principaux projets qui se discutaient dans le public, et qu’on espérait voir se réaliser bientôt. La liberté illimitée du commerce, amenée graduellement ; la suppression des droits les plus onéreux sur les consommations, et surtout de la gabelle ; l’abolition des corvées ; celle des usages les plus tyranniques, nés de la féodalité ; les deux-vingtièmes et les tailles convertis en un impôt territorial qui assujettirait la noblesse et le clergé aux charges communes ; l’égalité répartition de l’impôt . . . la liberté de conscience, le rappel des protestans ; la suppression de la plupart des monastères. Le rachat des rentes féodales ; l’abolition de la torture ; un code criminel moins effrayant pour les accusés ; un seul code civil substitué aux dispositions incohérentes du droit coutumier mêlé avec le droit Romain ; l’uniformité des poids et des mesures ; la suppression de toutes les entraves apportées à l’industrie ; tout ce qui rendait les provinces Françaises étrangères l’une à l’autre, et quelquefois ennemies, modifié, ou écarté ; des administrations provinciales, composées des grands propriétaires, combinant avec ordre les intérêts municipaux, substituant l’utilité au luxe capricieux des monumens, perçant de nouvelles routes, joignant les fleuves, et les mers, par de nombreux canaux ; les riches abbayes tenues en réserve, après la mort des titulaires ; l’aisance des curés et des vicaires assurée ; les philosophes invités à fournir au gouvernement le tribut de leurs observations philanthropiques ; la pensée rendue aussi libre que l’industrie ; un nouveau système d’instruction publique, où tous les vieux préjugés seraient combattus ; et l’autorité civile rendue indépendante du pouvoir ecclésiastique.’—vol. iv. p. 369.

Notwithstanding almost every article contained in this catalogue of national grievances required the serious attention of government, and many of them demanded immediate correction, yet it is hardly possible to read them without a feeling of horror, because they carry the imagination to that diabolical period, when they served as the war-whoop to those who decorated robbery, assassination, and atheism, with the imposing titles of patriotism, philanthropy and virtue.

The fifth volume commences with an attempt to palliate the atrocity of those whose folly or crimes occasioned the ruin of
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France, by endeavouring to prove that they acted from mistaken motives, and not from intentional depravity.

'*La haine,*' says our author, '*ne fut jamais plus loin des cœurs des français, qu'au moment où ils approchaient d'une révolution; ils ne combinaient que des plans pacifiques; jamais ils n'avaient été plus ligués pour vaincre tous les maux dont la nature nous impose le tribut, et ceux qui pénétrèrent par mille voies dans les institutions sociales. Ils luttaient contre la nécessité dans l'orgueilleux espoir d'en renverser les loix, et se croyaient appelés par la Providence même à désarmer toutes ses rigueurs. D'étonnantes fureurs allaient se déclarer, et la piété la plus active remplissait les âmes.*'—v. ii.

All this is extremely plausible, but unfortunately it is contradicted by facts. It would be the extreme of injustice to accuse every one who contributed to that fatal catastrophe. Many, who contended most warmly for the correction of abuses, were impelled by patriotic ardour and considered the destruction of every social institution as the first step toward a salutary reform. Severely indeed were they punished for their folly, in supposing that a vain and volatile people was capable of rational freedom; for no sooner had they sanctioned the plans of the jacobins by the splendour of virtue and birth, than they became the victims of their culpable credulity.

However signal the prosperity to which any other nation had attained, it was insufficient to satisfy the expectations of a people, impelled by vanity to reject the lessons of experience, and to regard imitation as degrading to the genius of men, whom Providence had commissioned to instruct the world in the art of making constitutions. The Feuillans fell, and made way for a desperate banditti, who thirsted for the blood of their sovereign, and who, after inhumanly murdering the mildest of monarchs, aspired to dethrone the Almighty. The crimes of these ruffians so far exceed the bounds of human depravity, that the historian who undertakes to transmit them to the execration of posterity, will probably be accused of malevolence: for who, not a contemporary of the act, will ever be brought to believe that a man, once professing Christianity, and not actually bereft of his senses, should publicly disclaim the existence of a God, and abolish his worship with atheistical mockery in the very place where he had been so often addressed with fervent devotion by the gratitude of Bossuet and Fenelon? Was it during the performance of this execrable ceremony, that '*la piété la plus active remplissait leurs âmes?*' Or is it difficult to discover '*les traces d'un crime?*' in the hearts of those monsters, who dragged the virtuous Elizabeth to a scaffold?

The passages just extracted may possibly have been a necessary sacrifice to the times; for it must be acknowledged to the credit of

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M. Lacretelle, that he in general writes with a degree of candour and moderation, little calculated to obtain the suffrage of a despot. In a future edition, he may have an opportunity of correcting these objectional passages, and giving way to his natural feelings, which upon the whole are more favourable to justice, morality, and religion, than might have been expected from a Frenchman, who wrote during the tyranny of Buonaparte.

The Duke of Choiseul, as we have already observed, first formed the project of encouraging the Americans to revolt, but it was not till the feeble reign of Louis XVI., when every imagination was heated by the seducing chimera of universal philanthropy, that they were openly assisted by the government. The unfortunate monarch, who suffered his judgment to be led astray by the prevailing enthusiasm, was cruelly punished for his imprudence in sending his officers to study the science of disaffection in the revolutionary schools of Philadelphia: nor did better fortune attend the ill-judged liberality with which he taxed the resources of France for supplies to enable the Congress to keep their armies on foot; since, exclusive of the ingratitude of the Americans, who deserted him while living, and instituted civic feasts in joyful commemoration of his murder, these supplies bore heavy on the failing revenues of France, and added to the pecuniary embarrassments by which the nation was convulsed.

Almost all descriptions of persons had been successively entrusted with the management of the finances, but such were the radical defects of the system, that scarcely any advantage had accrued, even from the enlightened probity of Turgot. What then remained? A drowning man will catch at a straw; so will a falling government. A banker of Geneva had told the world, that he alone was in possession of the important secret by which England was enabled to provide resources for every exigency; and as this bold assertion was supported by the eloquence of his wife and the talents of his cook, people began to repeat in the most fashionable circles, that M. Necker was the prodigy wanted. D'Alembert has remarked with some degree of truth, that if a man assures the world he is wiser than they, one half will believe what he says and the other half grow tired of contradicting him. Such was the case with M. Necker, with this only difference, that he was intimately persuaded he was speaking truth, when eulogising his own wisdom and virtue.

After amassing a princely fortune by commerce, M. Necker, with the title of envoy from the republic of Geneva, affected to patronise men of taste and genius, and thus assembled a chosen society from which nothing was excluded except vice and immorality. He had long been at war with the political economists, as the warm champion of the East India Company. Whether he

foresaw any danger in the principles of Turgot, or opposed them only from interested motives, or was so accustomed to the minuteness of commercial details that he despised all theoretical systems, is a question of little importance. At all events he declaimed against the unfettered commerce of grain with the violence of a man ambitious of distinction. The confidence and plausibility with which he defended his opinion in a celebrated pamphlet, divided the sentiments of the public, and obtained for its author the title of a second Colbert, while his antagonist was designated, by his numerous partisans, as the disciple and rival of Sully.

Popularity at this time began to be regarded as an equivalent for hereditary honours. The weakness of Maurepas was easily persuaded that the admission of a Protestant into the council of state, would be likely to conciliate the philosophers, by proving that he was superior to those illiberal prejudices, which had so long degraded and ruined the nation.

After gaining over the premier by flattering his vanity, it was requisite to satisfy the scruples of the king, which was accomplished by appealing to his ruling passion, the love of his subjects. Under the conduct of a minister more prudent than Turgot, and whose system was equally liberal, the friends of Necker pretended, that hopes might be entertained of again beholding the national expenditure reduced within the yearly receipts, without the necessity of recurring to additional taxes. Under the title of Director of the Royal Treasure M. Necker obtained the entire management of the finances; though he declined to accept the salary attached to that office. A resolution so novel was warmly applauded by the multitude; but men of discernment were rather inclined to attribute it to republican pride, or the ostentatious display of an ill-judged generosity.

The leading principles of Turgot's administration were, 'No new loans, no increase of taxation.' Such a declaration astonished at a time, when it was generally known that there was an annual deficit of above a million sterling. But the boldness of Necker was still more surprising, who denied the necessity of augmenting the burthens of the people, though he daily added to the national debt by borrowing money to cover the expenses. Intimately acquainted with the minutest details of a great mercantile establishment, M. Necker seems to have regarded the science of finance as a banker, and not as a statesman. He had superficially studied the system of loans, by which England provides for the exigencies of the moment at the expense of posterity, and was astonished at the effects it produced, without reflecting that in a free and commercial country many resources exist, which it would be folly to look for under a despotic government, and particularly in a country where trade

was

was regarded as disgraceful, and where in a statement of national wealth, the minister included a few baskets of capons, quails, and partridges, occasionally sent to Margate and Brighton. Having assumed as an axiom, that the credit of a government depends entirely upon the moral character of its minister, he flattered himself that the unblemished name of Necker would prove as satisfactory to the public creditors as the mortgage of a land or a malt tax : and for some time at least the illusion was perfect. The wealthy merchants of Genoa, Hamburg, and Amsterdam, laid aside their usual caution, for the purpose of speculating in the funds of a nation, which had more than once defrauded its creditors by a bankruptcy.

The boasted resources by which the envoy of Geneva pretended to balance the receipts and expenditure, consisted in nothing but paltry retrenchments in subordinate offices, and the suppression of a few inconsiderable places in the royal household. In his celebrated defence of his own administration, there are many more traces of vanity than of genius. The statements, for the most part, are those of expectation, not of experience, and are founded upon the results of projected ameliorations, instead of presenting, as they ought to have done, an unembellished picture of the disbursements and receipts.

Though the enthusiasm, excited by the elevation of a foreigner and a Protestant, began rapidly to abate, yet all his financial edicts were enregistered by the parliament, with little opposition. Indeed, no great efforts of patriotism could be expected from the supporters of every aristocratical prejudice, who trembled lest any violent measure should again deprive them of the pleasures attached to rank and fortune in the most dissipated capital in Europe. Some of the younger members, however, were beginning to turn their attention to the study of political economy, for the purpose of embarrassing the ministers. Among those, the most remarkable for the boldness of his plans, and the fire with which he announced them, was Duval d'Espremesnil, a person destined to act a conspicuous part in the turbulent scenes which preceded the revolution. Having already signalised his name by opposing Necker, when contending in favour of the East India Company, he looked forward with delight to the glory to be acquired by openly supporting the privileges of the parliaments against the attacks of a republican minister. D'Espremesnil's understanding was too acute to overlook the inherent defects of a system, which exaggerated the solidity of the public credit, without placing it on a tangible basis. The principal point for which he struggled, was to shew that M. Necker, while he affected to follow the example of England, was ignorant of the causes from which her unrivalled prosperity arose.

No sooner had the envoy of Geneva, in appearance at least, obtained a firm footing at court, than he openly aspired to form a party in the council, by displacing Sartine, and the Prince de Montbarey, and giving their departments, the Admiralty and War-Office, to the Marquisses of Segur and Castries. Till then he had conducted himself like a man occupied in exploring an unknown island and fearful of meeting, at every step, with a precipice or a monster. Fully aware of the obstacles to his elevation, he had contented himself with magnifying the reduction of a pitiful pension to a superannuated servant, into an object of national importance, while he timidly refrained from any reforms, which might displease the queen, or the princes. The opposition of the clergy on the score of religion he deprecated, by extolling that powerful body as models of virtue and piety, while he depended upon receiving the support of the parliaments, on account of his hostility toward their enemy Turgot.

The publication of a work, intended to announce the wonderful achievements of Necker, who boasted of having reduced the national expenditure below the amount of the annual receipts, by the very extraordinary expedient of raising loan after loan, without creating any new imposts to pay the interest, afforded ample materials for serious discussion to the opposite parties. By the partisans of the ministers it was zealously applauded as a prodigy of political wisdom, while it was treated by his adversaries as a bold and impudent fiction. Besides, the watchful eye of avidity discovered, in the 'Compte Rendu,' an inclination to revive the favourite project of Turgot, for depriving the nobility of all fiscal exemption; and in consequence a clamour was raised at Versailles, which furnished Maurepas with a pretext for removing a too popular rival. The death of that minister, who did not long survive this political triumph, made way for the appointment of the Count de Vergennes, who had acquired considerable reputation in various diplomatic employments.

During the bustle of war, the minds of the public had been so entirely occupied with the fallacious project of humbling England, that the internal weakness of the government had escaped observation; but when the return of peace allowed men leisure to attend to domestic concerns, it became every day more apparent. All the springs of the monarchy had been gradually relaxed to such a degree, that the friends of reform looked forward with confidence to the speedy realisation of every visionary plan, which folly or enthusiasm cherished. It was not by progressive improvements that this happy revolution was to be effected—No! freedom and prosperity were to succeed oppression and distress, with as much rapidity as if the change had been wrought by magic. The existing generation

generation undertook to secure the happiness of its descendants for ever; and the space of seventeen years, which still remained before the century expired, was deemed amply sufficient for the accomplishment of this great and beneficent enterprise.

Gaiety and splendour had resumed their empire at Versailles since M. de Calonne had assumed the direction of the finances. But it was alone by the court that his elevation to power was applauded; because the generality of mankind were not of opinion that the resources of the country were likely to improve under the superintendence of a minister who affected to regard the most costly entertainments as conducive to national prosperity, because they served to encourage various branches of commerce, which might otherwise have languished for want of incitement. In former times the important gravity of a controul-general had cast a gloom over every *fête*, but the appearance of Calonne was the signal for joy. Whether the princes wanted money, or the queen applied for a place for one of her friends, the former was sent without a moment's hesitation, and an appointment had been kept vacant on purpose. Availing himself of the confidence which Necker had inspired, he borrowed, anticipated, prolonged expiring taxes, and created new ones, without once reflecting that every additional loan tended to widen the abyss into which he was sinking. Perfectly acquainted with the system of the Economists, he explained the advantages which they promised to produce, and the evils with which they might be attended, with an eloquence that rendered the most complex theories, not only intelligible, but amusing. Even during his celebrated controversy with Necker, he prevented the driest of all political discussions from disgusting the delicate taste of a courtier, and thus augmented the number of his partisans; for he was too well acquainted with the genius of his countrymen, not to feel that the higher classes would be sure to favour the writer whose style was most lively and captivating.

The prodigality of the ministers having quickly excited the jealousy of the parliament, such symptoms of opposition appeared, as served to convince him that it would be impossible to continue his present system, without being constrained to resort to measures, which it would be highly inexpedient to employ. He accordingly formed the desperate project of convening the States-General, which had not met since the minority of Louis XIII.

So bold a conception might have alarmed a monarch more resolute than the unfortunate Lewis; but Calonne had little doubt of obtaining his consent, provided he could make it appear that it was a necessary step to the enactment of those measures, by which alone the burthens of the people could be alleviated. These consisted, first, in a new distribution of taxes, by which the revenue would

be materially raised, and the expenses of collecting it lessened : and secondly, in the abolition of those invidious privileges, which the culpable timidity of former administrations had respected, though they unquestionably opposed an unsurmountable barrier to permanent improvements of every description.

These observations being presented in the most fascinating colours, and the glorious example of Henry IV. held out as a model for imitation, Calonne was ordered to prepare for the execution of a measure pregnant with every evil. The sanguine temper of the minister had led him to attribute to disinterested benevolence the general eagerness for the correction of abuses. A foreigner might easily have committed such a mistake, but it was quite inexcusable in a native. To the former, Lewis might have appeared under the amiable character of an indulgent parent, who, though personally averse to expense and dissipation, was induced by the natural goodness of his heart, to indulge his family in every amusement not decidedly vicious. But Calonne could not be deceived by outward appearances ; he knew perfectly well that the acquiescence of the king proceeded from a facility of temper, which often led him to tolerate what he seriously disapproved.

The queen, on the contrary, was the ornament and promoter of every *fête*. Naturally an enemy to all those chilling forms which separate royalty from the rest of mankind, she banished in the hours of social intercourse the ceremonies of etiquette, which in spite of their insipidity can never be abolished with safety. In the delightful retirements of St. Cloud and the Petit Trianon, where pleasure seemed to preclude every serious pursuit, the most important affairs were discussed. Among her intimate friends were persons who professed the warmest admiration for the fashionable theories of the day ; and others who criticised the political establishments of France by satirically comparing them with the English constitution, which was held up by all who disapproved of the existing order of things, as the wisest of human institutions.

Though the morals of the court were far from being regulated by the example of Lewis, they no longer exhibited that disgusting picture of sensuality which disgraced the reign of his predecessor. It was a considerable step toward improvement, to find that virtue was no longer an object of ridicule, and that gallantry assumed the mask of reserve, or excused herself as the victim of an irresistible sentiment.

Every thing, however, concurred to presage an approaching revolution. Both in the church and the army a spirit of discontent was pretty generally diffused. For, notwithstanding the king had laboured to ameliorate the destiny of the inferior clergy, he adhered with pertinacity to an unpopular principle, introduced by his predecessor,

decessor, of never conferring a mitre, nor even an opulent benefice, upon a plebeian. The distinction was still more imprudent in the army; and the despair of obtaining the just rewards of merit, had rendered most of the officers, who were not of patrician extraction, inimical to a government by which they were deprived of every hope of preferment.

Such appears to have been the public feeling, when one calamitous error removed every boundary which had hitherto opposed the licentiousness of sceptical research, and defended the character of royalty against the shafts of scandal and falsehood. Both crown and mitre were simultaneously stripped of that powerful charm, the offspring of opinion, which ignorance adored, and wisdom respected.

The history of the necklace, in which a courtier and a cardinal was made the dupe of a notorious prostitute, has been so often discussed, that it is unnecessary now to repeat it. We have had various opportunities of consulting persons best qualified to form a rational judgment respecting that shameful transaction, and we have no hesitation to declare that, from all we have heard, we are thoroughly convinced that the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was in no respect implicated in the business. But the folly of the cardinal cannot be explained, except by admitting that his unbounded extravagance having plunged him into difficulties, he had been tempted to pilfer a very large sum of money from the funds of the clergy to whom he was treasurer, and that not being able to balance his accounts, he had taken up the diamonds as a temporary resource. In a country like this, a prelate might be tried and convicted without materially affecting the character of the clergy; but the whole ecclesiastical body partook of the infamy of the Bishop of Strasburg, when publicly brought before a criminal tribunal, in company with persons so notoriously profligate, that even to know them was disgrace.

That the cardinal's knavery was surpassed by his folly, no disinterested inquirer can deny. Under a firmer government he would have been ordered to retire into some distant monastery, where his name and his vices might be forgotten. But instead of remaining an object of universal contempt, he soon became one of compassion. The public, overlooking the guilt of a dissolute prelate, directed their indignation against the queen, pretending that the pleadings had been intentionally falsified, and that the advocates had sacrificed the interests of their clients from a criminal complaisance to the court. The discussions were no longer directed by the wish of arriving at truth, but influenced entirely by prejudice and party. After ten months had been spent in judicial proceedings, the cardinal was absolved by the parliament: but as it was impossible to exculpate

exculpate him without condemning La Mothe and her husband, they were sentenced to an ignominious punishment. Aware of the fate which awaited him, the latter had fled into England, where being joined by his wife, who found means to escape from confinement, the infamous couple published a libel which surpassed every work of a similar description, both for the extravagance and the atrocity of the accusations. Public opinion designated a prince of the blood as the instigator of this publication. The charge was so monstrous, that at the time it was made, humanity wished to disbelieve it; but subsequent events removed every doubt, so far as analogy could remove them; for what action could be too iniquitous for that man to have undertaken, who was base enough to barter the illustrious name of Bourbon for the jacobinical title of *Egalité*, and publicly to proclaim his mother's dishonour, by boasting that he was the son of a coachman!

As a preparatory step to the convocation of the States-General, an assembly was convened, composed of persons of different conditions, who were most conspicuous for rank, talent, or probity. The old courtiers were astounded at this desperate measure, which struck at the foundations of the monarchy; and the Duke of Richelieu satirically inquired of one of his friends, what punishment he thought would have been inflicted by Lewis XIV. upon any minister who had even ventured to propose it.

All the visions of Calonne were speedily dissipated, when he discovered that the *Notables*, instead of sanctioning his plans, contented themselves with pointing out their defects. The deficit was attributed solely to his prodigality and imprudence, and he was even accused of attempting to deceive the nation by presenting a fallacious report. The disgrace of the minister was a necessary sacrifice to the indignation of the public; and his removal made way for the Archbishop of Toulouse, who shortly after obtained a cardinal's hat. Though highly respected for political sagacity while confined to a private station, Brienne was no sooner invested with absolute authority, than he proved himself totally incompetent to discharge the arduous duties in which he had so rashly engaged. Had the various edicts, sanctioned by the *Notables*, been immediately presented to the parliament, they might possibly have been enregistered without a single murmur; but the delays of the minister, who acted with a timidity no less unexpected by his friends than by his enemies, allowed time for the opposition to rally their forces; and the rashness of the cardinal, whose caution and violence were equally injudicious, in banishing the parliament, served only to augment the popularity of a body, too powerful to be braved with impunity.

It was impossible for such a man to retain his situation at such a crisis. After having wantonly committed the character of the

the king by an act of unqualified despotism, and lavished the public money with such profusion, that scarcely a livre was left to answer the expenses of the last quarter of the year, he was compelled to abandon the helm. The voice of the people, which had hastened his fall, called for M. Necker as his successor. This was indeed a proud moment for the banker of Geneva, who found himself courted by all ranks, and even warmly solicited by a beautiful princess to become the saviour of his adopted country. Persons unacquainted with his real character, were apprehensive that he might decline so dangerous an office, but those who knew his failing were assured of his compliance; and their judgment was confirmed by the event, for no sooner had he read the queen's flattering letter, than his vanity yielded without consulting his reason.

The leading object which engaged the new minister's attention was the formation of the States-General. They had anciently constituted three separate chambers,—that of the nobles, the clergy, and the *tiers-état*,—and all questions had been decided, not by the majority of voices, but by the majority of chambers. By this mode of proceeding, the representatives of the people were reduced to mere cyphers, and it was impossible for them to carry any measure, which was disagreeable to the privileged orders. So long as they continued to vote in this manner, the influence of the aristocracy must be irresistible; but if all the delegates should be united in a single assembly, the triumph of the commons was assured. This therefore was a point of the highest importance, and one that Mr. Necker unfortunately attempted to evade; because he was afraid, if he conformed to ancient precedents, of losing his popularity; and he knew that if he indulged the wishes of the public, he must endanger the very existence of the monarchy.

The following extract (which brings us to the conclusion of the subject) describes the general ferment with striking veracity.

‘ La cour était divisée en deux partis, qui dès le premier moment de leur discorde, l'accablaient de tous les témoignages d'une haine emportée. Le duc d'Orléans se déclarait pour le tiers-état, et cherchait avidement toutes les occasions d'exciter l'enthousiasme du peuple. La plupart des nobles qui s'étaient distingués dans la guerre d'Amérique suivaient le même parti, et l'appuyaient des maximes qu'ils avaient recueillies au milieu de cette république naissante. . . . Partout la multitude en faisant cause commune avec les classes les plus brillantes du tiers-état, ajoutait un poids terrible à leurs réclamations. . . . Les bienfaits les plus récents étaient méconnus. Le peuple de campagne, chez lequel il est si facile d'éveiller l'envie, poussait des cris de rage autour de ces châteaux, dont l'accès avait été souvent ouvert à sa misère. Il rendait responsables de ces maux ces magistrats qui, dans leur remontrances, en avaient fait souvent un tableau exagéré. De braves, et
vieux

vieux militaires, auxquels un nouveau édit refusait le prix de leurs services, se montraient fiers d'une origine plébéienne, que la vanité de leurs jeunes colonels leur avait souvent reproché. Les curés de campagne voyaient arriver le moment où les grandes dignités de l'église pourraient récompenser la simplicité le leur foi, et la constance de leur charité. Les gens de lettres rompaient leur ancienne alliance avec les hommes de la cour, qui cherchaient à leur humilier, et rangeaient au nombre des titres glorieux du tiers-état, les ouvrages immortels de plébéiens tels que Corneille, Racine, Molière, Boileau, &c. On interrogeait l'histoire, on s'armait d'une haine nouvelle contre la féodalité. Il se formait dans les villes principales du royaume des associations où l'on s'engageait à faire triompher la cause du tiers-état. Tous les traits du ridicule étaient lancés contre les anoblis qui, par leurs prétensions, paraissaient désavouer leurs pères. On applaudissait avec transport au théâtre les vers et les maximes dans lesquels l'orgueil des rangs était confondu. Enfin le tiers-état, dès les premiers jours où l'on rappella son nom, et où l'on voulut s'opposer à ce qu'il se maintint dans un rang, où le cours des siècles l'avait fait monter, ressemblait, non à un parti qui réunit ses forces, mais à une armée qui vient dicter des loix. Dès qu'il avait un tel sentiment de sa puissance, il devenait bien dangereux de la lui contester.—vi. 277.

Again :

‘ On avait extrêmement simplifié les principes de la législation, en les rendant absolus. Un ton tranchant couvrait des connoissances superficielles; avec vingt ou trente axiomes on confondait tout le savoir des vieux publicistes. Les mots *expérience* et *routine* étaient devenus parfaitement synonymes. On n'invoquait un peu l'histoire, que pour se professer ouvertement l'ignorance Mais des deux partis qui allaient se combattre, l'un ne sentait pas assez ce que le dix-huitième siècle commandait, et l'autre comptait pour rien les leçons de tous les siècles antérieurs. ’—vi. 290.

Enough, we imagine, has been said to shew that the revolution was occasioned by the profligacy and misconduct of former reigns, and might have taken place even if Rousseau and Voltaire had never existed, though they undoubtedly contributed to hasten it. It is, however, a question of a very interesting nature, whether authors in general are influenced by the habits and opinions of the age in which they flourish, or direct the public taste. No man during the reign of Lewis XIV. would have written upon the miracles of St. Ignatius in France, or published political treatises in Spain. If a writer wishes to be popular he must adapt himself to the feelings and understandings of those whose suffrage he is ambitious to obtain. On the contrary, we conceive that it would be extremely difficult to alter the constitution of any country without materially affecting its literature : for the greater part of mankind take up their opinions as they do their religion, not from examination and conviction but from example.

The

The spirit of disaffection which existed in France for some time previously to the revolution arose from political causes; but the total disregard for religion, which was equally prevalent, may be chiefly ascribed to Voltaire and the Encyclopedists. Scepticism, when it proceeds from philosophical inquiry, must necessarily be circumscribed within a very narrow circle; because few people have leisure or ability for such disquisitions: but unfortunately the far greater number of those who profess infidelity do it only because they think it fashionable, and erroneously consider faith as the mark of a weak understanding. The lower classes are in general inclined to respect the established worship, whatever it may be; but when they are continually told that priests are impostors, and that religion is a farce, they begin to suspect that they have been deceived, and grow outrageous at the idea of having so long sacrificed their pleasures and interests to a chimera.

Of this the French philosophers were fully aware, and directed their batteries accordingly, as we are ostentatiously informed by an author who, after having contributed to the dreadful explosion, perished in the tempest he had raised. Exulting amid the ruins with which he was surrounded, Condorcet proudly boasts that erudition, philosophy, the brilliancy of wit, and the fascination of style, had been successively employed for the diabolical purpose of undermining the throne and the altar. Under the opposite forms of humour and pathos the poison was skilfully instilled; now dignified with the pomp of metaphysical acuteness, it attacked the understandings of those who aspired to literary renown; now clothed in the lighter garb of a pamphlet, or the voluptuous dress of a romance, it perverted the mind by inflaming the passions. It was an invariable maxim with the party, says the writer to whom we allude, to lull the vigilance of their enemies by flattering the establishment which they meant to overturn. Thus while they aimed at subverting the Christian religion they persuaded the clergy that toleration was all they required; and when attempting to sap the foundations of the throne they asked only for the suppression of some notorious abuse. Fanaticism and tyranny became alternately the watchwords of the philosophers; but under the former appellation every sect was comprehended which acknowledged the divinity of Christ, and the latter applied to all legitimate governments.

In conformity to custom, we have given the title of philosophers to a description of writers destitute of almost every quality which adorned the sages of antiquity. During the splendid period of Grecian literature that appellation was reserved exclusively for those who devoted their existence to the investigation of truth and the improvements of science. No labours were too arduous, no dangers too formidable to stop them in the glorious pursuit. They visited

visited countries the most remote, traversed seas and mountains, and encountered heat and cold, for the pleasure of conversing with some celebrated sage or exploring some secret of nature. Their manners were austere and their meditations uninterrupted by those trifling occupations which employ the votaries of pleasure. Seclusion and study, and unremitting attention to the wonderful productions of Providence, enabled them to form those celebrated systems which have excited the admiration of subsequent ages, and afforded models for their imitation.

But the philosophers of whom we have been speaking, were beings of another kind. Instead of consecrating their lives to serious studies they passed them at the table of some wealthy financier, or in the *boudoir* of some capricious beauty. Led away by the impression of the moment they thought it degrading for an author of the eighteenth century to consult the lessons of experience or to enrich his mind with the treasures of literature. To doubt was regarded as the criterion of wisdom, and they in consequence affected to despise all ancient institutions as the offspring of ignorance and superstition. The Christian religion was the object of their hatred, and they daily insulted it with blasphemous ribaldry; but their attacks were irregular and desultory. Though they all equally aspired to eradicate from the breast of man his only consolation in adversity, nothing was ever less systematic than their mode of proceeding. No union of opinion connected them; because every one was ambitious of surpassing his colleagues in boldness and impiety. Neither were they less at variance with themselves. At one moment they strove to establish a principle which they openly controverted at another. Vanity prevented them from forming a sect, because it was impossible to embrace any theory without tacitly acknowledging the superiority of its author.

This subject would furnish materials for volumes, and we can scarcely afford room for a few hasty remarks upon the characters of Rousseau and Voltaire, whom we select from the vast tribe of French unbelievers, because they possessed the greatest influence over the opinions of the age in which they flourished.

Of all the sceptical writers of the eighteenth century Rousseau was undoubtedly the most eloquent; he was besides the only one who established a system of his own, if the eccentricities of a man who was constantly at war with the customs and ideas of civilized society can merit the appellation of system. Proud, envious, and unsociable, he was far more jealous of the reputation obtained by his contemporaries than delighted with the applause which he personally received. After forsaking his religion and country, which imposed wholesome restraints upon his natural profligacy, he declared himself inimical to all human institutions,

because

because while appearing under the character of a needy adventurer he had been treated with little hospitality. Totally destitute of all those amiable qualities which inspire affection and esteem, he regarded every being who attempted to sooth his affliction, or relieve his wants, as impelled by interested motives, and of course soon quarrelled with his greatest benefactors. An insulated being in the midst of society, he considered the various duties of life not as necessary sacrifices to the peace and order of the whole, but as so many infringements of natural liberty. From this strange perversion of ideas the greater part of his errors proceeded. Though constantly declaiming with enthusiastic fervour in favour of justice, benevolence, and probity, he as constantly transgressed all their precepts, and even endeavoured to overturn the magnificent basis upon which alone they can securely repose. Too haughty to own that his insatiable pride was the cause of almost all his misfortunes, he imputed them to the envy of a hostile confederacy. Disdaining to tread the path of experience he wandered from error to error, and though constantly offending the laws of morality he proclaimed himself the most virtuous of mortals.

The writers of novels had hitherto confined themselves to a delineation of the actions and feelings of their dramatis personæ: but Rousseau undertook a more arduous task, and attempted to develop the secret workings of the soul, submitting to the guidance of a heated imagination, and abandoning the sphere of realities. It would therefore be fruitless to look in the *Nouvelle Héloïse* for an accurate picture of real life, or for characters like those which move and act upon the busy theatre of the world. They are for the most part the creatures of a distempered fancy; they are paradoxes embodied under a human form.

A writer who professes to instruct mankind is bound to deliver precepts of morality. But it is by inflaming the passions, and by blotting out the line which separates virtue from vice, that Rousseau undertakes to teach young ladies to be chaste, and young men to respect the rights of hospitality. His heroine, indeed, in conformity to his own example, is always prating about virtue even at the time when she deviates most essentially from its precepts; but to dogmatise is not to be innocent. Yet with all its defects, there are numerous passages in this celebrated work which astonish by their eloquence. Language perhaps never painted the conflicts of love in colours more animated and captivating than in the letter written by St. Preux when wandering among the rocks of Meilleraye.

After instructing his fair readers in the arts of intrigue, Rousseau proceeds to lay before them a novel system for educating the fruit of their amours; and in this he proves equally extravagant: for instead of bringing up his pupil to be useful to mankind, he

strives

strives to render him unfit for the commerce of civilised society. According to the plan recommended by the philosopher of Geneva, every thing that a youth would meet with, when he enters the world, would be repugnant to his habits and feelings. He would, indeed, be able to mend a chair or a kettle, and to find his way in the dark without fearing to meet a ghost or a hobgoblin; but he would probably eat with his fingers, and wipe his mouth with the sleeve of his coat.—Add to this, that the system is utterly impracticable, unless a whole nation should combine to carry on the farce by which children are to be tricked into the performance of their duty.

One of the most extraordinary parts of this extraordinary book is the confession of the Savoyard priest; in which, after drawing a most striking and beautiful parallel between Jesus and Socrates, and contending that the miracles attested by the Evangelists are as clearly proved as any of the events recorded by Xenophon, he concludes by deciding in favour of Deism, because the duration of human life is too short to acquire the different languages, and perform the long journies, which can alone qualify a man to form an impartial judgment between Judaism, Christianity, and Mahometism! In a writer less addicted to paradoxes, it would be impossible to reconcile the magnificent picture drawn by Rousseau of the Redeemer of mankind with the total rejection of his divinity; but nothing was too inconsistent for that man to adopt who, though incessantly talking of justice and benevolence, discarded his mistress when she had no friend except himself to support her, and sent her five children to an eleemosynary asylum, where it was impossible they should ever be recognised. To sum up his character as concisely and fairly as we are able, we shall remark, that as a philosopher he was paradoxical and dangerous; as a moralist lax and licentious; as a theologian unsettled and sceptical; as a politician bold and delusive; as a parent unnatural; as a lover selfish; and as a friend suspicious and ungrateful: yet, with all his eccentricities, and all his failings, he is certainly one of the most fascinating writers that ever drew tears from a reader.

Voltaire was endowed with very different qualities, and placed in a very different situation. As pride was the ruling passion of Rousseau, so was vanity that of the philosopher of Ferney. This inordinate love of popular applause gave a tone and colour to all his actions during a long and splendid career, and induced him to dedicate transcendent abilities to purposes the most vile and pernicious. It was vanity that induced him to decorate a metrical narrative of battles and intrigues with the lofty title of epic, and to forget that the exalted reputation of Homer and Virgil was not acquired by the flowery recital of a dream or a journey, nor by the introduction

introduction of spirits and divinities, but by a creative genius, an elevated imagination, and an eloquent and touching simplicity. It was vanity that led him to sully his pen with disgusting obscenity, and an ostentatious display of impiety, and to flatter himself that a happy mixture of satire and wit might atone for their turpitude, and place the name of a revolting blasphemer upon a level with that of Ariosto. It was vanity that tempted him to undermine the faith of his countrymen by ridiculing the established worship, and representing those by whom it was administered under the odious character of hypocrites. The hostility of Voltaire toward the Christian dispensation is rather that of a rival than of a philosopher. He wished to overturn it, not so much from his entertaining any solid objection to its beautiful theory, or doubting the miracles by which it is attested, as because he envied the glory of its divine author, and even hoped to be able, if Christianity was abolished, to introduce in its place a system of moral indulgence of which he might become the pontiff and patriarch.

But it would be useless to push the subject farther. The French Revolution has furnished the most satisfactory comment upon the GRAND EXPERIMENT of the philosophers; and we are firmly persuaded that no person in future, unless actually labouring under mental derangement, will attempt to govern mankind by simple reason, unassisted by the light of revelation. No; it is religion alone that has authority to silence the clamours of interest, to controul the sensual appetites, and to fetter the turbulence of ambition.

ART. XII. *The Remorse. A Tragedy.* By S. T. Coleridge.
Second Edition. 8vo. London. 1814.

WHEN a system of opinions, either new, or apparently so, is formally laid before the world, no judgment can be formed respecting its merits, till the whole has been attentively considered: but when philosophical opinions come to us cursorily scattered through volumes of miscellaneous poetry, it can scarcely be expected that their merits will be so fairly tried. The premises being sometimes not at all, and, perhaps, never formally laid down, the conclusion appears to rest on little authority; in this page the reader is startled with one peculiar idea, in the next with another, and between both, perhaps, traces no connection. Thus he proceeds nearly through the book, still ignorant of its characteristic feature; his vanity is mortified, and forgetting that his ignorance should in justice prevent his forming any judgment, he suffers it to be the very

groundwork of his condemnation. Or if towards the conclusion, he should have acquired a knowledge of the general theory, the previous disgust is in most instances so strong, that he feels no inclination with the new light he has acquired, to reperuse the volume.

That Mr. Coleridge and his poetical friends (or, to use a colloquial title, the Lake Poets) have suffered in the judgment of the world from this circumstance, we cannot but believe; and we lament that no one of them should have stated briefly and plainly to the public the nature of their poetical theory. We lament this the more, because, though it will be found, perhaps, erroneous in parts, on the whole we think it contains truth enough for all the purposes of poetry, and in its effects must be beneficial to all the noble and gentle affections of the heart. Without undertaking to supply the deficiency, we will yet venture a few remarks, which may help us in forming our judgment on the work before us.

To a profound admiration of Shakspeare, Milton, and our earlier poets, the authors of the system, on which we are remarking, appear to have united much of metaphysical habit, and metaphysical learning. This admiration was not of the kind which displays itself in the conventional language of criticism; it was real, practical and from the heart; it led to ceaseless study, to imitation of its objects. Analysing by metaphysical aids the principles on which these great men exercised such imperial sway over the human heart, they found that it was not so much by operating on the reason as on the imagination of the reader. We mean that it was not so much by argument, or description, which the reason acknowledged to be true, as by touching some chord of association in the mind, which woke the imagination and set it instantly on a creation of its own. An example or two will make this clear. In the parting speech of Polonius to Laertes we admire consummate prudence and beautiful expression, and there the labour and the enjoyment of the mind ceases; but when Gertrude says of the frantic Hamlet—

‘Anon as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will set drooping.’

Beautiful as the description is, the mind does not rest there; a thousand ideas of a gentle, placid, and affectionate nature rise within us in a train, which we seem ourselves to have created and arrayed. Once more—in the following passage from Milton every reader of taste will admit that he is very differently affected by different parts of it, and that the difference solely results from the exercise of the imagination in some lines, and its repose in others.

‘Bring

' Bring the rathe primrose that *forsaken* dies,
 The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freck'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.'

It was evident in fact, that the latter process must be far more delightful to the mind than the former; as in the one case, however we may be instructed and improved, we are still conscious of our inferiority; we stand as pupils before our master, and advance not a single step beyond the limit, which he marks for us. But in the other, it is our master, indeed, who presents us with the key of Paradise, but we ourselves open the gate, all our wanderings are unconstrained, and we find beauties, and trace likenesses with all the delight of original composition. It is true, that a closer analysis would shew that in this apparent freedom we are in fact following a prescribed direction:—but the restraint which is neither seen, nor felt, is in fact no restraint.

In so far then as metaphysical inquiry led them to this conclusion, it did them good service; and no one who has read Mr. Alison's beautiful *Essays on Taste*, will doubt for an instant that they had arrived at the true theory of poetic delight. Beyond this point metaphysics (prompting, indeed, at times peculiar beauties) were on the whole dangerous companions; and from the habits of making every mental emotion the subject of analysis have resulted, we think, most of the defects which continue to impede their progress to popular favour.

It is observed of Marivaux, by one of his countrymen, that, '*Il ne donne pas le résultat de son observation, mais l'acte même de l'observation.*' The remark will apply to our Poets; minute in their analyses and analysing the minutest emotions; preferring, indeed, from the greater skill required in the task, to trace to their causes the slight and transient, rather than the strong and permanent feelings of the mind, they have too often become not so much the painters of nature as the commentators upon her.

By this method they have sacrificed the chance of general popularity for the devoted admiration of a few; and it may be said that the alternative was entirely at their option. But still we think the choice a faulty one; the majority of mankind are little conversant in metaphysical pursuits; whereas it should be at least a principal object of poetry to please generally, and it is one of the highest boasts of genius that its strains, like the liturgy of our church, are not too high for the low and simple, nor yet too low for the wise and learned.

But this is not all; for it may be reasonably doubted, whether, from the continual habit of studying these slighter emotions, certain results, having a tendency to erroneous conclusions in philosophy, do not of necessity follow. For first it seems likely that the heart itself would become more susceptible of emotion from slight causes than those of the generality of men; as it is certain that the mind of the artist, or the connoisseur, will receive the most exquisite delight from parts of a production, which leave the common observer in a state of indifference. Now though it may be desirable that a picture should contain some of these latent beauties, yet it is evident that the artist who built his fame entirely upon them, must resign his claims to genius for the reputation of mere science, and can never aspire to the praise of being a perfect painter.

Again, such a study long continued can scarcely fail of attaching a greater degree of importance to the emotions so raised, than they merit. Whatever we dwell upon with intenseness and ardour invariably swells in our conception to a false magnitude; indeed this is implied by the very eagerness of our pursuit; and if this be true with the weed, the shell, or the butterfly, it is evident how much more strongly it will apply, where the study (as must be the case with all studies conversant about the operations of the soul) unites much of real dignity and importance as the basis on which to build the exaggerations of partial fondness. The native of a flat country gradually swells his mole-hills to mountains; no wonder then, if by constantly beholding, and deeply feeling the grandeur and beauty of their own lakes, Mr. Coleridge and his friends have learned to invest every part with a false appearance of greatness; if, in their eyes, every stream swells to a river, every lake to an ocean, and every headland, that breaks or ornaments their prospect, assumes the awful form of a giant promontory. But what is still worse, the habitual examination of their own feelings tends to produce in them a variation from nature almost amounting to distortion. The slight and subtle workings of the heart must be left to play unobserved, and without fear of observation, if they are intended to play freely and naturally; to be overlooked is to be absolutely restrained. The man who is for ever examining his feet, as he walks, will probably soon move in a stiff and constrained pace; and if we are constantly on the watch to discover the nature, order, and cause of our slightest emotions, it can scarcely be expected that they will operate in their free course or natural direction.

Now if we are justified in any of these suppositions, we cannot wonder that to a large portion of mankind the views of nature exhibited by the Lake Poets, and their own feelings with the excitement

ment of them, should often appear strained, and even fictitious. The majority of their readers have passed glow-worms and bird's-nests, celandines and daisies, without any emotion lively enough to be remembered; and they are surprised, unfairly perhaps, but not unnaturally, that so much sensation should be attributed to so trifling a cause. They lose their fellowship of feeling with the poet, and are therefore at the best but uninterested by the poem.

Another source of peculiarities in the poets under consideration is the particular warmth and energy of their feeling in the contemplation of rural scenery. They are not the tasteful admirers of nature, nor the philosophic calculators on the extent of her riches, and the wisdom of her plans; they are her humble worshippers. In her silent solitudes, on the bosom of her lakes, in the dim twilight of her forests, they are surrendered up passively to the scenery around them, they seem to feel a power, an influence invisible and indescribable, which at once burthens and delights, exalts and purifies the soul. All the features and appearances of nature in their poetical creed possess a sentient and intellectual being, and exert an influence for good upon the hearts of her worshippers. Nothing can be more poetical than this feeling, but it is the misfortune of this school that their very excellences are carried to an excess. Hence they constantly attribute not merely physical, but moral animation to nature. Ocean has an heart, and as might be expected in consequence, all the passions of love, pride, joy, &c.; the moon is at one time merciful, at another cruel, at one time loves, at another hates; and the waves, the stars, the clouds, the music of the sky are all friends to the mariner. These are to be carefully distinguished from the common-places of poetry; to say that a river kisses its banks, or that the sea embraces an island are but metaphors borrowed from physical appearances, and bear a broad difference from passages in which an inanimate being performs an external action in obedience to some internal feeling.

To an extension or rather a modification of this last mentioned principle may perhaps be attributed the beautiful tenet so strongly inculcated by them of the celestial purity of infancy. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' says Mr. Wordsworth, in a passage which strikingly exemplifies the power of imaginative poetry; and Mr. Wilson, on seeing an infant asleep, exclaims:—

'Thou smil'st as if thy thoughts were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring.
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye!'

The tenet itself is strictly imaginative; its truth, as matter of philosophy, may well be doubted; certainly in the extent in which they

they take it, it does not rest on Scripture foundation, and may seem to be contradicted by the experience of every mother, who, in the wayward fretfulness of her infant, finds constant exercise for that unweariable love which, seemingly on this very account, the Eternal Wisdom has so wonderfully implanted in her breast. Still, however, we hold that in poetry that may be allowed to be true which accords with general feeling.

There are yet a few points of no common importance to be noticed, in which we scruple not to rank the Lake Poets above all that have gone before them. In their writings the gentle and domestic virtues of an affectionate heart are uniformly exalted above the splendid and dangerous heroism which has been too generally the theme of other poets. In their writings women are drawn, as they deserve to be, lofty yet meek; patient and cheerful; dutiful, affectionate, brave, faithful, and pious; the pillars that adorn and support the temple of this life's happiness.

‘ Playful and artless, on the summer wave
Sporting with buoyant wing, the fairy scene
With fairest grace adorning, but in woe,
In poverty, in soul-subduing toils,
In patient tending on the sick man's bed,
In ministrings of love, in bitterest pangs
Faithful and firm; in scenes where sterner hearts
Have cracked, still cheerful and still kind.’—

Lastly, love is purified from the grossness of passion: it is idle to say, that this is an unattainable exaltation; all models should be perfect, though man remains imperfect, that in striving to reach what is impossible we may attain to what is uncommon. Love, with the Lake Poets, becomes what he should be, a devout spirit, purifying the soul, and worshipping God most in his most beautiful or his most noble work.

It would not impair the authority of the preceding remarks were we to admit that they do not apply with precisely the same force to the writings of all the Lake Poets. It appears to us that chance or a congenial mode of thinking has brought into intimate connection minds of very distinct powers and peculiarities. Thus a school of poetry has arisen of which all the members agree in some points, but differ in others; and even where they agree in kind they sometimes differ in degree. In examining their writings, therefore, we are to expect a general resemblance in all, which yet shall be neither so strong nor universal as to obliterate a peculiar character in each. Mr. Southey, for instance, appears to us more active, and playful, than those with whom his name is here associated: metaphysical enough to gratify the vanity, without fatiguing

tiguing the attention, of the common reader; rather sweetly developing the virtues of the heart, than curiously untwisting the subtleties of the mind; diffusing over his whole picture a colouring more grateful and soothing, but less contrasted with strong light and shade; more delightful and amiable, more curious and excursive, but, on the whole, perhaps possessing less of that touching and irresistible power which incidentally redeems the wilder eccentricities of his friends.

We now turn to the poem which has given rise to the preceding remarks, in which we think the defects and the beauties which have been noticed as characteristics of the school will be found to be strongly exemplified.

The Marquis Valdez, a nobleman residing on the sea coast of Grenada, has two sons, Alvar and Ordonio, of whom the first being betrothed to Teresa, an orphan ward of his father, departs on his travels. At their parting Teresa had bound round his neck her own portrait, with a solemn promise from him

‘That, save his own, no eye should e’er behold it
Till his return.

Ordonio, who had conceived a passion for Teresa, had been an unperceived witness of this interview, and when, at the expiration of three years, Alvar’s return was expected, he sends three Morescoes to waylay and assassinate him. To Isidore, one of the three, whose life he had spared in battle, he states that the man they are to murder is betrothed to a lady whose affections were placed on himself, and whose honour had been surrendered to his passion; he informs him also of the picture and particularly insists on that as the assurance of his death. Alvar meets the assassins, and fights so bravely as to compel them to a parley; he offers Isidore his purse, which is rejected, he then exclaims,

‘I have a brother, and a promised wife,
Who make life dear to me; and if I fall
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.
There was a likeness in his face to yours.
I ask’d his brother’s name; he said Ordonio,
Son of Lord Valdez! I had well nigh fainted.
At length I said, (if that indeed I said it,
And that no spirit made my tongue its organ,)
That woman is dishonoured by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him
He wore her portrait round his neck. He looked,
Aye, just as you look now, only less ghastly!

At length, recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life—
It was not worth his keeping.'

The discovery overcomes the spirit of Alvar; he surrenders the pledge, which had lost its value, and promises absence and secrecy. Meantime his fate is variously reported, and Ordonio, assured of his death by the picture, roams the seas in a pretended search of him, and returns with an account of his having been lost in a storm. He then professes his love for Teresa, who still cherishes a romantic hope of Alvar's safety, and feels the strongest aversion to Ordonio. Some time elapses, during which Alvar serves under 'the heroic Maurice' in Belgium, and is taken prisoner. Upon his release, he determines to return home, still feeding a visionary hope that Teresa may be innocent, and determining, at all events, to awaken *remorse* in the breast of his brother. At this point the drama opens. Alvar lands in Grenada disguised as a Morescoe chief, and meets Teresa on the sea shore; he converses with her without disclosing himself, believing her innocent, yet convinced that she is married to Ordonio. At this interview was present Alhadra, the wife of Isidore, who had come to solicit Ordonio to rescue her husband from the Inquisition by attesting his Christianity; Ordonio consents, and Isidore is released. He is then desired by his benefactor to assist him in convincing Teresa of Alvar's death. He is to act the part of a wizard, and, at the end of a solemn scene of enchantment, to produce the picture as the last thing which Alvar grasped in death. Isidore declines the task, and recommends the stranger, who has already acquired the reputation of a sorcerer in the neighbourhood. Ordonio visits Alvar, who agrees to perform the part, and, in receiving instructions, becomes fully assured of Teresa's innocence, and that she is still unmarried. The scene commences with mysterious music and invocation to the spirit of the departed, but, at the conclusion, instead of the portrait, is presented the picture of the assassination of Alvar. Ordonio has just time to exclaim,

————— 'the traitor Isidore!'

when the familiars of the Inquisition rush in. Valdez and Ordonio are freed, but Alvar is committed to a dungeon as a dealer in magic. Ordonio now determines on the death of Isidore and the stranger. He lures the former to a cavern and kills him. He returns to execute his revenge on the stranger, who had just been visited and recognized by Teresa. An animated scene ensues, in which Alvar discovers himself, and rouses in Ordonio the strongest feelings of remorse. In the midst of his agonies Alhadra enters with a band of Morescoes to avenge the death of her husband, and,

and, after some parley, on an alarm of 'Rescue and Valdez,' stabs Ordonio. She has just time to retire, when Valdez appears at the head of the armed peasantry, and the play concludes.

There is enough of incident and interest; events follow each other in rapid succession, and though there is room for sentiment, it is not made to supply the place of incident, or to bear the burthen of the play. Neither is there any deficiency of marked and accurately drawn character. Isidore is invested with the virtues and vices, which are so often found allied in the same mind, when oppression compels to habitual deceit, when the moral principles are unsettled; consenting at one time to be an assassin through gratitude, yet at another refusing to lend himself to a comparatively innocent artifice, when he had found himself once deceived by his benefactor. Alhadra too possesses some decisive features, exhibiting, as women often must in a state of semi-barbarism, and under the pressure of adversity, many of the virtues, many of the faults, and none of the graces of the female character; faithful to her husband, watchful over her children, but implacable to her enemies. Her character gives us an opportunity of citing a remarkable instance of the strong powers which Mr. Coleridge possesses in depicting the mind under feelings of the most acute agony. She is describing her state of mind on discovering the murder of her husband:

I stood listening,

Impatient for the footsteps of my husband!

Naomi.—Thou calledst him?—

Alhadra.—I crept into the cavern;

'Twas dark and very silent. (*wildly*) What saidst thou?

No, no, I did not dare call Isidore,

Lest I should hear no answer. A brief while

Belike, I lost all thought and memory

Of that for which I came! After that pause,

O heaven! I heard a groan, and followed it;

And yet another groan, which guided me

Into a strange recess—and there was light,

A hideous light—his torch lay on the ground;

Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink.

I spake, and whilst I spake, a feeble groan

Came from that chasm! It was his last! his death-groan.

Naomi.—Comfort her, Allah!

Alhadra.—I stood in unimaginable trance

And agony that cannot be remembered,

Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!

But I had heard his last—my husband's death-groan.

Ordonio however is evidently the poet's favourite, and we think he has reason to be proud of him. It is difficult to select any one passage,

passage, which will give a full idea of the various yet not inconsistent peculiarities of his character; they are collected only (and this we think a merit) from a perusal of the whole poem. In the following extract however, where he is preparing himself for the murder of Isidore, he draws the prominent features of his character, omitting at the same time the brightest traits of it. The scene is in the cavern.

Ordonio.—One of our family knew this place well.

Isidore.—Who? when, my Lord?

Ord.—What boots it, who or when?

Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.—

He was a man different from other men,
And he despis'd them, yet rever'd himself.

Isid.—What, he was mad?

Ord.—All men seem'd mad to him!

Nature had made him for some other planet,
And press'd his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.

Isid.—Alas, poor wretch!

Madmen are mostly proud.

Ord.—He walk'd alone,

And phantom thoughts unsought for troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,
A fancy cross'd him wilder than the rest:
To this, in moody murmur and low voice,
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep.
The man, who heard him—

Why didst thou look round?—

Isid.—I have a prattler three years old, my Lord!

In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!
And what did this man?

Ord.—With his human hand

He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing—
Well, it was done!—(then very wildly)

Why babblest thou of guilt?

The deed was done, and it passed fairly off,
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?

Isid.—I would, my lord, you were by my fireside,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Tho' you began this cloudy tale at midnight.
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord.

Ord.

Ord.—Where was I?

Isid.—He, of whom you tell the tale—

Ord.—Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
 Tam'd himself down to living purposes,
 The occupations and the semblances
 Of ordinary men—and such he seem'd.

To this heartless suspicion and contempt of all men, he unites a certain degree of generosity and honour; and when he finds Isidore armed and prepared to meet him, he joyfully exclaims:

'Now this is excellent, and warms the blood!
 My heart was drawing back; drawing me back
 With weak and womanish scruples. Now my vengeance
 Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,
 And claims that life, my pity robb'd her of.—
 Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
 Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.'

He strikes us as bearing in many points a strong resemblance to the murderer of the lamented Perceval; in his moral madness framing a new code of action, in which he is self-constituted judge and executioner, and by which the most dreadful acts of vengeance stand justified of guilt; feeling indeed at times the tortures of unperverted conscience, yet neither terrified nor subdued and angry, at the weaknesses of a nature, which he deems unworthy of him.

We have endeavoured to give our readers some idea of Ordonio; but we pass over the remainder of the characters, because they are either slightly drawn, or are in themselves rather interesting and amiable, than strongly marked or original. But we do not consider this as a defect in the composition of the play. No scene, to be natural, should be exclusively filled with prominent characters; indeed these are qualities which may be said to exist only by comparison, and certainly cannot have their due effect, unless they are relieved by contrast.

To the merits of incident and character, we have to add the charm of a rich and glowing poetry. Indeed in all that Mr. Coleridge writes are to be observed a loftiness and purity of sentiment, a picturesque conception of imagery, and a luxuriance of fancy, which make us regret that he has so much abused his endowments. The following description is highly poetical:

'The morning of the day of our departure
 We were alone: the purple hue of dawn
 Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
 And blending with the blushes on her cheek,
 Suffus'd the tear-drops there with rosy light;

There

*There seem'd a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision.'*

There is something of uncommon richness and wildness of fancy in the following speech of Teresa :

————— 'There are woes
Ill barter'd for the garishness of joy.
If it be wretched with an untir'd eye,
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean ;
Or in the sultry hour, beneath some rock,
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea-breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight. If it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them ;
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return !
Then see him listening to my constancy,
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft
Sits on my grave, and gazes at the moon ;
Or haply in some more fantastic mood,
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower, where he and I might dwell,
And there to wait his coming ! O my sire,
If this be wretchedness, what were it, think you,
If in a most assured reality
He should return, and see a brother's infant
Smile at him from my arms !'

Highly, however, as we think of the merits of the *Remorse*, we confess we are rather surprised that it should ever have been popular on the stage. The plot has radical errors, and is full of improbabilities. It is improbable, that Teresa should not recognise Alvar ; it is improbable, that neither Ordonio nor Isidore should discover him ; it is improbable, that Alhadra should have been able to collect her band of Morescoes in so short a time ; it is improbable, that she should have penetrated, undiscovered, with them, to the dungeon in the castle ; it is still more improbable, that she should escape with them, unmolested, when Valdez and his peasantry must have been in the very entrance. There is also a considerable awkwardness in the conduct of the plot ; between the closing of each act and the opening of the following one, more of the action is carried on, than it is possible by any stretch of imagination to suppose natural. We do not, however, build upon those errors our opinion, that the play is not likely to keep possession of the stage. We know, that in the illusion of splendid scenery, and the

the bustle of representation, greater defects than these may well be overlooked; but we think that the great merits of the *Remorse* are precisely those which in representation would be neglected, or ill understood by the majority of spectators. The character of Ordonio is the masterly conception of an original mind, but to be duly appreciated it must be not merely seen, but studied: it is strongly marked with the metaphysical habits of the author; and the parts must be compared with each other, and with the whole, before we can enter into the poet's own ideas of Ordonio.

Again, the poetry, beautiful as it is, and strongly as it appeals in many parts to the heart, is yet too frequently of a lofty and imaginative character, far removed from the ready apprehension of common minds. We consider the invocation to be appropriate and happy: and aided by music, scenery, and the solemn feelings that naturally arise on such occasions, we can conceive that the whole effect must have been awful and imposing; but how few of the audience would comprehend at a single hearing poetry so full of mysterious and learned allusion, as the following!

With no irreverent voice, or uncouth charm
I call up the departed. Soul of Alvar,
Hear our soft suit—

Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company,
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fittest unheard! For oh ye numberless
And rapid travellers, what ear unstunn'd,
What sense unmaddened might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings! [*Music*.
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head,
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands
That roar, and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parch'd caravan, that roams by night.
And ye build up on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast and moves in blackness, &c.

Throughout the play, the reader who is at all conversant with Shakspeare, will perceive the author's ardent admiration of the father of the English drama. Mr. Coleridge is, however, no servile copyist; in general his imitation is of that judicious kind which is felt every where, and seen no where, a likeness of the whole, rather than a copy of any part; in some instances, however, by boldly venturing to try his strength with his great master, he forces us to a comparison of particular passages which is not favourable to him. The imitation, for example, of Hamlet's picture

ture of his father and uncle, though not without some beautiful lines, appears to be the effort of an injudicious and mistaken ambition. Should we even allow, that in any instance of this sort Mr. Coleridge had equalled the parallel passage in Shakspeare, this would not in any way affect our judgment of the merits of the two poets. It is one thing to invent, another to imitate; it is one thing as by inspiration to throw out a bright passage, which shall become a text in the mouths of all men for ever, and another to study that passage, to enlarge its beauties, to supply its defects, to prune its luxuriances, and thus at length produce a faultless copy of an imperfect original. Mr. Coleridge is not often guilty of this fault; he has in general rather given us the character, than the features of Shakspeare. For these and many other excellences, which our limits prevent us from noticing, we will venture to recommend the *Remorse* to our readers. We are confident of its success in the closet, we wish we could be as sanguine of our own, when we exhort Mr. Coleridge to a better application of the talents, which Providence has imparted to him. He has been long before the public, and has acquired a reputation for ability proportioned rather to what he is supposed capable of performing, than to any thing which he has accomplished. In truth, if life be dissipated in alternations of desultory application, and nervous indolence, if scheme be added to scheme, and plan to plan, all to be deserted, when the labour of execution begins, the greatest talents will soon become enervated, and unequal to tasks of comparative facility. We are no advocates for book-making, but where the best part of a life, and endowments of no ordinary class have been devoted to the acquiring and digesting of information on important subjects, it is neither accordant with the duty of a citizen to his country, nor the gratitude of a creature to his maker, to suffer the fruits of his labour to perish. We remember the saying of the pious Hooker, 'that he did not beg a long life of God for any other reason but to live to finish his three remaining books of *Polity*.' In this prayer we believe that personal views of fame had little or no concern; but it is not forbidden us to indulge a reasonable desire of a glorious name in the aftertime.

ART. XIII.—*History of the Azores, or Western Islands; containing an Account of the Government, Laws, and Religion; the Manners, Ceremonies, and Character of the Inhabitants; and demonstrating the Importance of these valuable Islands to the British Empire.* London. 1813.

THE quality possessed by the magnet of attracting iron was well known to the ancients; but when, or where, or by whom the remarkable

remarkable property of its polarity was first discovered, is doomed, it would seem, to remain an impenetrable secret. Nor is the first application of this quality to the purposes of navigation—a circumstance which must for ever rank among the most important as well as wonderful events in the history of the progress of human knowledge—better known to us. That no record should remain, no trace be found, of the success or failure of the first experiments—of the cautious proceedings, of the hopes and fears, of him who first ‘launched his frail bark into the wild ocean’s wave’ under the directing influence of this extraordinary instrument,—is difficult to be conceived, even with all the allowances for the unenlightened times in which it was made.

If, however, a hope may yet be indulged that any such records are in existence, they must unquestionably be sought in Portugal. It may be urged, indeed, that the two great historians of the nautical discoveries of that nation, *Jean de Barros* and *Faria y Sousa*, having had the full command of all the requisite documents for the compilation of their respective narratives, would not have overlooked so extraordinary a discovery, if any record of it had passed through their hands. But this by no means follows. They inquired not beyond the facts of the voyages that came before them. And even in recording these, it was too much the fashion of writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to quote authorities for *opinions* but not for *facts*; if it was maintained that ‘fire would burn, or water drown,’ Pliny was called upon to vouch for the one, and Galen for the other; but an historical fact was to be taken on the simple authority of the author, whom indeed they rarely condescended to name. Of the lights therefore which led to these maritime discoveries—the spirit in which they were undertaken and persevered in, in spite of the numerous difficulties and dangers to be encountered, and which would do honour to any age or nation—these historians convey but very scanty and imperfect information. The preparatory memoirs, and the original journals of the voyages, if still in existence, (of which we have little doubt,) would afford materials for one of the most curious and instructive histories of the early progress of maritime and geographical knowledge that has yet been exhibited; and we cannot help thinking that this desideratum in literature might yet fall to the share of some of our countrymen who have been the means of preserving the existence of that ancient kingdom, if a proper search were set about at this moment. We venture to say there would be no objection on the part of the Portuguese government. Any intelligent and respectable Englishman, well acquainted with the language of the country, would find no difficulty in getting access to the public records: the object of the research, so flattering to the nation, would of itself ensure every assistance.

The

The fortitude and perseverance of the people 'who,' as Doctor Vincent has justly observed, 'completed for the world the greatest discovery that navigation has yet to boast of,' must command the admiration of all nations and all ages. It is that perseverance which gives a colour to the argument of their sovereign having procured some previous knowledge that a passage to India did exist round the Cape of Good Hope. This, however, could not have been obtained, as some suppose, from the Moors of Africa, with whom they came in contact after the conquest of Ceuta. The knowledge of the Arabs on the west side of Africa extended no farther than the great desert of Saara, and on the east was limited to Sofala; all beyond these limits was supposed to terminate in the 'mare tenebrosum.' It appears, indeed, from the account of the voyages of Abu Zeid al Hasan to India and China, in the ninth century, that, from the wreck of an Indian-built ship found on the coast of Syria, his countrymen inferred there must be a communication between the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean, 'a thing,' says he, 'quite unknown to those who lived before us;' they thought, however, that this communication was round the 'country of China, and of Sila, the uttermost parts of Turkestan and the country of the Chozars.' (Czars).

It is far more probable, that whatever information the Portuguese possessed, was derived from the Venetian school, at that time the seat of maritime science. We know from Barros, and the fact is corroborated by Candido Lusitano, that Prince Henry procured, with much expense and difficulty, a certain Jacomo of Majorca to teach the art of navigation and also the construction of mathematical instruments and geographical charts, for all of which he was in those days much celebrated; and we also find that in 1444 this prince employed Luiz Cadamosto, a noble Venetian, in prosecuting his discoveries; and a record still remains in the monastery of St. Michael di Murano, at Venice, of Alphonso V. of Portugal having ordered a copy to be made of the famous map of Fra Mauro deposited there, in which Africa is terminated on the south by 'Cape Diab', and a note inserted, stating the report of a ship from India having passed the extreme point south 2000 miles towards the West and S. W. in the year 1420. The date of this map is 1459, twenty-seven years previous to the voyage of Diaz to the Cape of Good Hope.

No mention, however, of this map is made by the early Portuguese writers; they do not even inform us, whether, in their African discoveries, which commenced in 1415, they were assisted by the compass, though the probability is that they were in possession of this instrument, as in 1418 they discovered Porto Santa, and the following year returned and took possession of the island of Madeira,

Madeira, the accidental discovery of which they attribute to one Macham, an Englishman, so far back as 1344.

The exact periods in which the several islands forming the cluster called the Azores were discovered, are not precisely known. The best account that we have met with is given by Candido Lusitano, in the life of Don Henry of Portugal, written in the Portuguese language, from which, as far as our knowledge extends, it has never been translated, and consequently is very little known. It is there stated that, in the year 1431, Don Henry directed Francisco Gonzalo Velho Cabral (a gentleman of good family) 'to sail towards the setting sun, and on discovering an island, to return with an account of it.' Cabral proceeded in the course directed, and discovered certain rocks which, from their number, and the manner in which they were clustered together, he called the *Formigas*, or ants, but finding nothing else, returned much disappointed to Don Henry.

The prince, far from being discouraged, dispatched Velho again the following year, assuring him that near the *Formigas* he would not fail to meet with an island. 'Some persons,' says Lusitano, 'were inclined to attribute the confidence with which the prince spoke, to divine inspiration; but, for my part, I am rather inclined to attribute it to the prince's having received from his brother, Don Pedro, on his return from his travels, a *map of the world*.' Cabral again set sail, and on the 15th August, 1432, fell in with an island which he named Santa Maria. The prince was delighted at his return, and conferred the lordship of it on the discoverer.

St. Mary's had been peopled and cultivated some years, when a runaway negro discovered, from the top of a mountain, land that did not belong to the island; with an account of which he ventured to return to his master. The truth of the story was soon ascertained, and the information speedily communicated to the prince, '*who found that the thing agreed with his old map*.' On the 8th May, 1444, Velho landed on the island and gave it the name of St. Michael.

We do not think it necessary to accompany the author in the successive discoveries of the other islands; they followed as matters of course. We may observe, however, that if any credit is due to Lusitano, Prince Henry must have had in his possession, previously to Cabral's first voyage, a map in which some or all of these islands were marked down; and consequently that they must have been known before the discovery of the *Formigas* in 1431. Such a map is reported to have been brought by Don Pedro, Henry's brother, from his travels, on which, according to the *Historia Genealogica de Real Casa Portuguesa*, he set out in 1424, and returned in 1428. He visited the courts of the Grand Turk

and the Sultan of Babylon; from whence he returned to Rome: he thence proceeded to the court of the Emperor Sigismond; visited Hungary, Denmark, and England, where he was invested by Henry VI. with the order of the garter. He was also well received by the Kings of Spain and of Arragon.

Whether he touched at Venice is not mentioned; but if so, he might there have found maps of all the known world up to that period. The earliest however that we know of, is that of Andrea Bianco, deposited in the library of St. Mark, which bears the date of 1436, and on which all the western islands are laid down. It is evident, therefore, that, unless these islands were subsequently inserted on this map, there must have been other maps which contained them, previous to the discovery of any of the islands, excepting Santa Maria, from which Bianco must have copied.

If any documents should remain of Velho's voyage, they could not fail of being highly interesting. The islands themselves, however, possessed no peculiar interest, being without human inhabitants. They are described as abounding with such flocks of hawks that the Açores, or Hawk Islands, were considered as their appropriate appellative. Carnivorous animals are rarely gregarious, and in the absence of all quadrupeds, (and none were found on the islands,) one can hardly discover the inducement for this assemblage. Perhaps, instead of *hawks*, we may set them down for *auks*, or Manx puffins, whose crooked bills might have deceived the navigator; be this as it may, the name of Açores will remain to them in perpetuity.

All the accounts of these islands from the earliest voyages and travels, down to the present day, are uncommonly jejune and barren. No naturalist, except Masson, and his knowledge was principally confined to botany, has yet visited them with a view of inquiring into their natural history. No geologist to examine the volcanic products of which they are wholly composed, and those remarkable changes that have taken place on their surfaces, or in the surrounding part of the ocean, since their discovery, by the agency of subterranean fire; but from their present appearance, and the testimonies of various witnesses, we may safely pronounce them to be the most recent act of creation in the western world; and, on this account, the more interesting.

Mr. Masson, in his short but interesting view of St. Michael's, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1777, says the inhabitants have a tradition, that when the island was first discovered there was an extraordinary high peak near the west end; on the second visit it had disappeared. This circumstance is particularly mentioned by Don Henry's biographer. The pilot who carried Velho to the island was the same who ascertained the truth of the negro's story the preceding year. He had then observed that there

there rose a high peaked mountain on the east end and another on the west end of the island. Now, however, one peak only was visible, and he therefore concluded that it was a new island. On approaching the harbour, they ascertained it to be the same they had before visited, but they found it much altered, and the landing place obstructed by fragments of rock. The trees and other wreck floating in the sea plainly indicated that, in their absence, a violent convulsion of nature had taken place; and it was afterwards found that one of the peaks had completely disappeared, and that valleys and plains occupied its site.

In 1638, a new island rose near St. Michael's, but gradually subsided till it was lost totally. Another was thrown up between Terceira and St. Michael's, in 1720, which also gradually sunk below the surface. Of these new creations we have a very recent instance detailed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1812, by an eye-witness to whom every credit is due. Captain Tillard, of His Majesty's ship *Sabrina*, on approaching the island of St. Michael on the 12th June, 1811, perceived a large body of smoke on the surface of the sea. He landed at Ponta del Gada; and learning that it was a volcano which had commenced two days before, he rode on the 14th to the N. W. end of the island, in company with Mr. Read, the British consul, from the steep cliff of which it was distant not more than a mile. Out of a circular cloud revolving on the surface like a horizontal wheel, presently there shot forth, in spiral forms, several successive columns of black cinders, ashes, and stones, each of greater velocity than that which preceded it, and overtopping one another till the altitude was as great above the eye of the spectators on the cliff (about 400 yards) as the sea was below it. These columns, on attaining their greatest elevation, burst, like a sky-rocket, into various branches, 'resembling a group of pines; these forming themselves into festoons of white feathery smoke, in the most beautiful manner imaginable, intermixed with the finest particles of falling ashes which, at one time, assumed the appearance of innumerable plumes of black and white ostrich feathers, surmounting each other; at another, that of the light wavy branches of a weeping willow.' The volcano was now four days old; the depth of the sea, at the spot, thirty fathoms; a point of land began gradually to raise itself above the surface; and in three hours after their arrival, a complete crater was formed, apparently of four or five hundred feet in diameter, and its highest side about twenty.

On the 16th, the eruptions still continuing, Captain Tillard put to sea. On the 4th July, he returned, and found a newly formed island, the highest part of which was about 240 feet above the level of the sea, the depth of which, at 30 or 40 yards from the beach,

was 25 fathoms. The circumference of the island was about a mile. The side of the crater next to St. Michael's had fallen in, and the boiling water was emptying itself into the sea in a stream of about six yards wide, between two causeways. Captain Tillard landed on the narrow beach of black ashes, but found the sides too steep, and indeed too hot to admit of his proceeding more than a few yards up the ascent. He succeeded, however, in reaching the cliff on one side of the opening, and planting the union flag, near which he left a bottle, sealed up, containing a brief account of the date and formation of the island to which he gave the name of Sabina.*

The whole group of islands, but that of St. Michael in particular, have more of the European character than Madeira. The climate is delightful, possessing that happy temperature which neither relaxes the human frame by an excess of warmth, nor cramps its energies by chilling cold. The greatest heat rarely raises the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer above 78°, and as rarely is it depressed by cold to 60°. The quantity of rain that falls is not more than the temperature and the bibulous nature of a soil mostly consisting of pulverized pumice-stone and other decomposed lavas require, for the preservation and promotion of the various vegetable tribes which flourish here in boundless luxuriance. The orange and the apple, the peach and the fig, the pear and the pomegranate thrive equally well by the side of each other. The plains are divided into corn-fields and pastures, orchards and vineyards, and inclosed with hedge-rows or stone-walls as in England, and the hills are clothed with the *erica vulgaris*, or common heath; here too we find, what is rarely met with out of England, good roads of communication between the several towns on the island. These are Ponta del Gada, containing about 12,000 inhabitants; Ribeira Grande, the same number; and Villa Franca, besides several smaller towns and hamlets, and a number of beautiful villas scattered over the island—the whole population of which has been estimated at 80,000 souls. All the cities, towns, and hamlets are well supplied with streams of clear water trickling down the mountains' sides, which are finely skirted with walnuts, chesnuts, poplars, and other large trees, and with the evergreen myrtle, laurel, and bilberry, called here *uva de serra* or mountain grape.

The chief produce of the island is fruit, wine, wheat, barley, maize, or Indian corn, pulse of various kinds, yams, roots, and the ordinary vegetables of Europe. There is no harbour for shipping, but an open roadstead, not dangerous, as ships can put to sea from it in all weathers. The only manufactures are of linen, woollen, and earthen-ware.

* We understand it has already disappeared.

The Caldeiras, or cauldrons of boiling water, situated in a beautiful vale called Furnas, are exceedingly curious. The whole vale is obviously the crater of a volcano. The principal one is a bason of about thirty feet in diameter, in which the water bubbles up with prodigious fury. In various parts of this valley, within the lake, and in the sides of the surrounding mountains, boiling water and steam constantly rush forth, in which the inhabitants dress their yams. 'In other places,' says Mr. Masson, 'a person would think that a hundred smiths' bellows were blowing all together.' In the neighbourhood of these hot springs, and close to some cold mineral springs, by which they can be tempered, bathing-houses have been erected for the use of the sick and infirm, who seldom fail to receive considerable relief from them. Considering, indeed, the advantages of climate, productions and proximity to Europe, we are inclined to think that there is scarcely a spot on the globe better calculated for the accommodation of invalids than St. Michael's. Those chilling easterly blasts, which are equally pernicious to the animal and vegetable functions, and frequently destructive to both, are almost unknown. The prevailing winds blow from the south and west; and as in the poet's Elysium,

'Here from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.'

Fayal, next to St. Michael, is most visited by navigators, as from thence is shipped the wine which is produced on the island of Pico, and which amounts to eighteen or twenty thousand pipes annually. Almost the whole produce of the latter island is wine, which supports a population not far short of 30,000. Fayal, which contains not above half that number, is chiefly cultivated with corn, maize and fruits. The capital, before which there is a good roadstead for shipping, stands, like Funchal in Madeira, at the foot of an amphitheatre of mountains, finely crested with the various forest trees common to the islands, and with coppices of myrtles, growing with wild luxuriance among the aspens and the ever verdant *Faya*, from which the island derives its name. This beautiful plant, the only one of the arborescent kind common to these islands and Madeira, is described by Masson in the Hortus Kewensis under the name of *Myrica Faya*; is mistaken by Forster for a beech, which in fact the name implies in the Portuguese language, and by Adamson, a respectable botanist, for an *arbutus*, which, by a second mistake, he says the Portuguese call *Faya*.

Terceira, the seat of government, is larger than Pico or Fayal, but not much frequented by strangers; it produces the same articles as St. Michael's and Fayal, besides a considerable number of small bullocks, kids, hogs, and sheep, all which are indeed common to the rest. The population is about 25,000 souls. St. George, Gra-

ciosa,

ciosa, Sta. Maria, Flores, and Corvo are less known than the others; their produce is the same, and their united population about 20,000, making the number of the whole group about 170,000 souls. The inhabitants are in comfortable circumstances, industrious, frugal, and contented. No lazy beggars infest the streets, as in Madeira, and the climate is so fine, and the soil so productive, that provisions are at all times abundant and reasonable.

We have given pretty nearly the substance of all that is known of this little group of islands, and which, short as the distance is from the shores of Europe, amounts not to that degree of information which we possess of the most recent discoveries in the South Sea. It was not therefore without a considerable degree of pleasure, that we took up a volume devoted to the 'History of the Azores;' a fair and full-sized quarto, hot-pressed, cream-coloured, and dedicated to the Earl of Moira, by Captain T. A. of the Light Dragoons, with a 'preface by the editor Jos. T. Haydn;' and specially addressed, in a series of letters, to 'a member of the British parliament,' who, among his numerous good qualities, is said to be gifted with 'that lucid arrangement which, by happily grouping particulars, fixes them on the retina of the intellect,' and with 'that elegant copiousness of diction as becomes the leader of a band of patriots.' All these circumstances we considered as claims upon our attention. We confess, however, that we were rather startled at the 'plan of political philosophy' with which the 'Captain of Light Dragoons' opens his correspondence with this 'leader of a band of patriots.' It is nothing less than 'urging the honour and propriety of making these islands *our own*;' a species of transfer which he does not hesitate to say will not only 'form a glorious epoch in the history of the British empire,' but if brought to bear, by his instrumentality, will transmit to posterity the name of the patriotic senator, 'as the founder of a new state.' And though he seems to entertain but little hope that this profound plan will be prosecuted from 'any romantic principles of generosity on the part of England,' he thinks an appeal 'to her interest' may lead to the execution of it, 'as a wise measure to augment our revenue.' Among the many advantages enumerated, there is one for which the present inhabitants must be very thankful, it is that of 'making the Azores supply the use of Botany Bay,' an event which the eloquent editor assures us will certainly happen 'when the beams of liberty and justice, of liberality and happiness, radiating from Britain, shall illuminate these islands.' But in addition to the plea of that convenient system which seizes upon the property of others on the principle of political expediency, 'the Azoreans (we are told) are impatient of tyranny, and only awaiting the

the signal to throw off the yoke.' If this were true, it would scarcely justify the attempt, we suspect; but unluckily for this profound speculation in political robbery, the worthy captain is totally mistaken. The Portuguese colonists are every where, and here more particularly, attached to the mother country. When Portugal was united to Spain, the Azoreans declared their resolution to preserve their allegiance to their legitimate sovereign Don Antonio, and were only compelled to submit to the Spaniards by main force.

Dismissing therefore the politics of the dragoon officer, we proceed, in the hope of according with his views in the more harmless topics that fall under the heads of history, description, and science; and we do it with the more confidence as he very seriously assures us, that he has been at unusual pains 'to preserve the dignity of the historical character,' that 'truth and reason wave their sceptre over his intellect with imperious dominion,' and that 'his fidelity shall appear in every page.'

This 'History of the Azores' we perceive is conducted on a new principle. It is neither compiled from written documents, nor from oral tradition, but is entirely executed by himself. Indeed, he had no other resource, 'being,' as he says, 'cast upon his own observation;' and he therefore proudly observes, that his work 'cannot be obscured by literary lumber, or filled with trash already imposed upon the public;' 'because,' says he, 'I have made the most wide and diligent research, and I have not been able to collect or collate a single page on the subject. No traveller, no geographer, no historian has deigned to notice these islands.' We are inclined however to think, that had he consulted Ramusio, or Hackluyt, or Harris, or Churchill, or Astley, or the more modern relations of Adanson, Cook, Forster, Masson, &c. he might have 'collected and collated' a great number of pages. He did indeed look into 'Hawkesworth, Barrow, and other circumnavigators! into Guthrie, and other geographers!' also into a large quarto work which he procured from Lord Strangford, but of which he made no use, having discovered it to be the production of 'a visionary priest:' and he has a mortal antipathy against the whole genus of priests, which, with a taste for arrangement worthy of the great Linnæus himself, he distributes into 'nests of hornets, shoals of locusts, and swarms of drones.' The world therefore, he roundly asserts, before the appearance of his volume, knew 'nothing more of the Azores than that they extend from 37° to 39° 45' N. lat. and from 25° to 31° West long.:—that they are in the midway between Europe and America, and that they are nine in number.'

It is impossible not to be struck with the bold and lofty style in which we are introduced to the view of these islands. 'St. Michael's

right a-head; 'Terceira on the larboard, and St. Mary on the starboard-bow, with Pico and Fayal on the larboard quarter.' It reminds us of Mr. Shandy's eloquent harangue on death—'Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyraeus on the right hand, Corinth on the left;' and we were not much less puzzled than Uncle Toby was, to find out where the Captain of Light Dragoons could have seen all this, till the views of Del Gada and Villa Franca, pilfered from Mr. Read's map of St. Michael's, suggested to us the certainty of his having had recourse to that or some other chart of the cluster of islands for this description, being morally certain that there is no one point in the Atlantic from which so many of them could be seen even from the poop of a first rate man of war.

Passing over the '*ramified* pillars of basaltes' which appeared on the beach of St. Michael's, and his 'obvious calculation' by which it is proved that the 'naked lava rock is more productive than the richest arable lands,' we are fairly brought to a stand, by an orchard of orange trees planted in lava 'in the quincunx manner,' where 'each tree bore from 40 to 60,000 oranges.' The average produce of a full grown tree is from one to five thousand. A tree belonging to the prior of Del Gada is indeed said to have yielded one year the extraordinary number of 20,000 oranges; but this was looked upon as a prodigy.

In the small vale of Sete Cidades, or seven cities, (which he writes *Cete Citades*,) are two lakes, the banks of which 'are peculiarly adapted to the growth of hemp;' the quantity cultivated and cured there, we are told, affords employment to thousands—in the same page we are informed that there are but half a dozen houses in the whole vale to lodge these *thousands*—and that the quantity of this article, which might be produced in this little spot, would be sufficient 'to meet all the demands of the English market!' The Portuguese, it seems, are dead to this advantage, having no relish to live near the banks of a lake, on the surface of which 'the stars are seen at noon day.' The fact is (for we know the spot) that there are about fifty acres of cultivable land at the bottom of this valley, the remainder is a surface of naked pumice stone or water; but of the 'fertile soil' of the cultivable part it may be questioned if any one acre produces sufficient grass to summer a goose upon it. A little flax is sown in the crevices of the surrounding rocks, in patches of half a dozen yards, where the soil has been washed down—but as to the hemp, we doubt exceedingly if a single plant exists in the whole of the western islands. No matter—the Captain fancied hemp to be growing, and would not lose his dissertation on the importance of that article to Great Britain, of its superior quality in St. Michael's to that of any other country; of the size of the plant, which on the banks of the lakes is stated to be
more

more than ten feet high and three inches in circumference! This fine hemp too furnishes an additional reason for our seizing upon the Azores; for 'there can be no hesitation in asserting that there are in this island (St. Michael's) one million of acres proper for the purpose (of growing hemp) which, at one-fourth of a ton per acre, the average here, would furnish Great Britain with 250,000 tons of hemp!' The island is 'about 100 miles in circumference,' or, stating its dimensions in a manner less vague, forty miles in length by six in breadth, and consequently, if there be any truth in Cocker, the whole surface contains 240 square miles, or 153,600 acres; that is, the surface of the whole island is not quite one-seventh part of that portion of it which our political economist proposes to plant with hemp.

Following our light horseman, in his tour round the island, to the valley of Furnas, our readers will feel considerable disappointment in being told that the handsome monastery, built of lava, and surrounded by lovely gardens, abounding with the most delicious fruit and odoriferous flowers, together with the reverend *Padre* guardian, and his twelve or thirteen pampered priests of the order of St. Francis, have no substantial existence, but are 'mere creatures of the brain.' The *Caldeiras* are well known, but the wonderful 'whirlpool, whose name he could not learn, and the river, whose waters are of a dingy red,' are also non-entities. The 'vast columns of boiling water,' so hot as to 'boil an egg in two minutes,' never exceeded 196° of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and if 'it impregnated vegetables with the *sulphurous* acid it contains, and thereby rendered it unfit for the food of man,' the poor people of the neighbourhood would not make use of it as they constantly do.

The iron mines of Pico de Fer, which at some former time he says were worked with considerable success, till 'a subterraneous explosion took place and buried the miners and their utensils in the ground,' are not to be questioned, though never heard of by any of the natives; for, says our Dragoon Officer, 'I am indebted to a second explosion which led to the discovery of the tools and implements of the unfortunate miners, for the facts I have here disclosed.'

At Porto Formosa (*Formosa*) he takes up his residence with some mendicant monks, whose hospitality he repays by four pages of scurrilous invective, made up of malignity, blasphemy, and falsehood. 'Every convent, every chapel, every church, has its huckster's-stall, or shop, where a reverend commission-broker constantly attends;'—but why repeat his ribaldry?—At the little village of *Formosa* there neither is, nor ever was a convent, a chapel, or a church. Indeed we have a strong suspicion, from the violent raving which appears in every page against 'shaved heads,' that his own

own head might reap advantage from the razor, and that his faculties have been disturbed by the same fatal curiosity which drove a laybrother of the order of St. Francis and several others 'quite mad.' Near Ribeira Grande, we are told there is an aperture in the side of a mountain, from whence a light vapour issues, which, if corked up, would generate an earthquake, or cause an explosion that would blow up the mountain. To this aperture our knight-errant placed his ear; when his trusty squire, who attended with a long pole to spur on the ass of his master, interrupted him by an exclamation which sufficiently shewed the perilous nature of enterprise in which he was engaged.

'I learned from him that of the numerous persons who put their ear to the aperture, from a curiosity similar to mine, they all became mad, instantly mad, and were never again restored to the light of reason, or the rational government of themselves.'—p. 154.

And the rationale of this phenomenon is clear and conclusive.

'The mania is caused by the chemical action of the sulphuric and vitriolic acid of the vapour, which, by penetrating into the minutest pores of the brain subject to their action, operate as a solvent, or produce irritation by sheathing themselves in the pores of the body, in which they become mixed.'

Lest, however, this solution should not be sufficiently obvious, we are indulged with the choice of a substitute.

'That as the vapour is composed of combustible bodies like metals, or the compound ones, as phosphorated hydrogen, sulphurated hydrogen, and the metallic phosphurets generated in the fiery abyss, from which the vapour ascends, it may become so impregnated with oxygen, as to possess that peculiar acid, which, if communicated to the brain, might act as a solvent or irritant till madness ensues.'—p. 157.

A tremendous epistle follows, of volcanic eruptions destroying 'primitive plains covered with aromatic plants;' of earthquakes from the 'effervescence of marine and mineral contents,' the effects of which are 'sudden blasts, violent explosions, and a rumbling in the bowels of the earth;' when this 'fermentation of vapours gets vent by an eruption of water and wind,' it 'upsets mountains from their bases.' But his theory of volcanoes, and earthquakes, and dews, which the editor assures us 'is quite original,' is too sublime for our comprehension. The prospect brightens towards the close, and we are told, that though St. Michael's is 'hell within, it is paradise without.' It is a paradise, however, which, if we believe the captain, cannot boast of many 'saintly souls.' Page is heaped upon page, descriptive of the intrigues of amorous and sentimental nuns and libidinous priests; inventions of the most dull and clumsy order which might just as well have been produced in the laboratory of the Minerva Press as on the island of St. Michael's, and which, indeed,

indeed, are scarcely worthy of the lumber garret of that fashionable staple of fiction. In one of the imaginary convents erected by the 'captain,' we are entertained by a concert of music performed exclusively by nuns who played on 'french horns, fiddles, and flutes,' p. 189.

The manners and customs of the inhabitants of St. Michael's are so unlike the manners and customs of the Portuguese, either at home or in any of their colonies, that we shall not notice them. To each of the rest of the islands the author assigns a short letter. At Terceira he just stops to read the Captain General a lecture; gives the same dimensions to Graciosa and St. George, though the former is only two and a half, and the latter twelve leagues long; calls the channel between St. George and Pico a 'short ferry,' though it is full four leagues across; goes to Santa Cruz in St. George's, where no such place exists; finds that wine is the staple produce of Fayal, which never exported a single pipe of its own growth; and swells the population of the islands to half a million, which is about three times the actual number,—but we shall pursue him no farther, being perfectly satisfied that he never set his foot on any of them, with the exception perhaps of St. Michael's. The book is evidently the compilation of one of those gentlemen who write travels by the fireside, and perform their voyages up four pair of stairs. From the miserable attempts at science, and the slip-slop jargon of chemical nomenclature, we suspect that the materials were furnished by some surgeon's mate who had obtained a few days leave of absence from his captain to make the tour of the island. We suspect, too, from the strangeness of the language, that the work has been *got up* by a foreigner, probably by the editor Mr. J. Haydn: thus we have 'Fermozean beauties carnationed by the refrigerent element,'—but we will spare our readers the disgust to which it has been our lot to submit to in wading through 'the most contemptible trash (to use the author's own expressions) that was ever imposed on the public.'

ART. XIII. *Experimental Researches concerning the Philosophy of permanent Colours, and the best Means of producing them by Dyeing, Calico Printing, &c.* By Edward Bancroft, M.D. F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1124. London. 1813.

'THE art of dyeing is one of the most useful and the most wonderful of all known arts; and,' according to Mr. Chap-
tal, whom Dr. Bancroft quotes, 'if any art can inspire mankind with a noble pride, it is this art, which not only imitates, but even exceeds nature, in the richness, splendour, and permanency, of the
colours'

colours that it affords.' We are bound to suppose that there is some foundation for the opinion thus enounced by a philosopher so respectable as Mr. Berthollet: but we should find ourselves a little at a loss to demonstrate, with mathematical precision, what other utility the art of dyeing possesses, than that of affording employment and emolument to a great number of individuals, whose business it is to render it subservient to the innocent gratification of the taste and luxury of others, without any direct advantage of such a kind as can properly be denominated 'utility;' at least in the same sense that the production and preparation of food are understood to possess utility. We recollect, however, but one instance, in the history of all ages and all nations, of an individual who carried his ideas of the propriety of pursuing utility only, to the exclusion of the mere gratification of the eye, so far as to refuse to use or wear any article of furniture or clothing which had ever been submitted to the dyer's art: his coat was white, his hat was drab, and his shoes were brown, as nature had left the raw materials; but he found no followers, even among the sectaries whose principles he had in this manner practically caricatured; and the consent of mankind, so universally and unequivocally expressed, must be allowed to be imperative, in rendering a compliance with custom and taste, in these respects, almost as indispensable as a submission to the irresistible dictates of hunger, thirst, and cold.

The first volume of Dr. Bancroft's elaborate and valuable work was published in 1794; but it now appears with so many alterations and additions, as to possess a considerable share of novelty and interest. In the introduction, the author defines the sense in which he applies the terms characteristic of the different kinds of colouring substances; *substantive* colours being such as afford a permanent tint by simple application without mixture, and *adjective* such as require a mixture with some other substance to fix them; this substance, serving as a bond of union, is called a mordant, though it is sometimes difficult to ascertain which of two substances that are mixed is the more properly considered as the colour, and which as the mordant. If the substances thus employed are mixed before their application to the materials to be dyed, the compound is called by Dr. Bancroft a *prosubstantive* colour; but it happens more commonly, that the colours are more effectually fixed, by applying the substances concerned in succession, as if the particles wedged each other in, after their penetration into the pores of the materials. There is, however, a complete fallacy in Dr. Bancroft's reasoning on the effect of heat in opening the pores, so that the colouring particles may be compressed when they cool again (p. 90); since these particles are at least as much contracted by the effect of cold as the substances which they

they penetrate, and often much more. That the colouring particles are only partially distributed in or upon the surface of the substance coloured, is evident from the mixture of two tints, when the materials producing them are applied in succession; and a fugitive colour, constituting one of those tints, is not found to be in any degree fixed by applying a more permanent colour upon it; so that a compound green thus constituted will generally fade into a blue. In many cases it might be supposed that the absorption of oxygen contributed to wedge the particles more firmly into their situations; but it sometimes happens, on the other hand, that oxygen appears rather to be extricated than absorbed, while the colour is acquiring its lustre by exposure to the light, as Dr. Bancroft has found with respect to the Tyrian purple.

Of the mordants employed for fixing colours, one of the most extensively useful, and the most unequivocally entitled to the denomination, is alum, which is attracted by the fibres of many animal and vegetable substances, and, remaining attached to them, serves to unite them to the colouring matter, by leaving its earth as a common bond of union. The name *alumen* is found in Pliny, and Beckmann suspects that it may be of Egyptian origin; it is true that, according to Kircher's vocabulary, the Egyptian word, synonymous with alum, is *oben*, but we find *alom*, signifying cheese, which may possibly have had some connexion with the coagulating power of this highly astringent substance. Dr. Bancroft observes, that alum, and its use in dyeing, must have been known to the ancients long before the time of Pliny, since they never employed tin, and either alum or tin is absolutely necessary for obtaining a scarlet from kermes.

Dr. Bancroft proceeds to trace the art of dyeing from the ancients, whom he proves to have been acquainted with many of the most important processes, through the middle ages, when it was but imperfectly preserved in Italy, to the latest improvements, as described in the works of Macquer, Keir, Henry, Berthollet, Chaptal, Vitalis, Scheffer, Poerner, and Dambourney, as well as to those which he has himself introduced, both in theory and in practice. He divides the body of his work into four parts; the first, after some general discussions respecting colour, and substances to be coloured, is devoted to the subject of substantive colours, whether animal, as the Tyrian purple, vegetable, as indigo, or mineral, as iron; the second to the adjective colours of animal origin, as kermes and cochineal, lac, and Prussian blue; the third to vegetable adjective colours, as weld, quercitron, madder, Brasil wood, and logwood; and the fourth to compound colours of various kinds, and particularly the mixtures which produce black dyes, and inks of all descriptions.

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It has been a common opinion, that the general cause of the destruction of colour, by exposure to the air, is the combination of the colouring substance with oxygen; but Dr. Bancroft observes, that the nitric acid imparts oxygen much more readily than the oxymuriatic, though it has incomparably less effect on colours, and that the action of either of these acids is no direct test of the effect of exposure to the air. Thus a red dyed with madder, on an aluminous basis, was much more rapidly destroyed by the oxymuriatic acid, than a purple obtained from logwood and tin, though the sun and air would have acted on these colours in a manner totally different. A black dye also, which was little affected by the oxymuriatic acid, was totally destroyed by the nitrous, although this acid had incomparably less effect than the former on a Turkey red. The colouring matter of the buccinum was exposed in its recent state to the sun's rays (p. 151), immersed in oxymuriatic acid; and became purple more rapidly than when simply moistened with water; although afterwards, when placed in the dark, the acid had completely bleached the coloured substance in a few hours. Dr. Bancroft is of opinion that this singular substance, which is found in several testaceous animals, and has at first the appearance of a limpid mucilage, emits some phosphoric acid together with oxygen, while it acquires its colour, and that this is the cause of the offensive smell, which has always been observed to accompany the change.

The colour of indigo is also dependent on the different degrees of its oxygenization: the recent juice is nearly colourless; the absorption of a small portion of oxygen renders it green, and that of a larger blue; in the latter state it is insoluble in water, and with the assistance of agitation, collects into flocculi, the separation being commonly promoted by the addition of lime water, or some other alkali, as a precipitant. It is found not only in the *indigoferae*, but also in the *isatis*, or woad, and in some other vegetables: it is capable of distillation or sublimation by a moderate heat, and affords, when burnt, a fine purple smoke. This smoke is noticed by Pliny as observable in an Indian colour, which is thus identified with indigo. In its blue state it is incapable of attaching itself to animal or vegetable fibres; and the process of fermentation in the dyer's vat serves to restore its green colour and its solubility, apparently, as Dr. Bancroft has shown, by the abstraction of oxygen. The materials employed for this purpose are generally a decoction of woad, madder, and bran, to which lime and indigo are added. When the fermentation has been continued a sufficient time, the internal parts of the liquor are green and the surface only blue. Sometimes bran and madder only are used with indigo, a little potash being added to promote the solution. Another mode of deoxy-

deoxygenizing the indigo is to mix it with the green sulfate of iron, or the nitrate or muriate of tin: one part of indigo is rendered slowly soluble in warm water by the addition of two of the sulfate of iron and two of lime; part of the lime setting the protoxyd of iron at liberty to deoxygenize the indigo, which is then dissolved, with the assistance of the remainder of the lime, to which a little potash is sometimes added. In calico printing, the indigo is ground with the sulfate of iron and applied to the calico, together with a proper thickening of starch or gum, by means of blocks formed according to the pattern required; the calico is then immersed alternately in lime water and in a solution of the sulfate of iron, until the indigo is become sufficiently dissolved to afford a fixed colour. In this topical application of indigo, red orpiment is sometimes substituted for the sulfate of iron; and Dr. Bancroft has found that sugar is capable of producing a similar effect.

It is well known that indigo may be dissolved in the sulfuric acid without changing its colour; the blues dyed with this solution are called Saxon blues; they are less permanent than those which are derived from the green liquor; and the indigo is deprived of the property of burning with a purple smoke.

The gardenia genipa is mentioned as a plant affording a very permanent bluish black, which might be advantageously employed either for dyeing or as an ink, in countries which allow it to be obtained in a recent state.

'The fine rose colour of safflower, extracted by crystallized soda, and precipitated by citric acid, and then slowly dried in the shade, being afterwards finely ground with the purest talc, produces the beautiful paint by which ladies give to their cheeks the bloom of youth and health, and which the French distinguish from carmine by the name of *rouge végétale*.'

The colouring matter thus derived from the carthamus possesses but little durability; it affords a striking illustration of the Newtonian doctrine of transmitted and reflected colours in the form in which it is sold as a pink dye spread out on saucers. The 'talc' employed for making rouge is generally that which is now called French chalk, but which will not, like the true French chalk, extract spots of grease.

The finest substantive purples are obtained from lichens. Many species of this genus are employed, after maceration with animal substances containing ammonia, for violet, purple, and crimson dyes: the lichen *roccella*, or *orchil*, is the principal; the lichen *tartareus* is also used in this country, under the name *cudbear*, given it by Dr. Cuthbert Gordon, who introduced it. After fermentation the substance is kept moist in casks for a year or two before

before it comes to perfection: the colours which it affords are however unfortunately fugitive.

The purple obtained from gold, by means of tin, is found to depend on the deoxygenization of the gold by the solution of tin; a similar effect may be obtained by impregnating silk or cotton with glue, eggs, or other animal substances, together with sugar or orpiment, and applying to them the solution of gold. The nitromuriate of platina affords, in combination with a muriatic solution of tin, a fixed colour like that of arterial blood.

‘Respecting the antiquity of calico printing, Dr. Bancroft observes, (p. 346,) that Pliny describes the Egyptians as practising a species of topical dying, or calico printing, which, as far as can be discovered from his general terms, appears to have been similar to that which, many ages after, was found to exist in Hindostan, and other parts of India, and was from thence introduced into this and other countries of Europe. He says the Egyptians began by painting or drawing on white cloths, (doubtless linen or cotton,) with certain drugs, which in themselves possessed no colour, but had the property of attracting or absorbing colouring matters. After which these cloths were immersed in a heated dying liquor, and though they were colourless before, and though this dying liquor was of one uniform colour, yet, when taken out of it soon after, they were found to be wonderfully tinged of different colours, according to the different natures of the several drugs which had been applied to their different parts;’ and ‘that these colours, so wonderfully produced from a tincture of only one colour, could not be afterwards discharged by washing.’

The art of calico printing has been much improved and simplified in modern times, especially by the mixture of the acetate of lead with the aluminous mordant, forming an acetate of alumine. A still more economical method, lately invented, is to employ the acetic acid in the form of the pyrolignic, obtained by the destructive distillation of wood, and to substitute lime for lead. The acetate of iron is also now generally prepared from the pyrolignic acid. MM. Thenard and Roard found that the acetate of alumine, when exposed to a warm atmosphere, lost some of its acid, leaving an excess of alumine; but alum, tartar, and the salts of tin are attached to the fibres of the cloths impregnated with them in their entire state, and may be recovered by repeated washings, until they are decomposed by the operation of the colouring substances. The method of employing some of these substances may be understood from the following description of the processes.

‘When pieces of calico have been printed with iron liquor, whether it be applied to those which either have received, or are intended to receive, the aluminous mordant also, they are to be thoroughly dried by a stove heat, and afterwards passed through the mixture of cow dung and warm water,’ which is supposed not only to cleanse them
more

more effectually, but possibly to communicate to them some animal impregnation subservient to the durability of the colours; 'they are afterwards, in the language of the calico printers, to be *streamed*, or extended in running water, and beat, to remove all the loose or uncombined particles of the mordant, and thus fit them to be dyed with either madder, sumach, weld, or quercitron bark; these being the principal and almost the only adjective colouring matters so employed by calico printers, and sufficient (excepting the blue from indigo) to produce, with the aluminous and ferruginous mordants, all the various colours seen and admired on printed calico.

'Ex. Gr. If pieces of calico, to which these mordants have been applied, both separately and mixed, be put into a dying vessel, with water scarcely blood warm, and in which three, four, or five pounds of madder in powder for each piece have been previously mixed, and they be turned, as usual, through the liquor by the winch, gradually, but slowly, raising the heat, so that it may only reach the boiling point at the time when the calicoes will have been sufficiently dyed, the several pieces will be found to have imbibed colour in every part. The figures or places to which the unmixed iron liquor was applied will have been dyed black, and those on which the aluminous mordant was printed will be red, of different shades, if the mordant had been used at different degrees of concentration; and, if both mordants were mixed and applied in different proportions, such applications will have produced various shades of purple, violet, chocolate, and lilac colours, whilst the parts, or *grounds*, intended to be ultimately left white, will manifest a considerable brownish red discolouration; but as the madder colour producing it is not [there] united to the calico, by the affinity or attraction of any intermediate basis, it will not be able, *as in other parts*, to resist the action of exterior agents, and may therefore (as is usually done) be removed, and the grounds made *white* by boiling the pieces in water soured by fermented bran, and by afterwards spreading them for some days (according to the season) upon the grass, where, with the well known treatment, the colours dyed upon a *basis* will become brighter, whilst that *without one* will completely disappear.

'Calico printed with the same mordants, and dyed with the quercitron bark, (*quercus nigra*, Linn.) will acquire fixed and bright yellows of different shades, upon the aluminous basis, and various drab colours upon that of iron. A mixture of these bases will produce olive colours. Along with these it is usual to produce black impressions at the same time by previously applying to the calico a mordant composed of iron liquor and galls, by which figures which, without the galls, would only have manifested a dark drab colour, are made black by dying with the quercitron bark, and if the dying be conducted as I shall hereafter direct, the grounds will be so little discoloured that no exposure upon the grass will be required as is necessary with madder and weld, an advantage which has nearly put an end to the use of weld in calico printing.'—p. 377.

The colouring matter of kermes, derived from the *coccus ilicis*, our author considers as identical with that of cochineal, although

combined with some of the astringent substances derived from the tree. The scarlet afforded by cochineal was unknown in its highest perfection till the year 1630, when the singular power of the oxyd of tin, in exalting its colours, was discovered in Holland: it was soon after communicated to one of the celebrated MM. Gobelins at Paris, and contributed to the perfection of the colours of their tapestries. The nitrate or nitromuriate of tin, commonly used by the dyers, affords a crimson colour, which is converted to scarlet by the tartar employed in the process. Dr. Bancroft has invented an ingenious method of saving this valuable colour, by substituting a yellow dye, in particular the quercitron bark, for the acid substance which changes the colour of the cochineal, and thus forming a compound instead of a simple scarlet. The colour thus obtained is more durable than the common scarlet, but, as it is said, not quite so brilliant by day-light, although somewhat brighter by candle-light. The solution of tin, called spirit by the dyers, is usually made with one pound of aqua fortis, two ounces of sea salt or sal ammoniac, half a pound of water, and two ounces of grained tin, added by degrees. Dr. Bancroft attempted to substitute for it a muriate of tin, but found the corrosive quality of this combination extremely injurious to the cloth: he however succeeded much better with a muriosulfate.

The process employed in dyeing scarlet on wool requires a mixture of all the materials concerned, before their application to the cloth: to apply them in succession, as is either indispensable or highly advantageous in many other cases, would here be impracticable: a fact which renders it necessary to be very cautious in all theoretical reasonings respecting the use of mordants. With silk and cotton, the reverse is true, at least with respect to all dyes except the quercitron.

Since the preparation or manufacture of Morocco leather has been established in this country, *cochineal* is employed to communicate the beautiful colour of that, which is called *red Morocco*; though in Persia, Armenia, Barbary, and the Greek islands, a similar colour was originally produced by the use of either *kermes* or *lac*. As a basis for the colouring matter of cochineal, goat skins, deprived of their hair by lime water, and properly cleansed, are impregnated, on that which was the hairy side, with a saturated solution of alum, applied repeatedly and equally by a sponge, and, after an interval of three or four days, a decoction of cochineal, which has been strained, is applied also by a sponge, to the same side or surface, a little, but not much, more than blood warm, lest it should crisp the leather. This application is repeated from time to time, until a colour sufficiently full and equal has been produced. Afterwards the skins are soaked in bran liquor, and then tanned by a decoction of either galls or sumach, or of both mixed together. I have found that by substituting a diluted muriosulfate

fate of tin, for the solution of alum, or by employing a mixture of both upon goat skins in a suitable state of preparation, the colour subsequently produced was considerably improved, at least in vivacity.—II. 167.

Dr. Bancroft appears to have bestowed considerable labour and ingenuity on an attempt to obtain the colouring matter of stick lac in a state of purity, and separate from the resin: but it seems to be extremely difficult to exhibit it in an extractive form, without impairing the beauty of the colour. The separation may be partly effected by employing water not hotter than 190° , which dissolves the colouring matter, and leaves the resin, with some other impurities, undissolved; and in this state the colour is as fine as that of cochineal, and somewhat more durable: but it loses its brilliancy in the process of evaporation. The finest parts are also more easily powdered than the rest, and will pass through a sieve, while a great portion of the impurities remains behind.

The peculiar colouring matter of Prussian blue, which Dr. Bancroft cannot readily allow to be an acid, as it has usually been denominated by chemists, affords, with the quercitron bark, a fine green, and as our author first discovered, a good brown with copper. In order to investigate the nature of the green thus obtained, he took a piece of cotton which had been printed in stripes with iron liquor and galls, with iron liquor only, with iron liquor and acetate of alumine, and with this acetate only: he dyed it first with quercitron bark, which made the first stripe black, the second dark drab, the third olive, and the fourth yellow: he then took prussiated potass, acidulated with sulfuric acid, and immersing the cotton in it for a minute, he found the colouring matter of the galls and quercitron bark discharged where the basis of iron had been employed: so that the first stripe was become a dark blue, and the rest paler, as they stood in order: when there was less excess of acid, the colouring matter of the galls remained, and that of the bark only was discharged: when the liquor was perfectly neutral, the colour of the quercitron bark was discharged from the ferruginous basis, but not from the aluminous; so that the second stripe, with iron liquor, had become blue, and the third a fine green, while the yellow remained perfect on the fourth, and the part not printed became white, being freed from the discoloration of the bark. In these cases of change of colour, the displacement of one of the substances by the other is sufficiently proved by the state of the liquor, in which the substance displaced is found dissolved.

Among the vegetable adjective colours, weld, the *reseda luteola*, holds the first place, as having been the longest in use: besides this, young fustic, the *rhus cotinus*, sumach, the *rhus coriaria*, old fustic, the *moris tinctoria*, and French berries, the *rhamnus tinctoria*, are the most generally known of the yellow dyes. But all these appear

to have been in some measure superseded by Dr. Bancroft's discovery of the utility of the quercitron bark: a discovery of which the advantages were secured to him by act of parliament for a term of years, although he failed in his application for an extension of that term in 1798, notwithstanding the advantage which the public had derived from the singularly liberal manner in which he had conducted the monopoly. In less than twelve months after that time, the bark rose to three times the price at which he had constantly supplied it, and at which he would have been bound to supply it for another term of seven years, if the bill had been passed. He has presented us with an immense variety of experiments and of practical directions relating to the use of this substance, and his communications must be of great value to the intelligent manufacturer.

We cannot altogether agree with the author in the decided preference which he appears to entertain for the process of bleaching by the oxymuriatic acid, (II. 176.) which seems at present to have become almost universal, not a little to the advantage of manufacturers and tailors, and to the prejudice of the public in general. Sir Humphry Davy has found that, even when neutralised by an excess of lime, the muriatic acid, formed during the process of bleaching, is injurious to the fibres of the cloth; (Elem. p. 242.) and whatever precautions it may be possible to employ for avoiding this evil, we are persuaded, from continued experience, that they are not commonly adopted by manufacturers, either in bleaching cotton or paper.

Madder, the *rubia tinctorum*, is a very well known and important vegetable, much employed for dyeing red with an aluminous basis, on common woollen cloths. Its effect, in giving a red colour to the bones of animals that feed on it, was first observed by Lemnius in the 16th century, and is now well known to physiologists. Madder does not appear to be capable of affording a substantive colour; and it is absolutely necessary that the basis should be separately applied to the linen or cotton which is to be dyed with it. Galls are commonly employed by practical dyers as a preparation for the aluminous impregnation, in order to promote the attachment of the alum to the cloth; but they add nothing to the durability of the colour.

The *rubia peregrina*, or Smyrna madder, is principally used in the complicated process for dyeing the Turkey red on cotton, with the assistance of oil, alum, galls, and some blood, which seems to brighten the colour, besides that of the substances which have passed through the alimentary canal of the sheep, carrying with them some of the gastric fluids, and which, in Dr. Bancroft's opinion,

nion, are highly conducive to the stability of the colour, although some former chemists have much underrated their efficacy.

Brasil wood is the heart of the *caesalpinia echinata*; its name is not derived from the country which affords it; the old name of kermes having been *grana di brasile*, implying the colour of fire or live coals; and the country of Brasil was afterwards so denominated from its producing this substance, which affords a dye of the same hue. The rose colour, which it communicates to water, is destroyed by confinement for a few days with sulfureted hydrogen: but the same effect was not produced by a protoxyd of tin, which would have destroyed the colour of indigo. Acids make the infusion yellow, but alum reconverts it to red, and affords a precipitate, which is employed as an inferior sort of carmine; and the addition of an alkali throws it down in greater abundance.

Logwood, the *haematoxyton campechianum*, is sometimes used for dyeing purple, with a mordant of muriosulfate of tin, tartar, and sulfate of copper; the latter Dr. Bancroft thinks superfluous, since it affords only a fugitive colour: but the most extensive employment of logwood is for dying black.

For browns, the mangrove bark, *rhizophora mangle*, the mahogany, and several species of walnuts are recommended, principally with bases of iron. Galls give, with an aluminous basis, a fawn, or light cinnamon colour.

In the fourth part of the work, the author gives a few practical directions only respecting the mixtures of colours, and proceeds to the subject of black dyes and writing ink. He objects altogether to the chemical distinctions and definitions of the gallic and tannic principles, as contained in astringent vegetables, and is rather disposed to consider the colouring matter as distinct, and as not agreeing in general with the characteristic marks of any particular chemical combination. Thus, the quercitron, mangrove, and mahogany bark are astringent to the taste, precipitate glue, and tan leather, but produce no darker tint than an olive. Catechu tans admirably well, but affords only a snuff colour with iron: on the other hand, the walnut bark and logwood afford a black ink, but are not astringent to the taste, and do not precipitate glue. Dr. Bancroft imagines that logwood has no claim to the title of an astringent in a medical sense; but we have reason to think that in this respect he is greatly mistaken. We may add the artichoke to the number of vegetables which have no astringent taste, and yet blacken iron: the Jerusalem artichoke, which has a taste nearly similar to that of the common artichoke, does not possess the same property. The gallic acid, so called, blackens the peroxys of iron, but Dr. Bancroft is rather disposed to attribute this effect to

some accidental mixture of the colouring matter, than to the essential constitution of the substance itself.

Ink may be deprived of its blackness by a stream of sulfureted hydrogen, which can only act by combining with the oxygen: by exposure to the air it recovers its colour, with a fresh supply of oxygen. It is well known that the ink of the ancients was carbonaceous: Indian ink, according to Cuvier, is obtained from some species of sepia. Dr. Bancroft finds the best proportion of galls three times the weight of the sulfate of iron; and if a portion of logwood be employed, half as much of the galls may be omitted: the sulfate of copper, recommended by Chaptal, he thinks useless: it is true that it tends to prevent mouldiness; but we have found inconvenience from its corroding and blunting the penknife, when it happens to touch it. Dr. Bancroft directs twelve ounces of galls to be boiled with six of logwood in five quarts of soft water for two hours, the decoction to be strained, and made up one gallon, to which five ounces of sulfate of iron, five of gum arabic, and two of muscovado sugar are to be added. A simpler mode, lately recommended by a celebrated chemist, is to infuse three ounces of galls, one of logwood, one of sulfate of iron, and one of gum arabic in a quart of cold water for a week, and to add four grains of corrosive sublimate, in order to prevent mouldiness. We may add, that when economy is an object, the soluble parts of the galls may be much more effectually extracted by the repeated affusion of fresh portions of the water, than by steeping them in the whole at once.

The best black woollen cloths are first dyed red with madder, and blue with indigo or woad, since without this preparation it would be necessary to use so much of the common black dye as would materially injure the texture of their fibres. Sometimes, in coarser cloths, logwood only is employed for the first dye, with a salt of copper: in this manner a black is produced, which inevitably turns in a short time to a brown.

In dyeing silk black, the galls are applied first, being more strongly attracted by the silk than the iron, and they may therefore be considered as the true mordant; after this, alternate immersions in a solution of sulfate of iron, and in a decoction of logwood are frequently repeated, in order to obtain a deep black; but to cotton, the iron is usually applied first. Some of the black vats, with iron and various vegetable substances, are suffered to remain unemptied for centuries, being supposed to have their qualities improved by age. For a prosubstantive topical black, the addition of vinegar and nitric acid to galls and sulfate of iron is found to increase the durability of the dye, without any corrosion of the substance of the calico.

Dr.

Dr. Bancroft has investigated the whole subject of black dyes and inks with great attention, and has made many elaborate experiments respecting them. Some of these experiments have indeed been productive of no immediate practical improvement; but in these, and in other similar instances, he describes his failures with a degree of candour which does him no less honour than his success on more fortunate occasions. We sincerely wish that he may be enabled long to continue his favourite pursuits, and that the public may hereafter profit by the 'additions' contingent on 'the prolongation of a life, of which the sixty-ninth year is now passing away.'

In vol. ii, p. 325, l. 16, by the 'oxide,' we suppose is meant the oxide of tin; and p. 361, l. 10, by 'a little,' probably a little time.

ART. XV. 1. *Remarks on the Calumnies published in the Quarterly Review, on the English Ship-builders.* 1814.

2. *Substance of the Speech of William Harrison, Esq. before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on East India-built Shipping.* 1814.

3. *Minutes of the Evidence taken before the Select Committee, to whom the several Petitions of the Ship-builders and others interested in the Building and Equipment of Ships, built in the East Indies, were referred, &c. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed.* 1814.

4. *The Substance of the Speech of John Adolphus, Esq. on summing up the Case of the English Ship-builders. &c.* 1814.

IT was not to be expected that words, which are but the imperfect representatives of things, should be exempt from that universal law of change which operates on the things themselves. Among others, the word 'calumny,' which, if Dr. Johnson's authority be worth any thing, was once used to signify 'false charge—groundless accusation'—is now very frequently employed to express an 'unpleasant truth,' and sometimes the opposite of its original meaning. In the instance before us, we shall have no difficulty in shewing that for the 'calumnies of the Quarterly Review,' we might, without the least violation of truth, substitute 'true charges,' or 'well-founded accusations.' We did not, however, prefer charges or accusations, either true or false, against the *English* ship-builders; though in the course of our examination of certain important papers on the state of oak timber, of the navy, and of recent improvements in naval architecture, we had occasion to animadvert on some part of the conduct of the *Thames* ship-builders; and this is a distinction which we beg may be kept in view. Our

remarks indeed were equally applicable to modern built ships of war in the King's yards; nay, the very first ship that caught our attention was the new first-rate, the Royal Charlotte, and we blended in the same censure the Ocean and Foudroyant with the Albion and the Ajax. But these gentlemen, or their indiscreet advocates, were so very tender of their own handicraft, that they instantly levelled their whole artillery against us through the medium of the daily prints. *They*, therefore, and not *we*, were the aggressors. We have little disposition for controversy, and still less desire to speak of our own labours: and however unpleasant so serious a charge as that of calumny may be to those who wish to stand well with the public, we should probably have submitted in silence to be 'pestered with a popinjay;' and this the more readily, when we found that the champion of the Thames builders had brought to the task of writing 'Remarks' on our 'calumnies' no one qualification beyond that of dauntless assurance, and a fearless contempt of truth.

We now find ourselves, however, literally put upon our trial; we are attacked unmercifully by a host of lawyers and attorneys, purveyors, ship-builders, timber-merchants, underwriters, rope-makers, twine-spinners, and the whole *click* connected with the shipping interest of the Thames; some of whom are our accusers, and others are brought forward to give evidence against us before a Select Committee of the House of Commons; the object of all is that of refuting our original opinions and falsifying our facts. Nothing therefore remains for us but 'to play the part of advocates' in our own cause, which, according to the writer of the 'Remarks,' is one of our grievous offences. Before we proceed to *justify*, it may not be out of place to say a few words on the general character of the articles we propose to examine.

The author of the 'Remarks on the Calumnies of the Quarterly Review' has indulged in all the latitude which this sweeping title may be supposed to give him—some of his remarks having nothing to do with the question, others being very remotely connected with it: he does not attempt to argue; but he declaims and asserts, and moralises and whimpers; he is sometimes scurrilous, and sometimes ventures to impute motives to us which could exist only in his own mind. The blunders and misrepresentations that occur in every page afford the best evidence of the utter incapacity of the writer for subjects of this kind; and if we should venture to designate him, from his works, we should say he is one of those inferior instruments of the law, who, in our times, have succeeded in persuading mankind, that the most ordinary concerns of life require their helping hand, and who thus contrive 'to put their paw into every man's mess.'

The opening speech of the learned counsel, William Harrison, Esq.,

Esq., is just such a speech as might be expected from the materials of his brief, which appear in substance to consist of those contained in the pamphlet; and if his case has not been made out by the evidence, he is at least entitled to the benefit of the Israelites' plea when in Egypt, that he was required 'to make bricks without straw.' But, we understand, he had another difficulty to struggle against—having given his assistance to draw up the bill which he was now employed to assist in throwing out, he had not only to get rid of all the ideas which he had imbibed against the ship-builders, but to endeavour to turn them to their account. He not only goes over to the enemy, but carries his artillery with him. He seems, however, to have surrendered, in the outset, the most material point for which the builders were contending—the illegality in admitting India-built ships to a registry in England; and he now demands an alteration in the navigation laws legally to exclude them; he would finally close the door of justice, which before was partially open, against sixty millions of our fellow-subjects in India, to enrich some sixty individuals on the banks of the Thames. If it were a mere question of competition between the ship-builders of the Thames and the ship-builders in India, as he is disposed to consider it, we should scarcely deem it a subject worthy of discussion; but it embraces higher objects. The bill about to be introduced is connected with the preservation of our navy and our native forests of oak, the safety and extension of commerce, and the improvement of a considerable portion of mankind, in which their own comfort and happiness, and the honour and advantage of the British character and interests are deeply involved. But these objects, it would seem, were beneath the consideration, perhaps we should say, the comprehension, of the writer of the 'Remarks,' and consequently made but a miserable figure in the learned counsel's speech. These gentlemen or their employers seem, indeed, to think India unworthy to be treated either as a British colony or a foreign nation; they regard with a sort of horror its progress in arts and manufactures; and repine at the bounties which nature has so liberally bestowed on that vast and populous country.

The minutes of the evidence are so loose, rambling and unconnected, and so voluminous withal, (that part of them only, taken in behalf of the ship-builders, and the only part on which we shall rest our case, occupying, with the returns and accounts, no less than 448 folio pages,) that to remark upon the various contradictory statements and jarring opinions of the witnesses examined, would be an endless and an useless labour. The cause of the ship-builders would not have suffered had their indiscreet agent kept back many that were incompetent to give correct information, and more that were materially interested in the fate of the bill.

The

The committee too might have spared itself the time and trouble of inquiring from a block-maker the number of ships that clear out from the Custom-house, and examining an underwriter at Lloyd's in naval architecture. From such evidence, a good case could not easily be made out for the Thames ship-builders; a weaker than that attempted in the summing up of John Adolphus, Esq. we never remember to have met with. This gentleman, however, in his attacks upon us, appears to be well skilled in the art of supplying what may be wanting in argument or evidence, by unfounded assertions, and by insinuations to which we disdain to reply, but which we repel with the contempt they deserve. *We* are not hired to 'make the worse appear the better reason.' While we disclaim most distinctly all intention to calumniate the ship-builders of the Thames, with none of whom have we the least acquaintance directly or indirectly, from London-bridge to the Nore; while we admit them to be an useful and respectable body of men, so long as they confine themselves within their proper sphere, we claim the benefit of that free discussion of great national questions, which even Mr. Adolphus is sure this particular case merits. To give, however, an idea of this gentleman's fairness in his attack upon us for what he too is pleased to consider as a 'calumny,' we shall select a specimen from page 3 of his printed speech. After quoting our observations on the change that has taken place with regard to some of the present builders not being brought up to the trade nor residing upon the premises, but leaving the superintendence to others, he thus proceeds:

'Now, Sir, on this subject I have thought it necessary to interrogate every witness competent to give an opinion, and I have asked, "were Messrs. Wigrams and their house regularly bred to the business?"—"Did they serve an apprenticeship?"—"Yes."—"Do they reside on the premises and superintend the works going on in their own yard?"—"Yes."—"Are they duly and properly employed, and is their stock of materials a proper one to be had?"—"Yes, certainly," has been the answer to all the questions. So I have asked of all the other yards, and what have the answers been?—uniformly the same.'

Now, without stopping to inquire whether *Sir Robert Wigram* is a builder and served his apprenticeship to a builder, let us hear what Mr. Samuel Jordan, late clerk and superintendent to Messrs. Dudmans, has to say. This gentleman informed Mr. Adolphus that they (Dudmans) had assigned their interest in the yard to Messrs. Borradaile, Ritchie and Co.

'Committee. "Are Messrs. Borradaile and Co. ship-builders?"—"No, they are not."

Committee. "For what purpose have they taken the yard?"—"For the purpose of repairing ships."

Committee.

Committee. "Their own ships?"—"Any ships, if they can get them."

Committee. "They are great ship-owners, are they not?"—"The house of Borradaile is."

Committee. "They own a great many East India Company's ships?"—"They do; the management of the yard is under the superintendence of a master shipwright."

Committee. "They do not superintend it themselves?"—"They do not."*

But we shall see more of Mr. Adolphus as we proceed, entertaining very little fear of being able, from the large mass of desultory matter now before us, to overturn his arguments, to corroborate our original opinions, and to confirm our facts. The two learned gentlemen, having printed their speeches, are fairly before the public, and they will not be surprized at our using the same freedom with them that they have exercised towards us.

The most material points that the advocates for the Thames ship-builders have endeavoured to establish may be comprehended under the following heads:

1. That there neither has been, is, or is likely to be, any scarcity of large oak timber, the growth and produce of Great Britain.

2. That ships of war built in private yards are equal, if not superior, both in materials and workmanship, to those built in the king's yards; and that the establishments of the private builders on the banks of the Thames, are absolutely necessary for the assistance and support of the king's dock-yards.

3. That Thames-built merchant ships are at least equal to India-built ships, and superior to those built at the out-ports of the kingdom.

4. That the introduction of India-built ships into the Company's service, and the general commerce of the country, interferes so materially with the Thames builders as to occasion the ruin of their establishments, involve thousands of shipwrights and other artificers in poverty, promote emigration, and finally effect that most serious of all evils, the colonization of India.

Our present object will be to shew, from the writings and speeches of their own advocates, and their own evidence, without waiting for what the India ship-owners may have to bring forward, that they have made out no case, but have completely failed in every point.

1. With regard to a scarcity of oak timber, that important question is dispatched by the writer of the 'Remarks,' in a single paragraph, which we shall transcribe as a specimen of the facility and logical precision with which he arrives at his conclusions, and refutes our statements.

'To give foundation to the claims of the Indian ship-builders it is

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 431.

assumed that Great Britain does not produce a sufficient quantity of oak timber for the construction of shipping, and the various other purposes about which it is employed. *This is a mischievous and a dangerous clamour*—the zeal of argumentation is even carried so far as to assert, that individuals, in attempting to aid the public cause by planting oak, are acting foolishly, sacrificing the produce of their land, and seriously injuring their families. The assertions are as void of truth as the arguments are of judgment and sense. **THE SCARCITY OF OAK TIMBER NEVER HAS EXISTED BUT IN SUPPOSITION.**—A reference to the accounts of the Navy Board and the Board of Ordnance, and to the testimony of their officers, and to some of the persons employed by the commissioners of the woods and forests, would shew that there neither is, nor is there reason to apprehend, a scarcity of oak timber, in Great Britain.*

The malicious ingenuity with which this agent of the builders has contrived to distort and pervert our plain statement of an alarming diminution of oak timber, into 'a mischievous and dangerous clamour,' is an instance of misrepresentation not unworthy of the lowest of the profession to which we have suspected him to belong. We did say, and we said it on authority that is not to be controverted, that the time is fast approaching when we must have recourse to other resources than our own for a supply of ship timber. We did say, and we repeat it, that a scarcity of *large* oak timber already exists, and has for some time existed; and we thought that it required no other argument to establish this fact, than the necessity of the recourse which was had to those ingenious expedients that have been employed in the king's dock-yard for some years past, and which are now employed in the private yards, to obviate the serious inconveniences that would otherwise have been felt, from the utter impossibility of procuring timber of certain forms and dimensions, which was once considered as indispensable in the construction of ships of the line. If our 'assertions are void of truth,' the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the state of oak timber throughout the kingdom in 1771 is also void of truth. If our arguments are 'void of judgment and sense,' then the Report of the Commissioners, appointed to inquire into the state and condition of the woods, forests, and land revenues of the crown, made to parliament in 1792, is also not only void of judgment and sense, but founded in falsehood. If our assertions are 'void of truth,' the late Mr. John Fordyce, and the present Lord Glenbervie and his colleagues, have taken uncommon pains to raise, according to the notion of this officious agent of the ship-builders, 'a mischievous and a dangerous clamour.' The Report of the Commissioners for

* Remarks on the Columns, &c. p. 22.

revising the civil affairs of the navy was, unnecessarily, as we think, withheld from publication, lest the concurring testimony of a body of evidence, given by a most numerous, respectable and well informed class of men, should create alarm in the public mind, at a time when an immediate remedy was not quite obvious. Yet even then the late Lord Melville (who deserves even higher praise than the ship-builders bestow) was 'not aware that any good could result from concealment'—he thought, as we do, that the knowledge of danger is the strongest incitement to the public to concur in the measures of government for warding it off. It is however understood, that this Report confirmed the well grounded apprehensions expressed in the former ones, and we believe that it most strongly recommends the replantation of certain crown lands for the future use of the navy.

We endeavoured to account for the diminution of oak timber, as we thought, on the plain straight-forward principles of common sense; by the increasing consumption in the naval, ordnance, and barrack departments; in the mercantile marine; for machinery, and for various internal and domestic purposes; in all of which, during the last twenty years, the consumption had at least been doubled; as well as from the rapidly increasing population and prosperity of the country which required more food to be produced, and which of necessity raised the value of land nearly double within the same period: but these arguments it seems are 'delusive' and used only 'to produce despondency,' and are 'void of judgment and sense;' and all this is clearly and satisfactorily proved by one short sentence printed in Roman letters.

But 'a reference to the accounts of the Navy Board and the Board of Ordnance, and to the testimony of their officers, and to some of the persons employed by the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests, would shew that there neither is, nor is there reason to apprehend, a scarcity of oak timber in Great Britain.'

We deny that the *accounts* of the Navy Board, or the Board of Ordnance, will shew any thing of the kind; but they *will* shew that, owing to the increased demand, and a failure in the supply, the price of oak timber has been trebled within the last twenty years. The *accounts* of the Navy Board will also shew that, of the stock of timber in the king's dock-yards, five parts out of seven are of a description fit only for building frigates and smaller vessels; and if this agent had found it convenient for his purpose to make a 'reference to the testimony of their officers,' by causing them to be examined before the committee, which he did not do, he would have been told, what we have already stated, that the supply of large and crooked timber had long ago ceased; and that a single line-of-battle ship could not now be built after the old manner;
but

but that recourse was had, not from choice but necessity, to various expedients and contrivances, in order to supply the want of it, by small timber. He might then have known that such is the actual scarcity of large timber, that Mr. Seppings, whom we have already had occasion to mention as an ingenious shipwright, and who is now one of the surveyors of the navy, had contrived a plan for building a 74-gun ship entirely of *frigate* timber, in order to save from waste some part of the vast quantity of *small* oak timber now lying in his Majesty's dock-yards. It is a great mistake of Mr. Adolphus to suppose that we grounded our opinion of a scarcity on this *economical* use of oak timber; it is not economy—but waste, which nothing short of absolute necessity could justify. He is equally mistaken if he thinks we ascribe it to the great advance of *price*; we go upon stronger grounds—the utter impossibility of procuring large timber at any rate.

It is true, this agent of the builders did call before the committee 'some of the persons employed by the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests,' but why did he not call the commissioners themselves?—why not Lord Glenbervie who held so long the situation of Surveyor-General of the woods and forests? The persons whom he did call were William and Abraham Driver, valuers of estates and surveyors of timber, brothers and partners; and it is quite surprizing that two men so nearly connected by ties of relationship and by interest, following the same occupation, and, we believe, living together, should give such discordant evidence. William, who for many years past has had particular concerns in the planting and felling of timber in Dean forest, says there is very little timber left in that forest; that the greater part is cut, and that there may be left some twelve or fourteen thousand loads. Abraham, who also knows the forest of Dean, says there is a great deal of very fine timber there, of a very good size, large, 60, 70, 80, 90, and 100 feet. Again, Mr. William Driver says pretty confidently that the supply of timber fit for naval purposes may serve some twenty or five and twenty years to come; that after that period there will be a scarcity of large timber, and that there will be no intermediate timber, from that period through a period of seventy or eighty years, to afford a supply fit for naval purposes, either on government plantations or private estates; that it requires from 80 to 120 years for an oak to grow to a size fit for building large ships.* Abraham, on the contrary, says he does not think there is any scarcity at all of timber fit for building large ships; that there is no chance of a scarcity; and that there is enough progressively coming forwards to fill up the interval till the young

* Minutes of Evidence, pp. 161 to 168.

plantations are fit for use; many of which, our readers will be surprized to hear, 'will be fit to cut down and applied to the purposes of the navy at 50 years old.' He admits, however, that smaller timber is now used for large ships than formerly, though he does not pretend to know the cause of it; and he also admits that a tree of one hundred years old may be a large tree, but does not undertake to say that every tree will be so even at that age. He thinks too that, when consulted in 1792, he gave an opinion that large timber in general had at that time decreased, and that since that time it has been decreasing both in the woods and hedges.* We are greatly mistaken if he has not, since that period, given a very decided opinion of the great decrease of oak timber in most parts of the kingdom, and of the very small quantity that has been planted; that people of landed property will not plant oak because it is a century in coming to its growth, and that it will not then pay them for the trouble and expense that have been incurred.

If the present committee had been able to ascertain the actual state of the country with regard to a present and future supply of oak timber, it would have rendered a most important service to the public; but as yet it has done no such thing: the evidence on the part of the ship-builders has left the question precisely where it stood; and though two thirds of the minutes of this evidence bear on this point; though it has been, as Mr. Adolphus observes, 'the subject of investigation by the examination of no less than fifteen or sixteen witnesses,' the sum of the information obtained, amounts to little more than this—that there are many noblemen and gentlemen in the different counties of England and Wales who have still some oak timber growing on their estates. Nothing, indeed, could be more loose and vague than the evidence of these fifteen or sixteen timber merchants who were examined, and who are the purveyors to the Thames builders, or, as Mr. Cornelius Truffitt calls them, 'a kind of middle men.' The dealings of each of these persons, which they themselves consider to be extensive, amount on an average from a thousand to two thousand loads of oak timber in the year; and it is quite clear that their ideas of plenty and scarcity are entirely relative to the ease or difficulty with which they procured the little portions that pass through their hands, and without the least reference to the aggregate consumption of the country; of which, indeed, not a single individual among them appeared to have the most distant conception. They all state, it is true, that they have hitherto found no difficulty in procuring their little quota, and therefore conclude there can be no scarcity. Unable to carry their conceptions so far as to suppose

* Minutes of Evidence, pp. 215 to 223.

that one hundred thousand acres of woodland, of one hundred years growth, to be felled and replanted in rotation, are required for the demands of the navy alone, they consider a few woods of one, two, or three hundred acres within a county as evidence of abundance of timber. Ignorant that from 60 to 80,000 loads of timber are required for the annual consumption of the navy—ignorant that this quantity is but about one sixth part of the whole consumption of the country, which cannot be taken at less than 400,000 loads, they consider an estate to be rich in timber that can afford to fell 400 loads a year. Indeed when we find that every oak tree of fifty or sixty years of age, whether in clumps or in hedge rows, in parks or in fields, is known, measured, and registered in the pocket-books of some one or other of these dealers or middle men, when not a single oak fit for felling escapes their notice, such keen observation and minute knowledge are no slight proofs of the scarcity of the article in question.

Every body has heard of the magnificent woods of Lord Ailesbury at Tottenham near Marlborough, and of course they are not forgotten in the evidence before us. The quantity fit for felling is stated by Mr. Major Bull to be from 30 to 40,000 loads, worth 600,000*l*.* that is to say to about one-twelfth part of a year's consumption, or barely one month's supply—but we are not told how many years must elapse before they will supply another month's consumption. It is well known that the late Lord Ailesbury, who died at a very advanced age, would never suffer a stick of timber to be cut down, though much of it was decaying, and his woods would have been improved by it; the quantity now standing is therefore the accumulated growth of two centuries. With great submission however to Major Bull, we conceive we shall be much nearer the mark in stating the quantity of timber fit for felling in Marlborough forest at 10,000 loads, including the whole of the ornamental timber in the park, and its value at 100,000*l*.† But admitting the county of Wilts to possess one oak forest of an extent equal to what is stated by Major Bull, where shall we look for another county with such a timber estate in it? Messrs. Bowsher and Co. who are contractors for supplying the navy, enumerate in their letter to the Navy Board no less than *eleven* counties in which 35,000 loads are considered

as

* Minutes of Evidence, pp. 302 and 305.

† Since this was printed we have seen the evidence of Mr. Henry Fermor, timber surveyor, which we cannot possibly pass over, though we had intended not to avail ourselves of any part of the evidence in behalf of the India-built ship owners. It would seem that some of the committee entertained the same doubts as ourselves of the accuracy of Mr. Major Bull's evidence, and Mr. Lavie, the solicitor, was therefore instructed to employ Mr. Fermor to make an actual survey of the several woods and wooded estates enumerated by Major Bull.

as the utmost quantity that could be procured in them in two years.*

We know not how far we may trust to the opinion of Mr. Jacob Read of Limehouse, timber-merchant, but if that could be considered as valid, we should have a pretty good criterion to judge of the state of large naval timber in the kingdom. He says that the eight following counties with which, as a timber-merchant, he is well acquainted, namely, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Warwick, Glamorgan, Brecknock, Monmouth, and Radnor, would each produce as much timber as would build a 74-gun ship, taking one county with another; and that it would require fifty years before a second crop of eight seventy-fours could be obtained from those counties; for that in procuring the first eight he must take away all the timber above forty years old, and the remaining part must stand to the age of 90 or 100 years, to afford a sufficient quantity of large timber fit for 74-gun ships.†

As proof of the abundance of oak timber in the kingdom, it was asserted that large lots of last year's felling were still on hand, for which there was no sale; but the builders failed to shew that this superabundance had produced the usual effect of plenty, namely,

The result of the survey compared with the lumping conjectures of the 'land steward,' is too curious for us to omit.

From Mr. Major Bull's statement.*		From Mr. Henry Fermor's statement.*	
Loads fit for naval purposes.		Loads from 100 to 30 ft. metings.	
Highclere and Burgclere	10,000	Highclere and Burgclere	2,661
Kingsden, Sidmanton, and Echenswell	7,000	Kingsden, Sidmanton, and Echenswell	1,736
Wasing and Aldermaston	4,000	Wasing and Aldermaston	1,595
Inglefield, Becuham, and Bradfield	4,000	Inglefield, Becuham, and Bradfield	1,323
Bucklebury and Donnington	16,000	Bucklebury and Donnington	1,419
Crookham and Brampton	1,000	Crookham and Brampton	359
Sandleford, Woodspeen, & Ham	2,000	Sandleford, Woodspeen, & Ham	1,334
Ewhurst, &c.	5,000	Ewhurst, &c.	2,732
East Woodhay and Hampstead Park	3,000	East Woodhay and Hampstead Park	1,002
Marlborough Forest, exclusive of ornamental timber	30,000	Marlborough Forest, exclusive of ornamental timber	4,284
			ornamental timber included.

By Major Bull, Loads 82,000 By Mr. Fermor, Loads 19,065

It may be observed that if, from Major Bull's lumping way of 10 or 12, 30 or 40 thousand loads, we had taken the larger, instead of the smaller numbers, it would have made his statement to the committee about *five times* the quantity that is actually found on the estates and parishes above-mentioned—so much for Major Bull!

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 301.

† Minutes of Evidence, pp. 583 and 584.

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 384.

† Minutes of Evidence, pp. 306 and 307.

that of reducing the prices. Mr. Morris however, who is joint contractor with Mr. Larkins, for supplying the king's yards with timber, declares in his evidence, 'We have gone through the kingdom purchasing, and I am not acquainted with quantities lying unpurchased: I say that, in justice to ourselves, as contractors with government, there is no large timber on hand in any part of the country.*' But Mr. John Kershaw, who has been five and twenty years in the trade, boldly asserts that 'there is, in various counties, a supply of oak timber, ready cut, for *five to seven years*—that he has seen it—that he has himself four or five hundred loads.' By a little cross-questioning, however, he admitted that he had not the least conception of the quantity required for the general consumption of the country—that *five or seven years* would be a most extravagant time to let timber lie after it was cut—nay, that he knew of no instance of any one merchant having got 400 loads of timber which had been cut *four years*. Here the learned counsel for the ship-builders objected to the *line* of examination, and Mr. John Kershaw was ordered to withdraw; and if, in his subsequent examination, he sometimes, like poor Wronghead in the play, said *aye*, when he should have said *no*, the agent for the ship-builders only is to blame, for having failed to prepare him for what he had to go through—a failure however which, to do him justice, he cannot often be charged with.†

Mr. Adolphus affirms boldly enough, that the contractors for supplying the dock-yards have 'gained the ear of government,' that this accounts for their representing timber as scarce; 'that they shut their eyes,' 'and that they cannot find their way to Limehouse to purchase timber,‡—alluding to the evidence of one Richardson, a timber-merchant of Limehouse, who, with great confidence, ridiculed the idea of any scarcity, for that he had plenty of timber, which he had offered to the contractor for the navy at 7*l.* a load, but that he never once went to look at it. Now, what was the fact? Mr. Ramage, purveyor to the navy, examined this timber, as usual, and reported the whole of it as a parcel of trash unfit for the navy. This Mr. Richardson, who was sure that there was no scarcity of oak timber, was completely ignorant either of the supply or demand of this article.§

We deemed it of some importance to determine the extent of forest that would be required to meet all the demands of the navy, on a given scale, for oak timber; the first step towards which was to ascertain the number of full grown oak trees that might be

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 176.

† Minutes of Evidence, p. 188, et seq.

‡ Speech of Mr. Adolphus, p. 41.

§ Minutes of Evidence, p. 246.

expected to grow on a given quantity of land. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests calculated that 40 trees would grow on an acre of land; to keep on the safe side, we reckoned only 35, according to which, 102,600 acres, by a regular succession of felling and replanting, would afford an adequate and constant supply for all naval demands. We pointed out the danger and impolicy of placing dependence on private estates, as, from a variety of circumstances, not necessary to be here repeated, few plantations of oak had recently been, or were likely to be, planted by individuals, the principal of which was that land could be turned to more profit by any other kind of produce; and this we still maintain, notwithstanding the testimony of Mr. Major Bull, which has been particularly pointed out to Mr. Adolphus, and which he tells us, makes it quite clear 'that old land will not be taken out of timber in order to be made pasture, because it is not so profitable, not so wise a way of disposing of land, not so sure of producing an ultimately beneficial result, as the laying of it out to timber.'*†

We stated on very good authority that oaks would not thrive on land that is not worth 20s. an acre annual rent. Mr. A. Driver says that 'land of 20s. an acre is too good for planting;' that 'land that is good for cultivation should not be planted, on account of the interest of money accumulating so high;' and Mr. Robert Harvey, land steward, says that in Staffordshire they never plant on land that is worth more than 14s. an acre. Now to plant oaks on such lands would be a waste of labour and of capital, for they would not reach the size of frigate timber in two centuries; yet this same Mr. Robert Harvey, whose intelligence Mr. Counsellor Adolphus is pleased to compliment, has the hardihood to avow that 'for one oak that is cut down, an hundred are planted to my knowledge; for one acre of wood that has been grubbed up, a hundred acres have been set out under my observation.' Few of our readers, we imagine, know any thing of this Mr. Robert Harvey, but most people have heard of Mr. Arthur Young, and he says that 'in the counties best adapted for the growth of oak not one acre has been planted for fifty acres of woodlands that have been

* Speech of Mr. Adolphus, p. 41.

† Here we must again refer to Mr. Fermor's evidence.—Mr. Spankie. 'Have you known any quantities of woodland grubbed up?'—Answer. 'Yes; it is a general practice since corn has been so dear. I consider there have been from four to five hundred acres within five miles of Newbury.'—Mr. Spankie. 'Do you know any woodland grubbed up upon the property of Lord Carnarvon?'—Answer. 'Yes.'—Mr. Spankie. 'How much?'—Answer. 'I cannot tell the quantity of acres, but there have been two farms grubbed; a good deal laid open; the fields enlarged; the hedges have been grubbed, taking the timber and all away together.'—Mr. Spankie. 'Mr. Major Bull is the steward or manager to Lord Carnarvon?'—Answer. 'Yes, he is the land steward.'—Evidence, p. 386.

grubbed up.' It would be a strange anomaly indeed in the progressive improvement of nations, if an increased population should not have created a competition between timber and food, and if England's 'shadowy forests' should not have given way to the demands of three millions of people which have been added to her population within the present reign;—but it is an absolute waste of words to combat such foolish assertions.

These inquiries, founded on truth and common sense, the ship-builders' agent calls 'childish essays'—'one of the principal engines of the adversaries of the ship-builders.' The committee, however, indulged pretty freely in these 'childish essays.' They endeavoured, but with little success, to elicit some information from the several timber merchants who were examined. Some had never given a thought to the subject, and others might be able to calculate if time were allowed them. One youth, however, appears first to have astonished and then to have disgusted the committee. Mr. Thomas Alexander had been concerned in the timber trade five or six years. He produced 'a list made out last Monday' of every oak tree whether in hedgerow, wood, or park, in the counties of Kent and Sussex. He had measured many thousands to ascertain their progressive growth, and 'I can shew,' says Thomas, 'in what time a tree will grow from 39 feet, one inch and four parts, to 59 feet seven inches one part four seconds and six thirds; this I calculate to be in ten years.*' For a further display of such amazing depth of knowledge in a youth who, 'if he lived a fortnight longer would be twenty,' Mr. Adolphus seems to have *got up* an amusing sort of dialogue, though it did not produce that dramatic effect on the committee which it was evidently intended to do; much less did it invalidate our original position against which it was directly levelled:—indeed he abandons this part of the case in his summing up, and dismisses us in a way peculiar to himself. —'Sir, I never trouble my head with these fopperies, and therefore I cannot pretend to answer the critics in their own way.' We would just hint to this gentleman, that if he had more of such *fopperies* in his head, and less flippancy elsewhere, neither he nor his clients would be losers by it.

A very short specimen of Mr. Thomas Alexander's examination by Mr. Adolphus, will suffice to shew that *he* too has his *fopperies*:

Mr. Adolphus.—'Do you know how many square feet there are in an acre of land?'—Thomas.—'Yes; 43,560.'

Mr. Adolphus.—'How many trees of 40 feet will grow upon an acre?'

—Thomas.—'108; allowing 400 square feet to every tree.'

This wonderful calculator then proceeds to instruct the com-

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 209.

mittee in the management of this acre of oaks, which he clearly demonstrates, by slate and pencil, will produce to the proprietor four or five-and-twenty pounds a-year, besides four or five pounds a-year for underwood and small cuttings, or at the end of 85 years will be worth 2130*l.* Well may Mr. Adolphus say that 'this was considered prodigious!' that this youth of twenty 'was a good deal quarrelled with for his evidence,' and that he was 'thought presumptuous.' In fact, it was soon discovered that all this young gentleman's measurements were 'by the eye,' and that his oaks grew not so much by virtue of the soil in which they were planted, as of the ratio between the diameter of a circle and its circumference, which he kindly informs the committee is as 7 to 22; in short that all his knowledge was extracted from 'his father's books:' for when examined as to *facts*, he admitted that he never knew 60 trees of 88 feet cut from one acre—he never knew 30 trees of that measure—he never knew 20 trees of that measure—and the sum of all his practical knowledge came at last to be reduced to this—'that he *does think he can say* that there are 40 trees in one wood which would not occupy an acre if they were standing together.*

Mr. Abraham Driver, who has been all his lifetime a valuer of timber and surveyor of estates, never heard of such a thing as an acre of timber of any age being worth 2000*l.*; never heard of an acre of timber at 85 years being worth 25*l.* an acre per annum, nor any thing like it; nor has any idea that such a thing is possible. He thinks that timber from 80 to 100 years of age *may* have produced at the rate of half a load an acre per annum worth 6*l.* or at the end of 85 years worth to the proprietor 426*l.*†

Mr. Edward Ellis, who has dealt in timber twenty years, comes still closer to the point. He knows a wood of Mr. Turner measuring 120 acres, one of the finest woods he ever saw or was in, and one likely to produce more to the owner, in proportion to the number of acres:—'after the value of 8000*l.* of timber had been felled out of this fine wood, he had himself offered 30,000*l.* for the remainder.' Hence it follows that this finest wood that was ever seen of 120 acres, is only worth to the proprietor, at the end of a hundred years, about 38,000*l.* or 316*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per acre.‡ When we stated in our 'childish essays' the value of an acre of oak timber at the end of one hundred years at 1000*l.* we were accused, by the ship builders' agent of wishing to discourage the plantation of oaks. This is not true; no such foolish idea ever entered our heads; our object was to encourage the proper care and culture of those that

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 214.

† Minutes of Evidence, p. 224.

‡ Minutes of Evidence, p. 269.

did exist, well knowing that no new plantations were likely to be made—to point out the absolute necessity of appropriating a sufficient portion of the lands and forests of the crown for the future supply of the navy; and, in the mean time, to make use of those resources which our territories in Asia afforded: but above all to discontinue that wasteful and ruinous system of building ships of the line in private yards, which is the second point of our present inquiry.

2. Of the superior quality of ships of war built in the king's yards over those built in the merchants' yards, we really were not prepared to hear that 'it is all prejudice which has been excited either by ignorant or interested persons.' 'It is notorious,' says the writer of the "Remarks" on our "Calumnies," 'that some commanders and even admirals have an unfavourable opinion of ships built in the private yards.' Indeed! but then these commanders and admirals are modestly considered by him as prejudiced blockheads, who have no other means of distinguishing king's-built ships but by their 'defective planks, amended by large unsightly pieces, a practice of which the contractor (private builder) is not allowed to avail himself; and therefore,' he adds, 'it follows, that it is rather by the defects, than the superiority, that king's-built ships may be distinguished.* It is true—the private contractor is not allowed, by the terms of his contract, to put into the ship defective timber; but we shall presently shew what the practice is of concealing such defects by the less 'unsightly' and very commodious expedient of *paint and putty*.

In recording the melancholy instances of failure in the *Victorious*, the *Arrogant*, the *Sceptre*, the *Albion*, the *Rodney*, and the *Dublin*, we thought no other evidence was necessary to prove the inferiority of merchant-built to king's-built ships. We have now before us a list of the line-of-battle ships built by contract between January 1793, and December 1813, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 28th April, 1814; and from this list the following ships, with their short history, may be added to those abovementioned.

	When built.	First cost. L	Time of service before being docked.		Cost of Repairs. L	When paid off.
			Yrs.	Mo.		
Superb	1798	38,647	2	6	47,283	1809
Ajax	1798	39,039	0	5	26,683	1802
Achille	1798	38,450	1	5	25,646	1802
Spencer	1800	36,249	2	9	43,748	1802

But in spite of all these facts, it is one of our 'calumnies' to have stated that ships built in private yards required to be rebuilt in

* Remarks, &c. p. 30.

six or seven years, and many of them to be paid off after four or five years service. It appears indeed that we were far below the mark in estimating the superiority of ships built in the king's yards to those built in private yards as 4 to 3. And although we stated from authority on which we could rely that at the time when the price of building by contract was 36*l.* per ton, the cost in the king's yards was no more than 28*l.* per ton, this agent of the Thames builders boldly asserts, without either proof or argument, 'that the public obtains *three* 74-gun ships from the private builders for the same sum which *two* cost in the king's yards.' Granting, however, that his assertion was as true as it is otherwise, the public would still have a dear bargain of his three 74's; though Mr. John Hillman, surveyor of the East India Company's shipping, may affect to think otherwise. He says in his evidence he is *sure* that ships built in merchants' yards are quite equal, and *thinks* they are superior, to those built in the king's yards!—but Mr. John Hillman also informs the committee, that he built the Albion—and we shall therefore, in mercy, say no more of him.*

But, says the agent of the Thames builders, as ships are built by contract which specifies dimensions and scantlings, including every article and particular, with drawings, &c. to which the contractor binds himself to conform, 'he is not held in the least responsible for the failure of any part of the construction of the ship, whether it be a deficiency in strength, stability, burthen, or sailing, provided the materials be good, and the workmanship properly performed.' The learned counsel Mr. Harrison, says he will shew that they are so 'by distinct and positive evidence.' We undertake to shew that they are *not* so, 'by the distinct and positive evidence' of facts—and that they cannot be so, even by the evidence which he himself has brought forward. The persons called on to prove these points, are the aforesaid Mr. John Hillman, and Mr. James Hughes, a superannuated shipwright from one of his Majesty's dock-yards, who, it appears, superintended the building of the Dublin.† This Mr. James Hughes, though superannuated, seems

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* See note on the Albion, *infra*.

† The Thames builders have attempted to fix the failure of the Dublin on the mode of her being fastened after a plan of Mr. Peake, surveyor of the navy. The plan is certainly objectionable, but why have not the *Fame*, the *Invincible*, the *Duncan*, and others similarly fastened, also failed? On this point we have the opinion of three of the king's builders, two of whom have since been promoted to the high situation of surveyors of the navy.—'As there are many ships fastened similarly to the Dublin, and as they have in no instance presented such signs of weakness, as that ship has, we are apprehensive that an insufficiency of workmanship may be discovered when she is opened in order to make good the defects.'

(Signed)

' H. DIDDAMS.
' J. TUCKER.
' R. SEPPINGS.'

to be an active, bustling, blundering sort of a man, but a most determined advocate for the merchant builders. His zeal, however, sometimes outstrips his discretion, and we suppose Mr. Adolphus thinks so, as he never once glances at his evidence. Indeed when he asserts that the *Dublin* was built of the best oak and well seasoned; that he knows (what no one else pretends to know) by looking at a piece of oak how long it had been felled; that in the construction of a ship he considers the frame timbers as the least material part—just as the walls of a house, we suppose, are of no consequence, provided the plaster be good with which they are covered—his testimony is unworthy of the least attention. On this part of the question we have to offer a few observations.

First, with regard to the materials. We believe it will not be disputed that ships built of green timber, and fastened in that state, cannot be durable.—That ships are so built in the merchants' yards, we can prove from the evidence of Mr. Isaac Sparrow, clerk to Messrs. Barnard and Co. who says that timber then felling would, by the time it arrived at the yard, be sufficiently seasoned to go into a ship; that this time might be some three months; and that he thinks *three months* long enough for timber to season; and he further confirms one of our 'calumnies' by saying that he does not think Messrs. Barnard and Co. had at any time timber on hand sufficient for the building of a 74-gun ship.* The *Rodney* was built by these gentlemen, the fastenings of which, by the shrinking of the timber, either gave way, or got so loose, that in less than three years she was not sea-worthy.† In the report of the survey of the *Albion* at Bombay it is stated that 'the ship is in general in a very weak state, from having been built of *green timber* which is *shrunk*, and occasions the ship to work much.

But 'the time the vessel is to stand to season is at the discretion of the Navy Board;—it may be so, but when once fastened it is too late to let her stand to season; the longer she stands to season in this state the more will every part of her frame contract in

The Plymouth officers state in their report 'that the defects of the *Dublin* exceed any that we have ever before experienced in a new ship.' Mr. Adolphus, we observe, triumphs prodigiously over us in his summing up, because we stated the expense of the *Dublin's* repairs at 20,000*l.* but his triumph will prove of short duration. *The Dublin* was *not repaired*, but patched up and bound together with iron knees, for temporary service, at an expense of 6000*l.* To repair her thoroughly, as once intended, would have cost 20,000*l.* The return before him, 'in which it is stated that there has not been a shilling expended on that ship,' is, like most returns of the same kind, incorrect—we repeat, her temporary repairs cost nearly 6000*l.*

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 132.

† The three master shipwrights, whose opinions on the *Dublin* are quoted in the preceding note, report that, in the *Rodney*, they found a bolt in the chock of a beam not through the ship's side, and that a hole bored for a bolt had only putty stuffed into it; there is nothing like 'paint and putty' for concealing the defects of a ship.

its

its dimensions, and the consequence must be that the timber will either be torn in pieces by the fastenings, or the fastenings will be loosened, or twisted, or broken by the shrinking of the timber.

Then, we are told, 'the resident overseer may reject any of the materials which appear to be defective.' We shall see presently the extent of the authority, and the use of this resident overseer; in the mean time we quote a passage from the Portsmouth's officers on the defects of the Ajax.

'It is evident that the defective state of the knees and riders proceeded from the *unfitness of the materials themselves*, the knees in particular being much forced, and grain cut, and appear many of them, as well as the riders, to have been *originally converted from shakey timber*.'

When the surveying officer was called upon for an explanation he stated in justification of his conduct,

'That the *unfitness and bad quality* of the timber used on the above ship, neither were, nor could be, discovered by the surveying officers of the yard, as the defects (if any) are *always hid by putty*, and the surfaces of the beams, knees, riders, &c. covered over with three coats of paint.'

The evidence of Mr. Thomas Noakes, draftsman and surveyor to Messrs. Wigram and Green, and ship-joiner on his own bottom, will afford us considerable aid in estimating the value of the materials made use of in merchants' yards. He says that the scantlings used for 74-gun ships are smaller than formerly; that they prefer using timber that is nearly of the size wanted—'it is more durable because it is younger, and a young piece of timber is more durable than an old piece'—very logically concluded on the part of Mr. Thomas Noakes. Besides, 'it is best for the ship and best for the builder.' If this be so, what foolish people must our ancestors, whose 'wisdom' is so extravagantly bepraised by the ship-builders, have been! Better for the builder! no doubt it is; and nothing but sheer stupidity could have prevented our forefathers from discovering the obvious advantage of using young small timber, so soft, so sappy, so much easier to be procured, so much cheaper, so much more lightly to be worked:—they, good souls, did not know the value of a plentiful crop of mushrooms, the infallible precursors of the 'modern fashionable disorder called the *dry-rot*'—they, it would seem, foolishly imagined that it was 'better for the ship,' to hack and hew away all the sappy part of the timber, and in the simplicity of their hearts consoled themselves for this unnecessary drudgery by making the burden of their song,

'Heart of oak are our ships', &c.

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 338.

Thomas Noakes, however, when asked by the committee if he would give more for young timber than for old, if he were buying it, very emphatically and laconically answered, No. Mr. William Johnson, draftsman, purveyor, and converter for Mr. Pitcher's yard, entirely concurs with Mr. Thomas Noakes. 'I never buy,' says he, 'very large timber if they will let me refuse it.' 'What is your reason for that?' asks the committee—'It comes heavier to convert; it is more expensive to convert than smaller timber.*' The history of the 'dry rot' has received considerable lights from the young timber of Mr. William Johnson and Mr. Thomas Noakes, and the three months' seasoning of Mr. Isaac Sparrow.

A few words will be sufficient to shew the superiority of king's-built ships with regard to *materials*. It is the duty of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Navy to provide a stock of timber in the several dock-yards sufficient to allow a proper seasoning before it is converted into the several sizes and shapes for the different parts of the fabric. The active competition of the private builders in late years has made it necessary for them to contract with certain persons to deliver certain quantities within a given time; but not a stick of this timber is sent off to the yards until it has been examined by a purveyor of the navy, who has the power of rejecting whatever he may think proper. After this the timber master, under the master ship-wright, is made responsible for every piece that is received into the yard, and for its being properly arranged and stowed in the best manner for seasoning. The foreman of the works is directed to refuse any piece of timber from the timber-master that is unfit either from defects or dimensions. When the frame timbers of a ship are prepared, they are then set up in their proper places, slightly attached together, but not fastened; and in this state they are allowed to stand for many months, sometimes for years, to undergo such further seasoning as may be thought sufficient to prevent them from contracting or shrinking. They are then, in this dry and seasoned state, fastened together; a roof is thrown over the ship to keep out the rain; she is planked downwards to prevent any wet from lodging within; and she is not caulked till ready to be launched into the water. This is the practice now followed in the king's yards; whereas it is well known that a private builder never has, nor can he be expected to have, a stock of timber on hand fit for ships of the line, which he may never be called on to build, and consequently when called upon, he resorts to the practice pointed out by Messrs. Johnson, Noakes, and Sparrow.

Let us now inquire how the question stands with regard to *workmanship*. It is stated by the writer of the 'Remarks,' and of

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 423.

course by the learned counsel in his speech, that, in addition to the resident overseer, there are the carpenter, who is to sail in the ship, and the assistant surveyor of the navy who inspects twice a week, very minutely, every part of the work in its progress: that the principal surveyor visits the yard occasionally; that the intercourse and interchange of workmen between the king's and private yards are so frequent that the works in each may be said to be performed by one set of artificers; and that the ship is resurveyed after launching by the dock-yard officers—all which is proved by Mr. John Hillman and Mr. James Hughes, one of whom *oversaw* the building of the Albion, and the other that of the Dublin.

The resident overseer is a quartermaster, one degree above a common carpenter; his salary is from £160 to £180 a year. This person is appointed to overlook, and to check, the work of a body of men who, from the evidence of John Pascal Larkins, Esq. ship-owner and underwriter, are not very easily checked or controlled. They work, as this gentleman tells us, by task and job, or rather by the lump; they work so much earlier and so much later that they can earn three days work in one.—‘I believe,’ says he, ‘a shipwright may earn a guinea a day in job work;’* yet these are the men who are to be checked by the overseer with his £160 a year. The fact is, the resident overseer has little or no controul over them; he is afraid to interfere with their work; and although Mr. John Hillman and Mr. James Hughes, ‘good easy men,’ may have had the fortune to escape a broken head from a mallet, or a broken shin from a treenail, we dare say they have heard of others who in their zeal for the public service have been less lucky. We do not mean to cast any blame on the private builders on account of the imperfect inspection of the ship; the fault is in the system, and the only remedy that we know of is to relinquish altogether the building of ships of the line in these yards. We state not this ‘from malice,’ which is the only motive that Mr. Counsellor Adolphus can comprehend, but from a firm and decided conviction that large ships of war never can be built in the merchants’ yards with that care and sufficiency which can alone fit them for their destined purpose.

But allowing every degree of authority and controul to the overseer, and of docility to the shipwrights, we maintain the utter impossibility of one man overlooking the work of the great number of men employed at the same time on the different parts of so large a machine as a seventy-four gun-ship. While superintending the work of one gang on one side of the ship, another gang on the

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 122.

opposite side may be 'clenching devils,' as they did in the Albion,* under the inspection of Mr. John Hillman; or driving *short bolts*,

as

* The reports of the surveying officers of Chatham-yard, on the defects of this ship, will best illustrate the importance and value of the *resident overseer's* services, of the subsequent survey, and throw considerable light on the question of building ships of war in private yards.

Extract of a Copy of a Letter to the Navy Board, Chatham-yard, 1st April, 1811.

'The Albion, under repair in this yard, from her extraordinary defects, calls for a minute inspection, and a particular description of the causes that may be discovered, that have led to such uncommon complaints, in order to prevent similar occurrences.

'We have taken a stroke out of her bottom, at the run of the first and second futtock heads, where we discovered that the usual mode of fastening the plank by single and double boring the timbers alternately has not been attended to, a large portion of the timbers being only single bored; of course the ship has been deprived of a considerable quantity of fastenings, and the treenails that are driven appear much crippled, from the strain that has been upon them; the plank at the run of the second futtock heads in particular, is not generally in contact with the timbers, nor was it in the first instance, for we discover that it is not in places the proper thickness.

'The butts of the wales and the materials above are drawn apart in many places by the hogging of the ship, so that recourse has been had to the letting in of pieces at the butts, to make the caulking stand.

'In the hold, the foot-waling was from the orlop clamps down, a mass of defective matter; we in consequence unbolted the riders, and took it out, when we discovered the timbers of the frame, and the opening sodden with filth; had the ship been sunk in mud, her state could not have been worse; in places she appears to have been a prey to insects of different descriptions, for some of the openings were absolutely full of their remains.

'In unbolting the riders, hooks and crutches, we found many bolts broken, some *short*, and a few termed *devils*, or in other words *false clenches*; in the crutches we also found several bolts *ragged*, which we imagined was done in consequence of their being bored for with an augur of a larger diameter than the bolt required, as rope yarns were wrapped round the bolts so served. A piece of gun-deck spirketting and also a shift of foot-waling was discovered to be chopped in, termed a Spanish burn.

'The stern frame of the ship is fallen aft many inches, which may be seen by the carling under the gun-deck beam which rises to the throat of the deck transoms.

'The thwartship's arms of the knees of the various decks are twisted from the sides of the beams, many of them sprung so, as to be of little use to the ship; and a considerable quantity of the fore and aft bolts broken, many of the beams defective, and departed considerably from their original round, particularly the orlop; in fact, this ship presents a fabric of *complete debility*, arising principally from the *insufficiency of the workmanship*.

'With respect to the *devil-bolts*, as they are termed, or *false clenches*, we conceive the act so truly criminal that we are humbly of opinion that the legislature should provide a punishment proportionate to the offence.

'If it is judged proper to enact a penalty to prevent accidents in cases where the common stages are loaded with passengers beyond a limited number, of how much more consequence is it to prevent acts which may be the destruction of hundreds!

(Signed) R. SEPPINGS, E. P. HELLGUYER, W. HUNT.

JOSEPH SPECK,
THOMAS PARROTT,
RICHARD PRICE,

{
Carpenters of the { Queen,
Ramillies,
Albion.'

The warrant for the Navy Board ordering the repairs of this ship did not, it seems, embrace all that was necessary to be done; upon which the surveying officers again addressed the Board as follows:

'We can with great truth assure your Honourable Board that our reason for making the representation was grounded on no other motive than that of doing our duty in a

CASE

as was the case in the *Ardent*; or filling up bolt holes and the rifts in *shakey* timber, with 'paint and putty.' We anticipate the reply—there is the carpenter also to superintend the building of the ship—the carpenter who is to sail in her—'aye,' exclaims Mr. Adolphus with seeming exultation, 'to risk his own life upon the workmanship which he superintends.' This great hit, however, unfortunately for his argument, is not founded in fact; it so happens that nine times out of ten the carpenter appointed to a ship when building does *not* sail in her, but is one on whom, for long service, hurts, age, or infirmity, the appointment is conferred as a mere matter of favour; and when the ship is ready for launching a more active carpenter supersedes him.

The assistant surveyor neither does, nor can he, inspect *minutely*; he does not go twice a week, nor always twice a month; the principal surveyor may go *twice*, or not at all, during the time the ship is on the stocks; nor would his visit be of much use. Equally unsatisfactory is the resurvey of the ship, when she is received into the king's yards. We shall quote the reply of the builder and his assistants, when called on to explain their conduct with regard to the Rodney.

'The Rodney was carefully inspected by us in the usual manner, and reported that, as far as practicable for us to form an opinion, the works appeared to be executed in a workmanlike manner, and agreeably to the terms of the contract; but it is not possible for us to form any opinion of the internal parts of the work, which can be known only to those who inspect the whole of the work, in the progress of her building.*'

In

case where great neglect had taken place, from which the government has sustained a considerable loss and a ship's company narrowly escaped shipwreck.

'We had flattered ourselves that our survey would have met with your Honourable Board's approbation, and so we humbly conceive it would, but we suspect representations have been made to counteract what we have stated; if that be the case, we should be happy to meet those on the spot that have advanced a contrary doctrine. Our suspicions that a different report has been given, arise from the mode of repair you have been pleased to direct; and which mode we consider has been adopted in consequence of representations made by the assistant surveyor of the navy, who has, with the merchant ship-builders, visited this yard since our statement.

'We have opened her abaft since our survey, by which we have discovered great additional deficiency of workmanship, and should contrary opinions have been given to that we have advanced, we are of opinion, those that have offered them should come and view the ship.

(Signed)

R. SEPPINGS, E. P. HELLYER, W. HUNT.'

These horrible devils are not confined to the *Albion*. In the surveying officers' reports on the *Ardent* is the following passage: 'several of the fore and aft bolts of the gun, upper and quarter-decks, also the fore-castle, worked wholly out, and others partly so, in consequence of many of the bolts being short—some that worked out were only five inches and others nine inches long.

(Signed) JOSEPH TUCKER, J. ANCELL, EDWARD CHURCHILL, JAMES JACOB.'

* How very imperfect an estimate is to be formed from the survey of a ship may be collected from the following fact: four seventy-four gun-ships, the *Resolution*, the

Thunderer,

In the king's yards, however, there is so complete a system of inspection and responsibility, as to make it quite impossible to slur over the workmanship in the same slovenly manner which is practised in the private yards. The master shipwright is charged with the general and unremitting superintendence of all the works in each yard; his assistants superintend and controul the foreman of the work, the foreman the quartermen, and the quartermen are responsible for their respective gangs, to whom they allot the work they have to do, which is generally done by task and job, and not by the lump, as in the private yards. The quartermen, being salary officers, have no participation in the earnings of the gang, no interest in the work being slovenly or rapidly performed. They are, on the contrary, deeply interested in seeing that the work be well done, as, on their attention in this respect, their character and promotion wholly depend. But the effectual superintendence of the workmanship, by responsible quartermen, is not all—the work when done is accurately measured by another set of salary officers, called sub-measurers, who take a minute account of every piece of timber and plank that enters into the ship, every hole that is bored, every bolt that is clenched, every treenail that is driven, each of which has its appropriate price, according to its dimensions, adjusted with the greatest nicety from long experience, and printed in a set of tables, so that every man or gang of men may know precisely what he or they ought to receive for every description of work, whether new or old. The hours of labour are precisely regulated, and the utmost that a shipwright can earn is from six to eight shillings a day. He must be punctual in his attendance and decent and orderly in his behaviour; and it is this restraint on his conduct and his earnings that makes the shipwright prefer the free and irregular life he is permitted to lead in the private yards, although in the latter no provision is made, as in the king's yards, after a certain number of years service, for old age or infirmity.

If, after this comparison, and the practical experience of a twenty years war, there are still to be found those who favour the building of king's ships in private yards, such persons must shut their ears against all argument and fact, or be, what the writer of the 'Remarks' hardly asserts those to be who oppose his clients, 'swayed by prejudice or interest.'

But, then, it is said, those merchants' yards are necessary to the existence of the king's yards; as being an asylum for shipwrights

Thunderer, the Monarch and the Culloden were examined by the dock-yard officers, and reported as fit to be cut down and converted into razées, to be employed against the large American frigates. They were taken in succession into a dock for that purpose, but every one of them, on being opened, was found unfit for further service, and ordered to be broken up.

discharged

discharged from the latter in time of peace. 'It is equally important to the existence of the navy,' says Mr. Harrison, 'as a fabrication, that the ship-building in this country should be maintained to the full extent, as a nursery to the naval yards, and as a receptacle of persons out of employment in the time of peace, as that the nursery of seamen should be encouraged to man the navy for service:' and he tells us that, 'if you lose sight of this policy, you will destroy the means of being able to make any sudden exertion; you will transfer the shipwrights to other countries, where they would be gladly received.* And the writer of the 'Remarks' says, that 'the emigration in 1802 must be in the recollection of every one acquainted with maritime affairs.' He adds, in a note, 'See the letter addressed to the Admiralty in this year (1802) on that subject.' Now we shall take leave to instruct the learned counsel, and the agent, who is utterly unacquainted with 'maritime affairs,' that their nursery and their asylum, and their receptacle are purely ideal; that instead of men discharged from the king's yards finding an asylum in merchants' yards, the king's yards, as we shall shew, are the asylum for the reception of those who are turned adrift from the private yards when their employers have no longer occasion for their services. We can inform them that neither at the close of the American war, nor at the peace of Amiens, were *any* shipwrights discharged from the king's yards; and we defy them to mention the name of a single shipwright of any character that emigrated in 1802. We find too, on inquiry, that no such letter was written to or received by the Admiralty as that which we are desired 'to see,' on any such subject; and that, instead of discharging shipwrights, new regulations were made at that time for the better encouragement of entering apprentices to the shipwrights in the king's yards. We believe it neither is nor was intended to discharge shipwrights at the conclusion of a war which has raised the navy to its present state of unparalleled magnitude; at least we may safely say that to preserve that magnificent fleet, and keep it fit for service on any emergency, will afford ample employment; and this, in our minds, is a wiser policy than that of putting trust on the merchants' yards for 'any sudden exertion.' The king's dock-yards ought to be, and we trust they hereafter will be, their own nursery for shipwrights. To prepare and place in high order one hundred sail of the line of well-built and well-seasoned ships; to break up those which are no longer fit for service or deserving of repair; and to complete the works which we understand have been planned out in the several dock-yards; to render those establishments complete for all the purposes of his Majesty's naval ser-

* Speech of Mr. Harrison, p. 21,

vice, and independent of the merchant builders, except in the building of sloops and smaller vessels, on which alone they ought to be employed;—these are the surest means of obtaining a durable navy which may bid defiance to all the navies in the universe.

But, says the learned counsel, these discharged men will be told 'that in France and Holland they will be received with open arms.' We can easily believe that there are never wanting those who are ready to mislead by evil suggestions. We ask, however, what should they do in France? In France they have had shipwrights to construct a navy since the battle of Trafalgar, which had nearly annihilated their former one, amounting to more than 100 sail of the line and 70 frigates; of these it appears their peace establishment is to consist only of 13 sail of the line and 21 frigates. In France, therefore, we presume there must be a greater want of work than of shipwrights; and as to the Dutch, we are greatly mistaken if we do not very shortly see their ships of war converted into carriers of coffee, tea, and spices; at any rate, they have no money to lay out on their navy, or to give employment to their own 'discharged' shipwrights. We said that America has more shipwrights than can find employment, and we say so still; the writer of the 'Remarks,' with his usual talent for misrepresentation, makes us say, 'America is indifferent about seducing English subjects into the snare of citizenship.' We presume to know as much as, perhaps a little more than, this agent of the ship-builders, of American affairs; and when we spoke of shipwrights not being wanted there, we meant no reference to those deluded men who have thrown themselves in the way of being transported into the back settlements to hew down trees, and scalp Indians at so many dollars a head, provided they are killed, in conformity to the American Game Laws, 'before the 15th of June.'*

3. The pretended superiority of Thames-built merchant ships over teak-built ships is a point which they now seem to have almost abandoned. It formed no part of the learned counsel's opening speech, and Mr. Adolphus, oddly enough, makes the superior goodness of teak-built ships a reason why they should not be employed. The committee, however, put to Mr. John Hillman this question. 'After a given number of voyages, what have you found the state of a teak ship, as compared with the state of British ships?' *Answer.* 'A teak ship, after she has performed six voyages, is equal to one of ours after she has performed three.' Mr. Larkins, ship-owner, considers a teak ship to last double the time, with less repairs, of a Thames-built ship; and Mr. Walker, another ship-owner, states his having contracted for a 1200 ton ship in Calcutta, to be

* See our last Number, p. 532.

built of saul, sissoo, and teak, which he concludes, from every information that he has procured; will last far longer than a British-built ship, the workmanship being of a very superior kind: yet this officious agent of the ship-builders, with characteristic impertinence, thinks fit to animadvert on our having observed that Calcutta-built ships, though not to be compared with those built at Bombay, are excellent. In the true spirit of misrepresentation he likewise accuses us of 'such malevolence as none but a demon is supposed to possess,' for having stated a well-known fact, that, in the course of ten years, twelve Thames-built India-men had foundered at sea, in which upwards of two thousand persons perished. We gave their names, their ages, their tonnage, and the dates of their loss, without inference or surmise, but merely as an historical event, militating against the pretended established good character of Thames-built ships; the fact admitted not of refutation; it could not be denied; and yet it is set down as one of our 'calumnies'—nay 'a coarse and venomous calumny,' made, as he says, to introduce and grace the assertion, that, 'with one solitary exception, there is no instance on record of a Bombay-built teak merchant ship having foundered at sea.' We repeat the assertion; but deny that it was made for any such purpose. We are not so silly as to imagine that there is any charm in teak to prevent ships built of that wood from foundering, but we do say that the quality it possesses of not shrinking under any circumstances, and the very superior workmanship of India-built ships, enable them to resist the violence of a tempestuous sea which would overwhelm an unseasoned and consequently weak oak-built ship. If the English builders are not satisfied with the comparison we have already made, we will furnish them with a very remarkable case in point, which they may again instruct their agent to designate as 'calumny,' or 'malevolence,' or any other abusive name they think fit. The *Dover* and the *Chichester*, one Indian, the other European-built, were driven on shore at Madras in 1811. The *Chichester* was speedily dashed to atoms, but the *Dover* resisted for months the most violent surf that is probably known in the whole world. Carpenters endeavoured in vain to take her in pieces, which at length was only effected by blowing her up with gunpowder. This ship was twenty years old.

We know not for what purpose the 'Reports of the Committee of Shipping' are printed in the Minutes of Evidence—not with a view surely of exculpating the builders of the ships that foundered; for they do no such thing; they are in fact mere matters of official form, written out by a clerk and signed by the committee: take for instance the substance of that respecting the loss of the *Prince of Wales*.

'The committee report that they have reason to believe that all the persons who were on board the Prince of Wales, at the time of her loss, have perished; and that, as the occasion and circumstances relating to her loss are wholly unknown, there is an impossibility of inquiring satisfactorily into the loss of the said ship. The committee further report that they are fully satisfied that the ship was stored in a sufficient manner at her outfit for her voyage, and that, consequently, no blame can attach to the owners; and that, from the experience and ability of the commander and officers, it is reasonably to be inferred that no blame attaches to them.*

Here we find no acquittal of the *builders*; and if blame can be supposed to attach any where, when a ship is well stored and well officered, the inference is obvious where we ought to fix it.

While on this point we cannot refrain from observing that Mr. Adolphus is just as much addicted to misrepresentation as the agent himself. He says, the loss of these ships 'is made a foundation of a complaint that they have been so *weak and imperfectly built* (for that is the phrase used), &c.†' The assertion which this gentleman here hazards is totally destitute of truth—the fact was mentioned, not as the foundation of a complaint, (though God knows the foundation was solid enough for that purpose,) but to shew that whatever truth there might once be in the boast of the Thames builders that none of their ships were ever known to founder at sea, that boast was no longer applicable, for that 'no less than twelve had gone down within the present century.' It is not true that the 'phrase used' was 'weak and imperfectly built'—that 'calunny,' if it be one, belongs to Mr. Adolphus and not to us; we never used it on the occasion.

Foiled in the attempt to prove the Thames-built ships at all equal to teak ships, or even to those built in the Hoogley of saul, sissoo and teak, the next step was to assert a superiority over those built in the outports of the kingdom; but here too we think they have failed, notwithstanding the skill of Mr. Thomas Barnes, underwriter of Lloyds, in the virtue of the five vowels, by which the character of ships are represented. Abel Chapman, Esq. Elder Brother of the Trinity House, and owner of shipping to a considerable extent, informs the committee that his father built a ship of 400 tons measurement, in the year 1745, which lasted till ten years ago; that he has now a ship thirty-seven years old which, last year, brought a cargo from Bengal, made two voyages to India and one to China, was never pumped the whole of the China voyage, and which he believes is now between the Cape and Mau-

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 199.

† Speech of Mr. Adolphus, p. 25.

ritius in the service of government—but these ships were built not in the Thames but at Whitby.*

Whether the Thames ships or the outport ships are superior in quality is a matter of very little moment to the main question, and is a point which the mercantile interest will very soon decide for themselves. We are, however, greatly mistaken if the increased building and repairing of ships at the outports will not interfere more seriously with the Thames builders than the few India-built ships that either have been, or will be, introduced into the general trade of the country. Mr. Cornelius Truitt, clerk to Mr. Peter Mestaer, states it as a fact, that a very great number of West India ships that used to be built in the Thames are now built in the north of England and the outports, because they build them cheaper; and though Mr. Larkins may chuse to rely 'on the honour and integrity of the persons who contract to repair his ships,' we are much mistaken if every ship-owner will follow his example, by sending his ships to be repaired where 'it is completely impossible to check a shipwright's bill.'†

4. They are determined, however, in spite of the clearest evidence and the plainest dictates of common sense, to persevere in the assertion, that the introduction of teak ships will ruin their establishments, by excluding the building of Indiamen which they state to be their main support.

Let us see in what manner they attempt to make out this part of their case. If, according to Mr. John Hillman's evidence, the number of shipwrights stated by him were actually employed in building ships for the East India Company, they would construct from 40 to 50 of the largest class annually. According to Mr. James Hughes's evidence, they would build about 75 Indiamen a year! We notice these loose statements merely to show the sort of evidence brought forward to make out a case. Now it appears from certain returns, quoted by Mr. Harrison, that the average number of Indiamen built annually, of all classes, from 1795 to 1804 was *seven*, and from 1805 to 1814 only *two*; yet this reduction of seven ships built annually, in the first ten years, to two in the last ten, is gravely stated by the learned counsel to have 'already produced the effect of reducing their men from between *three and four thousand*, which was the number they formerly employed, to about two hundred and fifty men now in employment in the river Thames,' that is to say, the building of *two* Indiamen a year employed upwards of *three thousand* shipwrights: or if we take it in Mr. John Hillman's own way, it comes to the same thing, for he says, 'that the total number of shipwrights employed in the

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 142.

† Minutes of Evidence, p. 122.

river yards, in 1802 and 1803, was about 2,500, and that they recently amounted to about 4,000 or 4500; that is, when they built *two* Indiamen in the year, they employed nearly double the number of men they had when they built *seven*. Mr. Harrison's speech states pretty nearly the same thing, though in different terms:

'The vessels,' says he, 'built in the port of London, for the East India Company, from 1795 to 1804, were 77 ships, making 76,127 tons; from 1805 to 1814, 21 ships, making 22,590 tons, making the decrease of building of East Indiamen in the Thames, since 1804, 56 ships, and 53,537 tons.*

And yet in the latter periods, the establishments which are stated to depend almost entirely on the building of Indiamen, employed nearly twice the number of shipwrights that were employed in the former, when the building was as seven to two! The real fact is this: the whole of the East India Company's tonnage, since the exclusion of the extra ships, is about 70,000 tons, which will require the building of about 5,000 tons annually to keep it up, and these 5,000 tons will employ about 150 shipwrights; so that if the whole tonnage of the East India Company was built of teak, and their oaks ships should at once disappear, like the dozen which foundered at sea, the reduction in the number of shipwrights employed, we will venture to say, would not amount to 300, by the discontinuance of building and repairing Indiamen. The real secret, indeed, of the present desolate state of the yards, is let out towards the end of the learned counsel's speech, when it was found expedient to proclaim the great merits and services of the Thames builders, though at the expense of the whole argument. It is not the building of Indiamen, but building for the navy, that has caused the improvident extension of their establishments. 'Of the present navy,' says he, '538 ships have been built in the private yards;' and it is worthy of remark, that the progressive increase of building ships of war corresponds with the increased number of shipwrights and artificers employed; we shall take the learned counsel's statement, as we find it, without examining its accuracy:

'Nine (ships of war) were built between the years 1759 and 1770; 48 were built from 1771 to 1783; 31 were built from 1784 to 1792; 68 were built between 1793 and 1801; 91 were built between 1802 and 1805; and two hundred and eighty-three were built between 1806 and 1813.†

Can any one doubt, after this, to what the present stagnation in the building trade is owing? Is it not to be expected that when the demand, which called forth this great and unusual exertion, was satisfied, when no more ships of war were ordered to be built, there

* Mr. Harrison's Speech, p. 5.

† Mr. Harrison's Speech, p. 22.

would necessarily be a slackness of work in the building yards? When 500,000 tons of prize ships were employed in the general commerce of the country; when 250,000 tons of shipping, employed as transports, were on the eve of being restored to the usual channels of commerce; when every Indianman is now taken up to perform double the usual number of voyages; and consequently one half the usual number of ships only employed; in a word, when, for the last twelve months, there has been every prospect of a general peace, was it not, we ask, to be expected that there would be a cessation of building for some time to come? and, if so, is the problem to be solved only by the introduction of a few teak ships from India?

If there be any truth in these observations, it must be admitted that the pretensions of the Thames builders are as injudicious and ill-advised as they are unreasonable.

It surely was beneath a wealthy and respectable body of men to employ the daily and weekly journals, and even the wrappers and covers of magazines and reviews as the vehicles of communicating to the world the desolate state of their yards, their empty slips, and vacant docks, as if to excite public commiseration; though it was but three days before this 'beggarly account' appeared that the last two frigates, of the twenty-four they had built for government in about fifteen months, were sent off the stocks. This lamentable tale was told too at a moment when the repairing of ships is always slack, but more particularly so in the present year, when a long continued and unusually severe winter had just broken up, and all the large fleets for the East and West Indies, the Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Newfoundland, the Greenland and South Sea fisheries, having completed their usual refitment, were ready to leave the docks,

Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas.

And for what purpose was this appeal *ad misericordiam* made? To impress the public with the false notion that all the misery and distress felt by the artificers and workmen, in consequence of the stagnation of building and repairing, were occasioned by the registry of a few teak ships built in India; and to ground an application to the legislature for an injurious, invidious, and unjust monopoly—nay, worse—to create a tendency in the workmen to be clamorous and dissatisfied, in which, however, much to the credit of this meritorious class of artificers, they have luckily failed.

To whom, and to what causes, the present want of employment for shipwrights and other artificers is to be ascribed, appears clearly enough from a 'Return of the Average Number of Shipwrights employed in the Thames yards,' &c. In this return it will be seen that

Wigram and Co. who head the list, employed, in 1812, 190 shipwrights; in 1813 they had 400, and in March, 1814, they had no more than eighteen! *—that is to say, having procured, by the prospect of high earnings, above 200 shipwrights to finish off ten large frigates in the unprecedented time of twelve months, they send adrift, the moment that the last frigate is off the stocks, no less than 382 of these artificers:—so much for this yard being an ‘asylum for shipwrights discharged from the king’s yards!’ The king’s yards have been, in fact, the asylum for these discharged men; they have received, within the last eight or ten months, upwards of 800 shipwrights, and most of them from the merchants’ yards, which, by the ‘Return’ above alluded to, appear to be about the number discharged from the latter; the average number being 1,474 in 1813, and 657 in March, 1814; the difference 817 men.

It is to be remarked that when the measure was first adopted of increasing the establishment of shipwrights in the king’s yards, and while the twenty-four frigates were building, not a man could be obtained from the merchants’ yards; since then we understand that an increase to the establishment of carpenters’ mates and carpenters has been made in his Majesty’s ships of war, with increased pay and encouragement to this class of artificers; yet, as far as we can learn, very few of these artificers have offered themselves for the service, notwithstanding the many thousands, if any credit be due to the writer of the ‘Remarks,’ that are ‘cast off as exiles and beggars.’

The ‘Return’ abovementioned affords us no clue to guess even what is become of the 4000 ‘exiles and beggars’ thrown out of employ, or of the 3000 which Mr. Harrison promises ‘to prove to the committee were in so destitute a situation for want of work, as to be actually in no condition to present themselves to the committee;’ while it completely falsifies his statement that ‘there are now only about 250 employed;’ for the number employed in 1813 is stated in this return at 2,797, and in 1814 at 1,385, (instead of 250,) leaving unemployed, or employed on some other trade or situation, 1415, so very little is to be depended on the evidence which, Mr. Adolphus admits, had, on this part of the question, ‘some degree of variety.’

It is perfectly absurd for the Thames builders to attempt to disprove the fact of their having entered shipwrights from the out-ports, and others that were not shipwrights, to build the twenty-four frigates abovementioned; it is ridiculous to talk of shipwrights requiring different tools from the house-carpenter, &c. and using them with a different turn of the hand—that no one can square a

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 399.

beam, or saw a plank, or bore a hole, or in short be of any use in building a ship, unless he has served seven years apprenticeship to that particular branch—they may just as well assert that a Norfolk farmer can neither plough, nor mow, nor reap, and that as a husbandman, he is utterly helpless, without a Norfolk plough, or scythe or sickle. Now it does so happen, in the king's dock-yards, that an apprentice who is not able to perform *man's* work, and obtain man's earnings, in the *fourth* year of his apprenticeship, is considered as a very stupid fellow: but the Thames builders themselves, or their imprudent advocates, find no difficulty in supposing the native Indians to spring up into shipwrights with the rapidity of mushrooms; nay, the writer of the 'Remarks' assures us, whether truly or falsely we stop not to inquire, that the fleets of the French (100 sail of the line at least) 'were built by men who could not handle the tools they were commanded to work with'—it is the stupid Englishman only who requires seven years to perform the work of a shipwright. We could tell him, however, that the superior class of apprentices in the dock-yard at Portsmouth, who study mathematics and the principles of naval architecture one half of the day, and work with their tools the other half, laid down a sloop of war in March, 1813, and with the assistance of a very few shipwrights, had her ready for launching in June, 1814, being the *fourth* year from the first entry of those apprentices.

To sum up the 'deplorable case,' as the builder's agent terms it, of the shipwright, we are told that 'his only resource is going to sea, and thereby subjecting himself all the rest of his life to be impressed as a seafaring man:—this is not only false, but mischievous. The shipwright betaking himself to sea, is not impressible for two years, and if appointed carpenter of a merchant vessel of 150 tons, or upwards, is not impressible at all. If he serves in a king's ship, he is not only eligible to, but by good conduct almost sure of obtaining, the situation of a warranted carpenter.

The case of the shipwrights and others, employed in the building and repairing of shipping, is in fact summed up in a very few words. The war, which threw out of employ so many thousands of families in Birmingham, Manchester, and other great manufacturing towns, created an increased demand for every species of labour connected with the dock-yards, whether public or private; the return of peace has reversed this state of things, and the shipwright is now the temporary sufferer; and on this event, we cannot help thinking that the private builders of the Thames would have been entitled to the meed of higher praise than that bestowed on them by their incompetent agent, if, following the meritorious example of the Birmingham manufacturers, they had been in less haste to discharge their workmen, and had kept them employed on a reduced

scale of work till the return of the repairing season, or till they should gradually fall back into their usual occupations. Could not the wealthy house of Wigram, for instance, afford to keep in employ more than eighteen of their numerous gangs of shipwrights for two little months, when nearly four hundred sail of West-India ships were expected home, many of which would necessarily require large repairs? Is the character of Thames-built ships so depreciated in the eye of the mercantile world, that they could not venture, out of the profits of the ten large frigates that fell to their share to build in the year 1813, to lay down the keel of *one* ship on speculation, to keep some hundred of their shipwrights from starving, instead of contenting themselves with bestowing empty commiseration *on paper*, or in lawyers' speeches before a Committee of the House of Commons?

When Mr. Adolphus affects to doubt the fact of many of the discharged shipwrights having gone into the king's yards, because 'it is not in evidence,' he is professionally right, though his doubts are groundless; but when he talks of its being 'open to inquiry, whether it is not changing the poor-box for another sort of charity, and making the men dependent on the overseers of the dock-yard instead of the overseers of their parishes,' and that 'this is all the change in their situation,' his jargon would be excusable, were its tendency not dangerous, though we fully acquit him of any such intention.

To talk of the meritorious exertions of the Thames shipbuilders in laying out large sums of money on their establishments is almost as ridiculous as the agent's ascription of Admiral Byng's disaster 'when sent against the French at Toulon,' (for *Toulon* read *Minorca*,) the blockade of Lord Cornwallis in the Chesapeake, 'and of the mutiny at the Nore,' to the want of those exertions. For what they have done for the public they have been well paid; and this, as we conceive, is all they have a right to expect. It is preposterous to suppose that the public should go on building ships, which they do not want, merely to accommodate them, especially at a time when the establishments of the king's dock-yards are, as we are informed they are, fully adequate to the building and keeping in repair of one hundred sail of the line, and twice the number of frigates. The measure of confining the building of ships of the line to the king's yards will produce an effective fleet, reduce its expense, and economize oak timber. There will still be left sufficient employment for the merchant builders, provided they build as well and as cheaply as at the outports. Their alarm, if they really feel alarmed, at the introduction of India-built ships, is unnecessary. We do not suppose that the united exertions of all India will produce *three* large ships, exclusive of a line-of-battle ship and a frigate,

to

to be launched annually at Bombay. Mr. James Walker's correspondent holds out no great encouragement for building ships at Calcutta.

'There are so many difficulties and troubles to encounter here, that I am really indifferent about building at all, but on very handsome terms, which I fancy would not be given. Large ships would, I suppose, be the principal object; and as the whole of the materials must be expressly laid in for the purpose, the trouble, vexation, and responsibility in getting them, is beyond comprehension, and sets at defiance all calculation as to time or cost.*

That part of the question which relates to ships' stores procurable in India, as the produce of India, would be unworthy a moment's consideration, did it not form a part of that illiberal and selfish system which would confine all mercantile transactions to the banks of the Thames. To prove how much the several artificers, manufacturers, and tradespeople of the lower parts of the metropolis are affected by the supplies of India in this respect, several persons immediately and directly concerned with what is called the 'shipping interest,' were called before the committee; and all of them without exception, without ever having been in India, without any knowledge of India or its produce, without personal knowledge of any one fact they asserted, gave the most positive and confident evidence of the existence of things that never did exist. Instead of India supplying every thing it appeared, on cross-examination, that full two-thirds of every article of ships' stores, furniture, and even provisions, were sent out from this country to enable the ships built there to put to sea. Copper sheets, copper bolts, anchors, cables, tar, waxy blocks, masts and sails, are sent out from England; and purchased at two and three hundred per cent. dearer than the same articles of Indian production. The repairs too which these ships require on their arrival in the Thames, are by no means inconsiderable, if we may credit the evidence of Mr. Larkins, who speaks from his own experience. He states that the General Hewitt, of 1000 tons, would have cost in repairs and refit for a China voyage 20,000*l.*; that the Larkins, of 637 tons, built in Bengal and purchased for 23,700*l.* cost in repairing and refitting for sea in the Thames 19,850*l.*—and he states generally that 'there is scarce an Indian-built ship that comes home to this country, that does not want a great deal of iron fastenings and a great deal of other repairs before the East India Company's surveyors will receive them into their service.*

But the question has a far more extensive bearing than the nar-

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 106.

† Minutes of Evidence, p. 122.

row limits within which Mr. Harrison, in his opening speech, has confined it, namely, as 'a question of comparison between those interested in the building of ships here and those interested in the building of ships in India.' It is not the mere building in India that the learned Counsel is now instructed to oppose; it is not the refusal of admitting ships so built into the general trade of the country—he now contends for the 'absolute necessity that the Navigation Acts should be so altered as to exclude from the trade between India and Great Britain any ships built in India, as British registered ships.' To shew the impolicy of Mr. Harrison's *new* ideas, as they regard Great Britain, and their injustice as they apply to India, a very few words will suffice. By the late act, all extra ships are done away, and the Company is released from the unwelcome duty of providing tonnage for the private merchants and for the remittance of private fortunes in the produce of India. This tonnage we maintain can only be supplied by the ships that are built in the country. The trade, it is true, has been thrown open, and it is possible, though not very probable, that a superabundance of tonnage may, in the first instance, be sent on speculation to India; and if so, the loss and disappointment will most assuredly prevent a second speculation; but the fact is, that notwithstanding the renewal of former restrictions, two ships only, as far as we can learn, have ventured upon this long and uncertain voyage. The Company's ships, we may be quite sure, will return empty rather than bring home a bale of goods on private account; how then is the tonnage to be supplied if Mr. Harrison's ideas are to be embodied into a law? We will tell him. The Danes, the Swedes, the Portuguese, the Dutch, will be too happy to avail themselves of our egregious folly, and purchase those very teak ships, which, in spite of our Acts of Parliament, will continue to be built in India; and the Americans, as heretofore, will flock to every part of India, and undersell us, in India produce, in every market of Europe; for we maintain, without fear of contradiction, that the raw produce and *Gruff* goods of India cannot be imported by English merchants residing in London, and in Thames-built ships. The persons who carry on this trade must reside upon the spot, and have ships of their own built on the spot, and employed and navigated in the coasting trade by the natives of the country; without this and a free intercourse between the two countries in India-built ships, the trade of India must pass into the hands of foreign nations; but allow this, and we shall be borne out in saying that raw cotton from Surat and Guzzerat will be brought to England, equal in quality to, and lower in price than, the best *blowed* Georgias, for which we have been in the habit of paying such large sums of money to our 'loving brethren' the Americans.

With

With regard to India, the prohibition of sending their produce to market in their own ships would be an act of the greatest inhumanity and injustice. What right, we would ask, have we to say to our fellow-subjects in India, you may build as many ships as you please, but you shall not send them to Great Britain, because Wells and Wigram, and Brent and Barnard can build ships as large, though not so good as yours? But if, as a special favour, we permit your ships now and then to carry food for our use, when we can get it no where else, you shall not make use of your own canvass and cordage, though you have a profusion of plants whose fibrous bark is admirably adapted for the purpose, because Mr. Charles Turner manufactures canvass and cordage on the banks of the Thames. We admit that you are very quick and ingenious in learning all manual operations and useful arts; that you are a docile, harmless and industrious people; we know that you inhabit a country which feeds and clothes sixty millions of people, and affords generally a superfluous produce of every necessary and luxury of life; but we shall not allow you the means of sending this produce to a market. One article indeed you make superior to all the world besides, in which we do not pretend to rival you, and that we will compel you to furnish us with in such quantities and at such prices as we shall fix. Such is pretty nearly the condition to which we would reduce sixty millions of our fellow subjects. Well might they complain that we have conquered not to enlighten, but to barbarize; not to set free but to rivet their chains more firmly; to cramp those faculties and restrain those resources which God and nature have bestowed upon them. The late India bill has done very little to better the condition of the natives, and of a great part of that little, the rejection of the present bill would still further deprive them. To effect this no pains are spared, no expense grudged, no measures left untried by the ardent and indefatigable agents of the shipbuilders. During the sitting of the committee, a pamphlet of forty pages under the title of 'Interesting Extracts, illustrative of the Improvements, &c. in various manufactures by the Hindoos,' was thrust upon the public. In this pamphlet we have the evidence of half a dozen gentlemen dug out of that immense mass which was taken before the Committee of the whole House on the renewal of the charter, to prove, what was well known nearly two centuries ago, that the island of Banca produced *tin*, and that the Chinese prefer it on account of its superior malleability. It will probably be asked, what has Banca, or its tin, or the Chinese, to do with India ship-building? We dare say the Thames shipbuilders have asked the same thing; and herein is exemplified the utility of a sagacious agent. Every thing beyond the Cape of Good Hope is India; the sovereignty of Leadenhall-street extends,

tends, by the charter, to the Straits of Magellan, full two thirds of the terraqueous globe; it embraces the whole empire of China, with its two hundred millions of population, and takes in one half at least of the continent of America; Banca and China are therefore India. But then, what has tin to do with ship-building? why nothing; but very much to do with the present bill. Indeed, we should not be surprized if it be the means of throwing it out altogether. Already we have little doubt the cry has been raised through all Cornwall—‘there is tin in Banca;’—nay, the island of Anglesea has learnt with horror, that there is copper in South America. A skilful tactician always takes care to create an alarm in those *interests* which it is necessary to bring over to his view of any question—in the present instance, we find a direct attempt to alarm the landed interest, by holding out a reduction in the price of oak timber, in consequence of using teak—and the mining interests of Wales and Cornwall, by the discovery that the Chinese prefer the ‘tin of Banca, and that the Hindoos *may* procure copper from South America.’

Our observations have been extended to so great a length that we are not sorry to be relieved from any discussion on that part of the question, ‘how far a restriction should be imposed upon the introduction of India-built shipping, as a question between this country and her foreign possessions,’ as Mr. Adolphus has not only declared his aversion from entering into discussions of this kind, but has waved them altogether. For the same reason we gladly forbear combating the notions that some of the directors seem to entertain with regard to the colonization of India; for the writer of the ‘Remarks’ talks of that event being accelerated, one does not exactly see how, by the building of teak ships, and refers to some ‘excellent letter’ of the Court of Directors on the subject; yet as no evidence was brought forward on this point, and the learned counsel, in summing up, has abstained from it altogether, we most willingly follow his example. We may observe, however, that if the population of our happy and prosperous island goes on increasing as it has done in the last half century, the time cannot be very distant when it may be thought wise policy to encourage emigration by a bounty; and it may then become a question to what part of the world it will be most expedient to allow the superfluous population to expatriate themselves.

We now take leave, we hope for ever, of the present question, and of the ship-builders of the Thames; and while we most heartily wish them and their establishments all possible success, we as earnestly hope that none of them in future will ever be employed to build ships of the line for His Majesty’s service.

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